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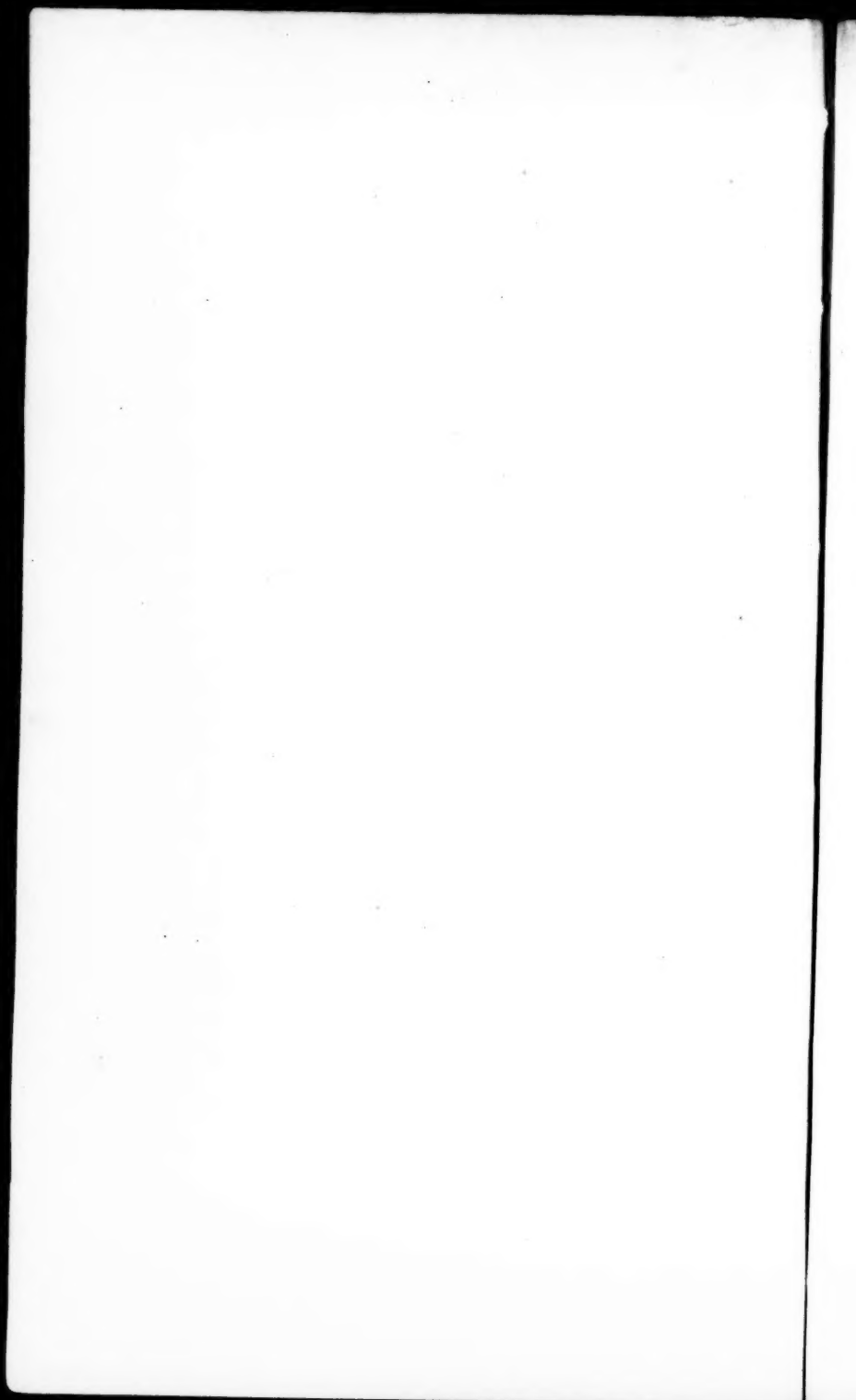
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- ART. I.—1. *Repertorium Bibliographicum, in quo libri omnes ab arte typographica inventa usque ad annum MD. typis expressi ordine alphabetico vel simpliciter enumerantur vel adcuratius recensentur. Opera Ludovici Hain. STUTTGARTIÆ ET TUBINGÆ, 1826. STUTTGARTIÆ ET LUTETIÆ PARISIORUM, 1831. Two volumes Octavo.*
- 2.—*Catalogue of the Scientific books in the Library of the Royal Society. London: 1839. Octavo. (By A. PANIZZI, Esq.)*

THE man, be he who he may, who first defined man to be a tool-making animal, described him, perhaps, as well and as distinctively as any but a physiologist could have done: but he should have gone farther. He should have added that the subdivisions which arise under this definition, specify the separate classes of which men are composed, as well as, if not better than, the definition itself separates men from other animals. All men use tools, some well and some ill: but of two men who are equally handy, one will merely know how to work, and the other will add an acquaintance with the history of his mode of operating. The effects of this difference vary with the nature of the employment; they exist to a certain extent in every case, but in some much more than in others. In literature and science, books are the tools; and it is impossible to under-estimate the use of a critical acquaintance with them, except to those who under-estimate knowledge itself. Of every branch of the two great subdivisions of human learning its history is a constituent part, abso-

lutely necessary to all who would be competent to form just opinions on its present state.

A lawyer, says our smart friend Pleydell in *Guy Mannering*, without history and literature, is only a working mechanic; let him have these, and he may call himself an architect. Skill is not judgment, nor is the latter the necessary consequence of the former.

Undoubtedly then, the reader will say, the greatest pains have been taken to make the records of knowledge perfect, to annalize the history of books, that those who would analyze it, (we assure the reader we did not see this play upon words till after we had written it) may have full information and accurate withal. The answer is, that no such thing has been fully done in either literature or science, though more nearly in the former than the latter. Literature has always been more wealthy than science, she has always had more followers. Her wants too have been greater; and political history, which belongs to her department, has always enlisted in her service a number of men who were obliged to train themselves in bibliographical research. Whether on the whole, and relatively, her followers deserve more praise in this particular than those of her sister, is what we cannot determine; our suspicion tends towards the affirmative. But of this much we are sure, that both have much reason to regret with Falstaff, that their means are so little, and their waste has been so great.

The accurate study of books, as books, is comparatively of modern date. It must have been so. In the ages of manuscript, that is, of scarce manuscript, when a crowned head could not borrow a book to be copied without giving security for its return, there could obviously be no available means either of making or circulating an account of existing volumes. In the later day, when writing had ceased to be scarce, but printing was not yet invented, books might be divided into those which were known to all men of learning, and those which were known to very few. Small would have been the use of a catalogue to a person who had good reason to know that, of all the new titles it would show him, by far the greater number must be beyond his reach. The mode of citation was in consequence brief and allusive; we shall take two specimens, one from the day of scarcity, the other from the time when the demand for manuscripts was about to sharpen the

ingenuity of those who had to supply it, and bring on the invention of printing.

We open a chance page of Roger Bacon, a man of remarkable amount of reading. Aristotle is cited once, Averroes twice, and Ptolemy twice. The utmost extent of reference is to name the book in which the opinion occurs, though as to Ptolemy the *second* of the *Almagest* is mentioned. As to whereabouts in a treatise the citation was to be found, no such particularity of description is attempted. Perhaps the subdivisions of manuscripts rarely agreed; and certainly the reading of the book through was so small a trouble compared to that of getting it, that the quoter would hardly have thought it worth while to indicate the very passage. If, he would say, I certify you that there is something worth the finding in a certain house of a certain city, I may well leave you to discover the room. We next take a chance page in the writings of Cardinal Cusa, and it happens that the very first reference is from "a book of the venerable abbot Isidore, which I have seen and from which I have extracted, &c." A modern writer would have named this book, but the very reason for which he would have done so, is implied as being the contrary of that for which the Cardinal lets it alone. You can't get it, I know, he seems to say, why need I mention what book it is? As to general citation, he is no more precise than Bacon; the work, and the book of the work in which the matter quoted is contained, is the utmost the reader ever gets. In this, of course, we see nothing to blame; we would rather admire the reliance which writers placed on each others' citations, and the manner in which, as far as we have seen, they justified each others' confidence. In our day it is advisable to verify citations, not only because carelessness is common, but also because verification is bringing the evidence of many to bear upon the assertion of one. In the manuscript day, a writer who cited Aristotle from, say Bacon, was doing nearly as well as if he cited from the text; at least much more nearly as well than if he had done the same thing now. For his manuscript of Aristotle, if he had one, was only the tradition of one individual; Bacon might have falsified, or his transcriber might have miscopied. The only difference between the citer and the transcriber was, that the latter stood with relation to the whole book, in the same position as the former with respect to the passage cited. In our day, an edition of good fame

and some standing, is not only the testimony of various manuscripts, but of many scholars to the agreement of the text with the manuscripts and with previous prints, to say nothing of the precious advantage of having the voice of criticism upon the probable goodness of the text. But before printing, though there might be some degree of exception to the rule, still it was exception; generally speaking, the manuscript of an author was but one citation at length by the last transcriber. Of all wonderful things, the preservation of the texts of ancient authors, has always appeared to us to stand among the most wonderful. But it must be remembered, that good faith and hard work are generally created in proportion to the urgent want of them, and relax with the diminution of the necessity. Nobody who is acquainted with the present state of citation, can doubt of the second assertion; as to good faith at least, we believe in the first also.

With the art of printing, it may be supposed that the necessity for accurate registers of books began to be seen. It was not so, however, but it was seen and felt that the absolute necessity of good citation to the very existence of literature was gone, and the latter knowledge was gradually acted on. In compensation, the art of making good indexes arose, a thing almost wholly uncultivated before. We should have been among those who would have willingly accepted the change, in some points of view, if we had had a perfect command of books. As long as an author uses his citation properly, it is not of the utmost mischief, (bad as it is) that he should make it so vaguely or so incompletely, that no one else could use it without consulting the original, which with good indexes is not difficult. And besides this, a person with a proper index to the author quoted holds the rein, not only over what the citer does produce, but over what he ought to have produced, but did not, whether by design or ignorance: and this is no small advantage. Both these things have often happened to us. We have found a writer not justified in his inference by his own account of his source, but perfectly so on reference to the source itself; he has reasoned correctly, but stated his premises wrongly. We have found another who has appeared in the same predicament, from neglecting as it turned out, to refer to all the passages which he meant to bring forward; a good index to the author cited saves his credit. A third has made his reference wrongly, the index

again puts him right. Whether it was that looseness of citation produced indexes, or indexes allowed looseness of citation, we do not know. But the conclusion that a want always produces a remedy, is falsified by our own times, in which careless quotation more than ever abounds, and the art of making indexes is lost (out of law books) or reduced to little more than a pretence.

The first book catalogues, it is confidently asserted, were the sale catalogues of the printers, and this is very easy to believe. Those of Willer, an Augsburg bookseller, are said by Beckman to have first appeared in 1554; but he had never seen one of Willer's earlier than of 1587, nor any at all earlier than the catalogue of the Franckfort fair for 1586. So that it was at least a century from the time when "the printers of books were multiplied in the land," (to use a phrase of the old *Fasciculus Temporum*, speaking of the year 1457) before even a trade list is known to have been published. If we were disposed to push a point for the honour of science, we might say that the list of works published by Regiomontanus at Nuremberg, (without date, but before 1480) must have been the first* catalogue which came out. But unfortunately this list is as much an announcement of the future as a catalogue of the past, and has made no little confusion; works to be printed, but which never were so, having been confounded with works which had been printed. As to our own country, the following work—"A catalogue of the most vendible books in England, orderly and alphabetically digested, &c." London, 1658; with a preface signed by William London—bears in the title page, "the like work never yet performed by any." This book has been attributed to a bookseller of great note, Thomas Guy, the founder of the hospital which bears his name. It has a preface of which Dibdin justly says that its author, whoever he may be, was a man of no mean intellect. But no one book in it has a date of publication, and many want the author's names. We have seen in a sale catalogue of our own day, a number of old auction catalogues advertised for sale, (upwards of forty, beginning at 1639) for which collection no less than ten guineas was marked as the

* There is in the British Museum (as we have seen since this was written) a sheet apparently as old as that of Regiomontanus, and which seems to be a sale catalogue.

price. But we have before us a work of much higher pretension than Guy's, it is the "Catalogus Variorum, &c.," London (?) 1686; being the auction catalogue of the books of Richard Davis, an Oxford bookseller. It contains more than ten thousand lots, arranged in subjects, subdivided into sizes, and with dates affixed; and we doubt whether this country offers anything so creditable in the seventeenth century. The auctioneers, we find, may hold up their heads, and claim to be an established institution. The "conditions of sale," then as now so called, are very nearly as at present. The disputed lots to be resold, the books perfect unless otherwise expressed, &c., and commissions to be faithfully managed, (they now say executed.) But the body of the catalogue is much better than those which are now made by auctioneers.

In the formation of a list of books three modes present themselves. It may be either a simple alphabetical list of authors, in which Milton (John) and Miller (Joseph) come close together, by right of initial letters. Or it may be what is called a *classed catalogue*, in which writers on the same subject are brought together. Or it may be a catalogue in order of dates, in which the books follow the order of the years in which they are printed. We may call these alphabetical, classed, and chronological catalogues.

An alphabetical catalogue has this great advantage, that all the works of the same author come together. Those who have had to hunt up old subjects know very well that of all lots which it is useful to find in one place, the works of one given author are those which occur most frequently. Again, those who go to a library to read upon a given subject, generally know what authors they want; and an alphabetical catalogue settles the question whether the library does or does not contain the required work of the author wanted. We believe that of those who go into a place where books are collected, whether to read, buy, borrow, (or even steal) nineteen out of twenty know what author they want: and to them an alphabetical catalogue is all-sufficient. It has the disadvantage, no doubt, that the authors who are brought together are connected by no bond of union stronger than that which exists between John Milton and Joe Miller. But even this is sometimes an advantage. A person occasionally forgets all but his author's initial letter, and recovers what he wants by a

catalogue. We are ourselves at this moment in the distinct recollection of having once seen (and most particularly intended to make a note of) a criticism or biography, we did not exactly understand which, of an author whose name we forget, written by a person of whom all we remember is that *his* name begins with a P. Nothing but an alphabetical catalogue will help us; we P-ruse all we find, and have no doubt of final success.

A classed catalogue is supposed to be useful to those who want to know what has been written on a particular subject. Now in the first place, who are the persons who look at a book list with any such view? Not beginners in a wide field of research. Did any one in his senses ever go to a library to learn geometry, for instance, and take the subject in a classed catalogue, and fall to work upon some author because he was therein set down? This attempt to feed the mind *à la carte* would certainly end in an indigestion, if, which is rather to be hoped, it did not begin in a surfeit. No; the persons who really want a classed catalogue are those who are already versed in the generalities of a branch of knowledge, and are seeking for minute information upon some detail. Take a library upon one science, and it classifies beautifully, sketching out to a nicety the boundaries which, it is but rarely noticed, are much more distinct between the parts of a subject than between one subject and another. Long after the counties of England and Scotland were well determined, the Debateable Land was nothing but a theatre of war. Imagine a person desirous of making research upon the question, for instance, of the rise and progress of artillery. A military library would easily subdivide, or at least, more easily than a general library, into the works which might help him, and those which could not: but the same general library, classified into wide subdivisions, two or three only on the art of war, would give such a hunt that he would be obliged to seek for his *authors* in some other way, and so reduce his necessities to those of an alphabetical catalogue. Mr. M'Culloch's recent work on the "Literature of Political Economy," which is a classified catalogue, is an admirable specimen of what can be done in this way. We can perhaps see the advantage of such a book better than those who are well acquainted with the subjects of which it treats: at any rate it shows how much the principle of classification is capable

of being usefully applied to details. But even here, and in the hands of an author who is familiar with books, interested in them as books, and conversant with a large library of his own, there are sufficient indications of the difficulty of classification when the field is widened. The separation between the bullion and the corn-law writings is very easily made: but when he comes to the subjects of interest and annuities, and of life assurance, there are works in either class which ought to be in both, and in one which ought to be in the other.

In fact, as to classification, it is impossible properly to dispose of *books*: the proper subdivisions are *chapters*. One book ought to be placed in many classes. The *Principia* of Newton ought to be divided into portions severally referrible to mathematics, mechanics, mathematical astronomy, physical astronomy, optics, hydrostatics, aerostatics, &c., &c. There are a great many sums in mixed money: how are they to be classified? Take each bundle to pieces, put the ten pound notes together, the five pound notes, the sovereigns, the silver, the copper. No, this is not what the advocate of the classed book-catalogue wants. Some parcels have most notes with a little silver; they must be put together: others have more copper than any thing else; they must be in one subdivision, in spite of the notes and gold they contain.

But the advocate of a classed book (not chapter) catalogue denies all this, and maintains that every library is capable of subdivision under heads. We know it is, *to him*, and we know it is to another: and we should like well enough to adjourn the decision until two persons of different pursuits had agreed upon the arrangement of the same set of books; provided that nobody was to stir the question until that time. We can tell how it would be: they would end by making every head contain nearly the whole library. It is, we believe, the practice at Cambridge, in distributing the list of honored graduates into wranglers, senior optimes, and junior optimes, after the names are arranged in order of merit, not to end one division and begin the next, except at a decided break between the merits, two consecutive names. Thus a youth may in one year be a wrangler, who would fail of attaining that grade in another, simply because he happens to be among a cluster of men of nearly equal pretensions. Now if all books could be arranged in order of relevancy with respect, say to

natural science, from the one which is most essential to it down to the one which is least so, there would be no perceptible break any where, no point at which natural knowledge ends and other knowledge begins. To take classical authors; Pliny would certainly be in the list, and from him to Pindar a succession might be traced, at no point of which could a line be drawn, marking a definite and justifiable separation. Our two supposed referees would fight every step of this succession; as they went along the chain through the writers L, M, N, one would show very clearly that as soon as L was in any list, M had as good a right to be there; while the other, hard to convince perhaps on this point, would in his turn see as clearly that the entrance of M would make the exclusion of N an absurdity. One man can make a classed catalogue, can satisfy himself perhaps to a book: the moment it is published, all the other advocates of the same mode find out that, whatever they may think of the thing *in genere*, this particular instance is all wrongly done. No two will agree about boundaries: they will both put Euclid among geometers; but what will they do with Albert Durer's *Institutiones Geometricæ*. Is it geometry in right of the title, or fine arts in right of the author; the former because of its method, or the latter because of its subject. The mathematician and the artist may settle it by allowing the book to stand in both: but what is the consequence? All the books on perspective and on descriptive geometry must go into both; and when those on perspective get into optics, as they ought to do, it is well if they do not drag the descriptive geometry after them. A reader who is invited to perspective under the name of optics, has a perfect right to know, under that head, what books of descriptive geometry he can find. The end of it is, that the classed catalogue is either confusion or reduplication, requadruplication we should have said.

The best scientific catalogue of which we know, is that of the Royal Society's Library: and it is a classed catalogue. We always go to it first, for the accuracy of the titles: and it has often helped us where others have failed. Of course we do not hold the classification to be a merit; and we may add that it has given us much trouble. It was constructed by Mr. Panizzi, who was obliged, though he did it under protest, to conform to a plan laid down for him by a Committee of the Society. This Committee,

though its members were eminent in science, consisted of men who, for the most part, had little claim to extensive knowledge of more books than they had read, and none whatever to experience in bibliography. The two exceptions, one of Oxford and one of Cambridge, whom many readers will know by this allusion, were, as appears in the same way, non-residents. The consequence was a dispute between the able officer of the Museum, who felt that he knew better than his employers, and the Council of the Society, who, fully confident in themselves, wondered at the refractoriness of their agent and, to use a common phrase, couldn't make it out. Fortunately, the making of the catalogue was complete before the dispute (which turned on the printing, and produced several pamphlets) commenced: so that we have the advantage of the result. The *matériel* is excellent, and wants nothing but unclassifying: though the mischief is very much alleviated by the enormous number of cross references from one class to another which were judiciously introduced. As we are not likely to have a list of the kind superintended as to plan by men of more eminence, or with the defects of the plan more alleviated, it will be worth while to bestow a little attention upon it.

The first observation that we have to make is, that the subdivisions are very wide, and the classification consequently very incomplete. The heads are Mathematics—Astronomy—Mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, and acoustics—Optics—Tables on various subjects—Chemistry, Pneumatics, and Meteorology—Electricity, Galvanism, and Magnetism—Natural Philosophy (general works on)—Geology and Mineralogy—Botany and Agriculture—Zoology—Anatomy, Physiology, and Medicine—Transactions—Reports of the House of Commons—Journals—Voyages—Miscellaneous. Of these we find that mathematics includes algebra, geometry, *probabilities* and *engineering*; astronomy includes astrology, navigation, *inland navigation* and *chronology*; botany we are told, *includes* agriculture. No head of history, none of biography. The autobiography of Thomas Pennant is put perforce under zoology: where no doubt it might well be, but it should also have been under its own proper head. No head of bibliography, none of heat, none of life annuities or other statistical branches, no one head under which mathematical works on any one subject are distin-

guished from experimental. The subject of probability is one application of mathematics, no doubt, but astronomy is as much so. It may have been supposed that the allotment was just, because there are many books on astronomy and few on probability: but this is not the sort of principle on which to make classification a help to the reader. On the contrary, the fewer the books in a class, the more desirable is it that they should not be lost in a mass of others. Engineering has more connection with geology than inland navigation with astronomy. Chronology is as little connected with astronomy, *quoad* the books written on the two subjects, as can well be. As to botany and agriculture, Charles Dickens has quizzed it when he makes Mr. Squeers tell the boy to repeat "botany, a knowledge of plants," and then sends him to weed the garden, in practical illustration of the doctrine.

We do not believe that the faults of the result of this particular classification lie on the Committee, who decided upon it, though we deem it insufficient and, even as far as it goes, unskilful: they are inherent in the method. We have examined sundry arrangements of the same nature, and used them too, frequently and diligently, without ever finding one which we liked, as to mere arrangement, either better or worse than that of the Royal Society. The practical result of all is to give the trouble of many different catalogues in one: and when this effect is produced, it matters nothing whether it be done more or less artistically. Besides, we have found that when an accident makes the classification do some good in the way of saving labour on one occasion, we are only the more misled on another by the insight we get into the plan, from which we are liable to draw inferences which break down. But generally the arrangement is pretty sure not to adapt itself to the purpose in hand: so that we say to ourselves—

"If it be not" *classed* "to me,
What care I how" *classed* "it be."

We have said more than we intended upon this point, but we strike nothing out; for in fact this wretched practice of dictating under what head a book shall be wanted is, and has long been, a great grievance to those who consult catalogues. That there are many who would impose upon the librarian the task of being an arranger of

the books, we are well aware: and we suspect that most of the former are desirous of throwing a part of their own work on the shoulders of the latter. Any one who is willing to trust the maker of a catalogue, however highly qualified, with the power of settling what books he can want in reference to a given subject, is either a person who consults only the most celebrated works, and has nothing to do with research; or one who is willing to take completeness upon trust, and to content himself with blaming another person if he do not reach it; or else one who does not feel comfortable, even while doing his work as well as it can be done, unless he have more trouble about it than is necessary.

We now come to the third sort of catalogue, in which the books are arranged according to dates, of which there are examples in Lalunde's *Bibliographie Astronomique*, and the compendium of Weidler which preceded it. This is for literary purposes, a most excellent plan; if only to each edition be attached a reference to the year of the one before and the one after, and a separate catalogue of undated books be made, with references to the presumed date under which they are entered in the main catalogue. This chronological catalogue is as good for the purposes of literary as the ordinary tables for those of political history. How often the inquirer has to look for books of a certain date or thereabouts, with the view of settling a point connected with the usages or opinions of a period. There is in this kind of arrangement, classification upon a fixed principle, which has always some use: the objection to the classification by subjects is, that a great part of it must be matter of opinion. As it would be impossible to ascertain the months of publication, the proceeds of each year must be arranged alphabetically; and of course some of the advantage would be gained, if a chronological index were made to an alphabetical catalogue.

What we have hitherto written may relate as much to one branch of knowledge as to another; we shall now come to our particular subject. We are not aware of the existence of many acknowledged rarities in the contents of scientific catalogues; as before observed, literature has all, or nearly all, the objects for which collectors give extravagant prices. There are very few books which are really scarce, that is, both sought after, and not found. But, in saying this, we ought to add, that we mean to speak of Lon-

don, and the last ten years. All bibliographical writers notice the decided manner in which plenty or scarcity depend on time and place; and in no class of books is this effect more conspicuous than in scientific ones.

During the war, and while the continent was shut up, the supply of books from abroad of course languished, and many works were literally quoted at a high price, that is, by all who took their citations from the books themselves. The peace opened the trade again, and many things became common enough which had been esteemed rare. Of Vieta's trigonometrical canon, of which Hutton had never seen or heard of any copy but his own, there are now at least eight or nine copies in England. The *editio princeps* of Euclid used to be described as of excessive scarceness, which is now far from being a just description. The reader who is not much acquainted with this subject should be told that a book is not scarce merely because it cannot be had for the ordering; many which are so circumstanced can be obtained in a few months, some are pretty certain to turn up in a year or two at most. According to our notion of the matter, a book begins to be scarce when it is not sold by public auction in London more than about once in three years; though perhaps the regular collectors for rarity's sake, would move that the word seven be substituted for three.

The tide of commerce has a great tendency to bring rare books to London, where, though much depreciated, they fetch better prices than abroad. And we are informed that the demand for the United States of America is gradually increasing. The number of public libraries on the continent, and the ease with which they can be used, has greatly diminished the number of private book collectors; the libraries of the British Museum and of the scientific societies have the same tendency in London. Old stagers remember the time when a book auction was, (if there were any rarities) an animated scene of contest between the trade and the collectors. At present, it is little more than a competition between the booksellers themselves. And so little knowledge of the contents of the catalogues is there, that books of very moderate scarcity, sold by the executors of a man of well known name, will sell better than a library of great rarity, the property of an unknown collector. And these remarks, true enough of all classes of books, are particularly so of scientific ones. In London,

it is perhaps counting too liberally to say that the book-sellers who take an interest in them might be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and the private collectors on the other.

The scientific societies are not very anxious to have in their libraries the rare books belonging to their several departments. For this one reason is, want of funds; but this might be overcome if it were not for another, namely, a general indifference among the members to exact and minute knowledge of the history of science. The *peu nous importe au reste*, with which Delambre often dismisses a secondary point, of which a satisfactory settlement does not come readily to hand, had been cheerfully agreed to by his critics and his readers. The consequence is, that any one who proceeds to examine closely the actual records of the progress of science, finds confusion upon confusion, and mistake upon mistake, in all matters which are not of the most general interest. We will not, however, be tempted into a digression on this point; we have here to do with books and their description, and we will proceed to examine the special means which the scientific inquirer finds provided for him.

We begin with the seventeenth century, finding nothing to our purpose of an earlier date. Before the production of formal catalogues, there were evidences of something like attempts at bibliography in the productions of more than one learned writer. We select Blancanus, Gerard John Vossius, and Riccioli.

Blancanus, a Jesuit, added to his dissertation *de Mathematicarum Natura*, (Bologna, 1615, 4to.) a chronology of the principal mathematicians, omitting, as he says in his title page, such fabulous ones as Atlas, Zoroaster, &c. and also Jubal, the father of music, as coming too long before the others. Much surprised, no doubt, would the worthy man have been, had any one told him that two hundred years after his death, when no man alive would think his ideas on the nature of mathematics worth a look, the absence of better materials would make his list of mathematicians not only valuable, but absolutely the only authority on several points. Not that he has much to say about any one; the name, the country, the profession, and a word or two out of the titles of some of his works, are all that any author gets. But it not a little illustrates our

assertions about the paucity of early materials that this same Blancanus is an authority.

Riccioli, also a Jesuit, was beyond all question the most learned astronomer of his day. He had every advantage that fame and patronage could procure. In his *Almagestum Novum*, (Bologna, 1651, fol.) he has given also a list of astronomers, with their works, hardly in any particular more worthy of preservation for its intrinsic merit than that of Blancanus. In his descriptions of books, he is as vague almost as Bacon or Cusa, and there are many indications that his supply was very incomplete. Riccioli is precisely one of those men whom we may rely on as showing the greatest extent to which any species of labour had been carried. If the means of being accurate had existed, he would have used them: if any one had ever published a list of authors with works properly described, dated, placed, and sized, he would not have let that predecessor go unrivalled. There is not in existence such a storehouse of old astronomical learning as the *Almagestum Novum*, and yet we cannot undertake to remember that we ever were able to settle any bibliographical question by means of it.

Gerard John Vossius, the father of five learned sons, and a still greater number of learned works, died in 1649, leaving behind him ready for publication a collection of treatises, which appeared the next year. (Amsterdam, 1650, 4to.) One of them is, like the work of Blancanus, on the nature of mathematics, with a chronology of mathematicians, and an account of their works. Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to this work, was the charge of inaccuracy brought against it by very recent writers; which is as if an astronomer of our day were to complain that he could neither confirm nor refute the Greenwich place of a star with an old astrolabe. The fact is, that with errors, omissions, and transpositions in abundance, this work is so like the thing it might have been, and so plainly the commencement of a new era, that we forget its date, and refer it to the eighteenth century in our criticisms. Wonderful to relate, we find in it not only the date of an author, but sometimes, nay often, those of the publication of a work; and, better than either, references to the sources from whence the information was procured. In fact, be his faults more or less, Vossius threw into the history of science, a little of the accuracy, comparative accuracy we mean, which the scholars of his day had begun to culti-

vate. He is the earliest of the moderns whom it is still found convenient (however little that may say for modern exactness) to quote extensively.

In the writers above mentioned, and those of their period, there is what we now call a peculiarity, and one which sometimes gives trouble. The day of indexes, as we have above noted, had commenced, but we are still so much in the primitive ages that the baptismal name marks the man, and the surname was, as its etymology imports, only an addition to the real name. Look in the index of Blancanus, or Riccioli, or Vossius, for Copernicus or Cusa, or Tartaglia, and you will look in vain: but see Nicolas, and you will find them all. In our own times, the surname is so completely the *name*, that the baptismal name is only a family distinction, and the use of it with us only answers to the *tutoiement* of the French and Germans. And those who attend to such points of statistics regret the paucity of such names, and recommend the re-adoption of many which are falling into disuse. But in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the variety was much greater. In a list of 129 German philosophers before us, it does certainly happen that the odd 29 are called John; at least allowing one *Janus* to be what no doubt he was, a *John* transformed by himself in compliment to the *pagan* mania which at one time was becoming general among the educated, and of which Baillet has collected curious instances. But though there are seven *Georges*, and as many *Peters*, (say eight, if Petreius be allowed to be a paganism) yet no one other name occurs more than three times. This digression about names may serve to introduce the work from which the list was taken, being the *Vitæ Germanorum Philosophorum* of Melchior Adam, first published about 1615, in which not a single date is affixed to any one of the works of the writers of whom it treats.

We should like, as a matter of curiosity, to know who did first describe books in the manner now judged essential to bibliographical correctness. As to scientific works, we know that about 1680, such descriptions began to abound. From the beginning of the century, catalogues of public libraries had been published; very defective (we speak more from modern criticisms than from our own knowledge) in description, in appreciation, and in method. In 1679, Bouillaud and Dupuis, an astronomer and a scholar of note, published the catalogue of the library

which had once belonged to the historian De Thou. This is the earliest work we have been in the habit of consulting in which scientific books are distinctly dated, placed, and sized. It is a classed catalogue with an alphabetical index; and is very well done, and admirably adapted to give an idea of a good library at the time. If anything be wanting, it is that a pen should be drawn through the works which were added by the sons, in order that we might see the library of the great historian himself.

We now come to the first extensive catalogue of works exclusively scientific, namely, the *Bibliotheca Realis Philosophica* of Lipenius, in two folio volumes, Frankfort, 1682. Martin Lipenius died in 1692 at Lubec, where he was rector of the academy. His immense bibliographical collection is contained in six folio volumes, the subdivision of which is in itself an amusing index to the state of the bookish world. The two thick volumes contain theology; the two which are somewhat less thick, philosophy; and the two remaining ones, the least of all, are devoted to law and medicine. But the two volumes with which we are concerned, remind us, in their miscellaneous character, of those old courses of mathematics which contain treatises on geography, fortification, and the construction of artificial fireworks. His philosophy contains not merely natural and speculative science, but history, some biography, much topography, and every thing at all out of the way or curious. Whatever, preaches Lipenius, or at least practices Lipenius, is not palpably theology, law, or medicine, must be philosophy: to which must be added, that much which formally belongs to the three first is entered under the fourth; witness more than a hundred works under the heads "Christus" and "Religio Christiana." The catalogue itself is classed, that is to say, the sub-classes of all subjects are ranged in alphabetical order, and the works under each head entered also alphabetically. Nothing can make a more hopeless confusion: the general alphabetical index makes it *possible* to use the work effectively, but with a difficulty which has caused it to be but little used and less noticed. The works are well enough described, but with so many occasional errors that the catalogue must be used only in investigation, and not quoted as a high authority.

In 1688, appeared the *Bibliographia Mathematica* of

Beughem, Amsterdam, 12mo., a small work, in which the arrangement is under countries; it contains only such books as were then tolerably recent. In 1690, Leyden, we have the *Cursus Mathematicus* of Dechales, in four folios, the first of which contains an attempt at a bibliographical history of all the sciences. A very poor one it is, no doubt, but, like others of which the same thing may be said, it contains various statements which are not to be found elsewhere. But, says the strict and accurate man, it is a work of no authority, its statements cannot be relied on, it gives no correct dates nor descriptions of the books, no sufficient quantity of criticism, no curious remarks on history. All this is true, but unfortunately we find in bibliography, far more than in other subjects, that many of the people whom it would be most unsafe to rely upon, it would be most unsafe to reject. The scantling of truth that runs through the enormous masses of confusion prevalent in accounts of books is divided among the better and the worse writers in very curious ways. And it has happened to us to see circumstantial evidence break down in such a number of cases that we are almost inclined to give it as a rule always to decide in favour of the smaller of two probabilities. The following instance is really vexatious; the truth had no right to be the truth under such a mass of presumption against it. Granger, in his portrait-biography, the last man and the last book for any, much less a correct statement on a mathematical work, states that Roger Palmer, Lord Castlemaine, who had the honour of being husband to one of the mistresses of Charles II., and of gaining an earldom thereby, was the inventor of a "horizontal globe," on which he wrote a pamphlet. Nonsense, we said, the earl had other fish to fry, and accordingly we set ourselves to discover the origin of the mistake. We soon found it, to our entire satisfaction. John Palmer, in 1658, published the "Catholique Planisphær." Now plane is horizontal, to this day; many persons do not distinguish straight from level, or plane from horizontal: and the *planisphere* and the *horizontal globe* must be one and the same thing. Whether the confusion might be helped forward in the mind of some honest man, (who only knew the word *Catholic* in its theological sense) by Lord Castlemaine's celebrated journey to Rome, might be a question; stranger things have happened in interpreting the titles of books.

We put the case to several competent judges of literary evidence, who gave it without hesitation that there must have been a mistake between John and Roger of the widespread name of Palmer. And to this day we know of nothing to impeach the conclusion, except that we have found a book, "The English Globe, invented and described by the Right Hon. the Earl of Castlemaine." London, 1679, 4to. So that Roger Palmer did invent and write upon a globe, but not a horizontal one; of the confusion between John and Roger in the matter of the title, we have still no doubt whatever.

We shall not go on with a dry catalogue of bibliographers, and for this reason, that from the beginning of the eighteenth century or thereabouts, there is no separation in time, the whole system must stand or fall together. From the period at which J. A. Fabricius published his very valuable works, down to the present time, there has been little or no inquiry into the relative soundness of different schools of bibliographers. They have freely copied one another; we cannot tell whether Panzer himself is better or worse than any one else, when he is speaking of a book he has never seen. And to this day, the statements of the most recent works may be traced back in many instances to authors as old as Fabricius, without any alteration except accumulated miscopies and misprints.

In scientific bibliography, we find that we are now depending upon the accumulations of Fabricius, Weidler, Scheibel, Murhard, Lalande, Muller, Kästner, Heilbronner, and library catalogues. The professed historians, Montucla, Delambre, &c., hardly deserve the separate title of bibliographers. Those who have taken special points, as Doppelmayer, De Murr, &c., are not much cited, not near so much as they ought to be.

There are occasional references no doubt, to all manner of general bibliographers, from Gesner to Brunet, and there ought again to have been more. The difference between the professed man of books, without regard to subjects, the Panzer or the Mattaire, of every branch of knowledge, and the professed scientific collector of titles, is easily understood. The former gives the title very correctly, but perhaps interprets it very badly; he puts the *Almanach des Gourmands* among astronomical works, and sends everything about the differential calculus to the

medical shelves of the library; the latter generally puts the book in its right place as to subject, but if he gets the date and title correctly, it is by a special providence. Again, the latter thinks it quite right to do things which the former would look at with horror. For example, Lalande, in his *Bibliographie Astronomique*, wrote from his own knowledge the title of the second edition of the work of Regiomontanus on triangles, Basle, folio, 1561. He knew that the first edition was published about thirty years before, and so he set it down with the same title page as the second, including the announcement of the table of sines, Basle: 1536. Now, as it happened, it was published at Nuremberg in 1533, and there was no table of sines in it. The consequence is, that Apian and Copernicus are deprived of their respective credits, as being very early (the former the earliest) publishers of sines to a decimal radius. No one can know how far an incorrect description of a book may produce historical falsehood; but there are few writers who have the courage to say exactly how much they know, and how much they presume. This want of courage is very much the consequence of the uncandid criticism which works of research are sure to meet with; a man who has but one bit of knowledge in the world, is the severest critic which a book meets with, if that book do not give that one bit of knowledge correctly. The swindler in the Vicar of Wakefield, who passed as a scholar upon the strength of one collection of sentences about Sanconiathan and cosmogony, is the type of a species who earn a reputation out of a few odds and ends, mostly by the depreciation of others. For when was there a literary or scientific quack, to whom the sneer was not a great part of his ways and means?

We are going to enter into some details on the books which form, as we have said, the reliance of the scientific bibliographer, and then to enumerate faults in a manner which may lead those who read our last sentence, to wonder that we do not look at home. But we must protest and say, that our censure of the imperfections which crowd upon us, is made in the spirit of praise. We have said what will be found upon the preceding centuries in the earlier part of our article, for no other reason than to show that there has always been progress. In the sixteenth century there was no scientific bibliography, or next to none; in the seventeenth, it was of the most

imperfect kind; in the eighteenth and nineteenth, it has been much better, and the authors of whom we are going to speak, have been the instruments of the change for good. The state of things reminds us of the story of a foreign teacher of music, when he made this reply to a pupil who asked him what he thought of his progress: "There are two stages for a beginner; first, there is beat time, pick out notes, not play at all; next, there is play, but play very bad: now you are just beginning the second stage." All credit to those who passed from the first stage to the second: our reason for pointing out their "play very bad," is that in our own day we do no better, except in an occasional exception.

We shall begin with Scheibel, a name of great note in the subject, very much cited by all who have come after him, and apparently by some who came before; for the additions made to Fabricius by his comparatively recent editor, (who makes great use of Scheibel) are not easily distinguished from the text. A critical examination of a few pages will show what kind of mistakes bibliographers make by describing works they have not seen, and we shall take the description of the editions of Euclid. Scheibel distinguishes the works he has seen from those he has not by an asterisk.

He had seen the first edition (1482,) and accordingly it is fairly described; but there is a little note about an edition by Lucas Pacioli in 1489, a statement made by Heilbronner. This is part of the stock-bibliography of Euclid; till we see this edition, or find some credible person who says he has seen it, we shall believe that this and the asserted *Italian Euclid* by Pacioli, are nothing but corrupt descriptions of the *geometry* contained in the end of the great work* on Algebra (the *princeps*) of 1494. And of this we were fully convinced by more circumstances than we have space to enumerate, before we saw that Hain, (whose silence goes further to prove a negative than the affirmation of some a positive) does not allude to any such thing. The second edition, which Scheibel had not seen, is correctly described from Mattaire, with the exception of the words of description, (*Eucl. elem. Lat.*)

* Even about this celebrated work there are mistakes. Mattaire gives the date 1484, which arises from this, that *Peter Borgo* published a work on Arithmetic in that year, or in 1482.

appearing as an implied title, a thing which there is not.

The next mentioned edition is that of Valla, (1498.) This is one of those remarkable editions, in which no one has ever been able to find a typographical error; the reason being that no one has ever looked, for the edition does not exist. In the collection of Valla's works (where this edition is said to exist) there is no Euclid, but only a geometry by Valla himself. The error is a copy from the catalogue of the Bunavian library, and it is still going the rounds. The next, or Zamberti's edition, (1505,) has a wrong title from Fabricius. In 1506, it is then given that Ambrose Jacher published four books at Frankfort: Scheibel had seen this himself. The editor of Fabricius copies him, turning Jacher into Jocher. Next comes an edition stated (from inspection) to be printed at the end of an edition of Sacrobosco, by Henry Stevens, (1507.) We do not remember having seen this book, but we have seen the reprint of 1527, (and Scheibel himself enters another of 1531,) and we find that the so-called Euclid is nothing but the summary of Boethius, which gives in four or five pages the enunciations of the propositions and no more. The edition of 1509 (Pacioli's) is correctly given from Kästner, and that of Henry Stephens (1516) from Mattaire. The first Greek edition is set down as of 1530, by Grynæus, from Fabricius; this is a misprint for 1533. But the real Greek of 1533 is correctly given by Scheibel from actual inspection, without mention of the editor's name. Here the genuine old title-page bibliographer shows very strongly; had he only turned over the page, he would have seen the preface, at the top of which Grynæus put his own name, and would then have suspected his former entry of 1530 to be the mistake, which in fact it is. And all these errors are found in the first seven pages of the duodecimo size; and their subject is no obscure man, but Euclid himself; and the time is that most interesting period to those who trace printed books, the first three quarters of a century after the invention of printing. In an appendix he gives, without stating any authority, and not from sight, editions of 1483 and 1486, in which Hain is silent and all other writers; to say nothing of a Greek edition of 1539, *with Scholia*.*

* The well informed reader will wonder where the Scholia on Euclid are to be

Kästner, in his *History of Mathematics*, which is a sort of extended bibliography, with some account of the insides of books, reminds us strongly, in spite of his learning and general correctness, of the bat trimming between the birds and the beasts. In history, he omits all that is unnecessary to his bibliographical view; in bibliography, he describes editions or leaves them quite alone, as suits the purpose of his history. A critic knows not where to have him: a writ cannot be served, for he does not run up and down in any one bailiwick, but hops out of one into another, and laughs at the sheriffs of both. It is therefore unreasonable to look at anything but the simple correctness or incorrectness of his details: and, remembering that many bibliographers have, by want of knowledge, omitted as many and as valuable books as Kästner has done upon his arbitrary principle of selection, we are rather disposed to be thankful for what we have received than to find fault with the want of more. But we find the mistakes of Scheibel above-mentioned in great part perpetuated, though with acknowledgment of their source. This matters little: when a person faithfully states his authorities, so that his own matter is completely distinct, it is mere question of paper and print how much he shall take from others. With these qualifications, Kästner's work must be accounted of great value.

It is worthy of note how completely several of the best histories of branches of science are on a bibliographical basis, proceeding rather from book to book, than from man to man: such are those of Weidler, Delambre, and Kästner; for though the nominal arrangement of the first is by men, in order of time, yet the men are only constituent parts of their own title pages. It may be doubted whether this plan of writing history by books is not the best; but then it should be accompanied by very copious mention of minor works which are not themselves absolute links of the chain of discovery. The authors who have adopted the plan are rather deficient in this respect; they seem too much to take what they meet with, without looking out for the utmost attainable completeness. But

found. We have never seen the book, but we learn from various sources that Dasypodius published in 1579 the *Scholia* of Isaac the monk (Isaac Argyrus we presume.) But we cannot learn that Dasypodius ever published any Euclid except his Latin ones with Greek enunciations; on which see Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Biography*, article "Euclides."

how were they to know what to look for, unless good bibliographers had been before them?

Let us now take Murhard, the work of most pretension which we possess, of a general character. It is in five parts, making two respectable octavo volumes of small print, (1797—1805.) It is a classed catalogue without either index or table of contents. We examine his account of the Euclids, and we find every mistake of Scheibel's duly perpetuated. And more than this we have the following, which is a rich instance of the manner in which absolutely contradictions are introduced.

We know the edition of Euclid printed by Henry Stephens in 1516, which announces in the title page that if the book should succeed, more of the same author would be published. This, in itself, makes it very unlikely that a previous edition of the same work should have been published also by H. Stephens. We know also the edition of Zamberti in 1505, published under the auspices of the Doge Loredano at Venice. But we did not know, until Murhard informed us, that an edition of 1505, having a title page word for word that of Stephens in 1516, and announced as from his *officina* at Paris, was also announced in its own colophon as having been printed at Venice, under the auspices of Loredano, with the types of M. Firmanus, in 1502. This edition is Cerberean; three must have got to the making of it, Stephens, Zamberti, and some other book unknown, probably not Euclid at all. It is certain that different books may be confounded: but how an editor, pretending to a semblance of correctness, could put together such a mass of contradictions without even a notice of the source from whence he got them, is difficult to conceive. Again, it is the fact that during the sixteenth century one Greek text of the elements, and no more, was published: Murhard has six. The real one (of 1533) he describes well enough, except that he omits the editor, Grynæus. This last name is attached to the Fabricius-misprint edition of 1530, already noticed; this is the second: a third is a fictitious Greek edition, stated from Gesner, as in 1545, which was really an *Italian* edition of the enunciations of propositions only. The other three are the so-called Greek editions in which the same enunciations, and no more, are in that language. So that between Scheibel and Murhard the lover of accurate knowledge has no easy task.

We have confined ourselves to Euclid, that our readers may see it is all fair. It would be very difficult—it would make the word *impossible* good French, in spite of Napoleon—to make a catalogue from which an alarming list of mistakes could not be collected: that is, unless the maker had every book under his own eye. And for this reason, that the correct materials from which to compile are not in existence. Accordingly we have confined ourselves to one author, of the greatest note, and one time of the greatest interest. But look where we will, the same thing meets us. We turned Murhard by chance, knowing that we could not happen wrong for an error, and came to the beginning of the works on arithmetic. And there we found, as the *princeps* of elementary arithmetical works, a presumed edition of Boethius by James Faber, published in 1480. Faber of Etaples is a safe man to make a blunder upon, for he lived 101 years, and died in 1537. Nevertheless, Heilbronner, who in one place makes this 1480 mistake for Murhard to copy, in another makes Faber do his Boethius in 1551, long after his old bones had at last found their resting place. On the edition of 1480 Hain is silent. Dr. Kloss, (in his most valuable sale catalogue, which will be properly appreciated when it gets scarce) states 1503 to be the date of the first edition of Faber's Boethius. And this, from examination, we have no doubt of. It is an early book of Henry Stephens, printed while he was in partnership with Hopilius. This edition of 1503 is omitted by Murhard—stop, he does not omit it, but puts it down correctly, with 1503 named as the year of printing at the end, and 1510 at the beginning, as the catch-figures to find it by. Of the next author, Suiset, or Suiseth, (whose christian name seems to be a difficulty; the edition of 1520 has Richard at the beginning, and Raymund at the end, while a host of writers call him Roger, so that he is only R-something,) Murhard does not know the first edition, that of Padua without date: but he compensates by giving a subsequent edition under two dates, one right and one wrong: and Suiset did not write on arithmetic at all. After him we have Bradwardine, whose *Geometria Speculativa* is converted into an "Arithmetica;" and then follows an edition of Boethius, which seems to be a re-statement of one of those which had been previously given to Faber. There is no occasion to go on; Murhard, no doubt, did his best. But what we want to impress upon

the mathematician who takes all these men for granted is, that we ought to have something better than any one's best has turned out to be hitherto.

We make no mention of Muller, who has given a catalogue of titles without authorities, except to observe that, as was necessary, he repeated all the errors of his predecessors. Both he and Murhard have given no table of contents. This is the more singular as to Muller, because he has a consistent plan of arrangement which runs through all his four parts, so that the same letter-press would be the table of contents for all.

We confess to feeling rather more savage than we meant at first to be with these most inaccurate compilations of compilations—not with their authors, who, we say again, did their best. We knew of such mistakes as we have noticed above, and of their frequency: but we did not know, until we made special examinations of given pages, how hard it was to find any thing else. And the examination just alluded to enhances the comparative merit, of which we always had a distinct notion, of the *Bibliographie Astronomique* of Lalande, a work founded on the previous collection of Weidler, but greatly superior in extent. Here we can find mistakes, but not in strings, omissions, but not in every page. Lalande had written a copious work, partly historical, on all parts of astronomy, before he began his bibliography: and he was so far acquainted with the contents of a large number of the works he described, as to be provided with some check against false statements even about the works he had not seen. It is true that he did not scruple, as we have seen, to assume a title where he had it not; also that there are some instances of extraordinary failure of eye-sight in the examination of books which his account shows he must have had before him at the time of writing. Nor are we, in particular, greatly pleased with his observation on Hood's silly book on the Globes, in 1590, when he says of it, "L'astronomie commençait à percer en Angleterre." The ghost of Tycho Brahé could have told him of some Englishmen of the sixteenth century better worthy of his notice, and anterior to Hood: but he would have needed power to summon this respectable witness, or to do something else bordering on the supernatural, before he could have written upon the bibliography of a country which has taken no pains with its own literary history. It was our

fault and not his. In the general impression which mathematical writers seem to have, that their bibliography is somewhat imperfect, and in that which from personal intercourse we have observed to exist, we have seen that Lalande is placed with the rest, nay, perhaps more slightly spoken of than others. This is hard upon the author of the *Grosse Gazette*, as his book on astronomy was termed with some truth and more humour; for it is owing to himself that his own defects are discoverable. A copious index of authors and another of subjects, added to a catalogue in order of dates, gives a very cursory reader the power of deciding whether any book is or is not in the list. But Murhard, with his ill-chosen list of subjects as the basis of his arrangement, and not even a paged list of these, may escape any charge of omission, and is used with so much difficulty, that few are able to say what he has or what he has not. For example, we cannot tell whether the great work of Lucas Pacioli, the first printed on Algebra, is or is not in Murhard. All we know is, we cannot find it either under arithmetic or algebra, and we don't like to assert a negative. Murhard may have put it into some odd corner. But suppose we want to know whether Lalande does or does not give the three editions of Copernicus, we have but to look at the years of publication, or if we forget these, at the alphabetical index. Accordingly the deficiencies of Lalande are better known than those of Murhard, precisely because, being more easily used, he is more used. Confess and be hanged, is a proverb which is verified by any author who writes in a manner from which his own mistakes can be detected.

We have a great respect for Germany, for the learning, the genius, and the industry, of that highly-gifted country. Can there be a safer thing to say than that mathematical bibliography is in a low state, when the great German leaders Scheibel and Murhard, can be so easily and so completely exposed. But it may be said they are comparatively ancient; great advances have been made since their time. Let us see. Muller's work (1820) has certainly this merit, that it adds but few mistakes to those of Scheibel and Murhard. But we have Rogg's *Bibliotheca Selecta*, published at Tübingen in 1830. Seeing this work mentioned in the report recently published on the British Museum, and being heretofore ignorant of its existence,

we went to that institution to procure a sight of it. And we soon found that there was very little to boast of, and for ourselves, some matter of special amusement. In a former number of this Review, speaking of Pacioli, we noticed that to call him *Lucas de Burgo*, without adding the words *Sancti Sepulcri*, would be much the same thing as designating Hobbes by the surname "Hobbes of," forgetting to add Malmesbury. Little did we think that while we were writing, a catalogue of ten years standing was in existence in which Lucas Borgodi was the author of the old work on algebra. We must retract: "Hobbes of" is very good literature, and *Hobbesof* is not without its parallel. Only the second edition of this work is mentioned. We turned to Vieta, and there we found, in one cluster of works, a cluster of errors which beats every thing we ever saw. Two titles rolled into one, with *Jamettius* mentioned twice in an unintelligible way: the printer was Jamettius Mettayer. In two places a work is printed *Furonis* instead of *Turonis*. We have geometrical *elections* instead of *effections*, and various other errors.

Perhaps an uninitiated reader may think that we are dwelling on very small matters. If correct knowledge of books be of little consequence, then must accurate literary history be in the same predicament, for it is impossible to have the second without the first. In ancient political history, the thread of a story may be mysteriously cut, and the circumstances which should confirm it may be so many presumptions of its utter falsehood, only because the count of some nameless castle, or the bishop of some obscure see, has changed his proper title or date. In literary history, books are the main facts; and none but those who have tried it can tell how many difficulties are thrown in the way of an investigator who has truth for his object, and permanent rules of evidence for his guide, by the mis-statements which exist upon works which, however necessary it may be to know them, it may hardly be worth while to name. The date, the author's Christian name, the very size, of a book, may be the turning points of the proof of a fact. The inquirer cannot have all books before him; of many he wants only the proper description, and being certain of this, he could almost dispense with any knowledge of the contents.

But let the reader *think* what he pleases, the historian of

science *knows* that he cannot do well without complete and correct bibliography. Why then has there been no outcry against the manifold errors of all the writings in this branch? For some reason of this kind, we suspect. A Delambre or a Montucla either has the book he wants to mention before him, or he has not. In the former case he has no occasion to consult the bibliographer, in the latter he has no means of detecting him. He ought, perhaps, to judge of his guide in the case in which he must trust, by examining him upon the points to which he has the key in his hand; but historians have not yet begun to feel that there is so much inaccuracy as our own eyes have shown us. Again, there must be systematic inquiry, directed to that very end, before the mind is well prepared to say whether the errors which turn up are casualties such as must and will occur, or evidences of the use of radically bad materials. Our own plan has been, whenever we get an old book, to go straight to the catalogues, and see what they say of it. When we began this method, our first impression was, that as it is the nature of casualties to go in runs, we had opened upon a vein of mistakes, and we looked out for the turn of the luck. It did not come, and we then were obliged to conclude that our bibliographers were not to be relied on. But we must say, accustomed as we have been to expect something to correct in the account of almost any book, we had no idea of the full extent of the mischief till we came to look over page by page for the purpose of this article.

How the matter is to be mended we cannot say. It seems to us that until the different libraries and scientific societies put forth catalogues constructed with that care in the description of titles which characterizes the catalogue of the Royal Society, we shall be, as the phrase is, to seek, and as the result will be, not to find. There is a hue and cry about the catalogue of the British Museum, which is not to have the printing commenced till 1854, and then to take a very long time before it is issued. So much the better: those who make the complaint know little about the inaccuracy of the catalogues which exist, and, taking it for granted that they are good enough, are surprised that it should take more time to do as well than is employed in writing down and setting up. We shall have, at a definite though distant date, four hundred thousand works well described; and this will be one of the greatest

boons that literature has ever received at the hands of a government. But it would be a burning shame if the large expense which must be incurred on any supposition, were to end in nothing but the perpetuation of error; and this disgrace will surely be incurred if the business be hurried by undue pressure from without. Let those who would apply the screw come forward with their *good catalogues* in their hands, let them take their choice among subjects, countries, and centuries, and let them tell us precisely what they would have imitated. We shall then see, first, what their models are worth; secondly, supposing them good, what time was employed in, and means adapted to, their execution. This is a fair offer, and will, if the challenge can be successfully accepted, be a new lever to the handle of the screw.

We assure our readers that what we are now going to state is literally true, without contrivance or intention of any sort. Having just finished this article, we thought that any catalogue we might take, and any old author out of it, would give a reasonable chance of illustrating the sort of production we might expect, if the trustees of the Museum were induced by the world without to insist upon a list of books just written out and sent off to press. So we took up the first we cast our eyes on among our books; it was the catalogue of the Royal Museum at Naples, published in 1800. And we took the first author who came into our heads, and he was Rheticus, we mean the first who occurred to us as likely to require a little bibliographical attention. We sought him out and we found him credited with the following work: "*De triangulis globi, cum angulo recto, 1696, fol. absque loci nota.*" Now this means that the library possessed the first volume of the celebrated *Opus Palatinum*, with the grand title, preface, and the books *de Fabrica*, &c. and *de triquetris*, &c., torn out. Was there no man about that museum who would have known with a moment's thought that the word Rheticus and the year 1596 coming together, must have something to do with the *Opus Palatinum*, and moreover that Rheticus never published any separate work with the title first named? There must have been more than one such person; but the mistake must have arisen from writing out titles, and sending them off to press. Were all the books in the Museum to be written out in this way, thousands of new ones would

be invented, and no man living who knows anything of the subject, would in ten years believe in the existence of a book merely because it was in the Museum Catalogue. This production will want, and we have no doubt will get, a very different mode of fabrication.

We have put at the head of this article a work which is not professedly connected with its subject, in connection with the only scientific catalogue of the correctness of which we are well assured. Hain's *Repertorium* cannot be contradicted from any authority except the works themselves. The *simpliciter enumerantur* we take to be a modest way of saying that the best existing descriptions have been copied with due care in all cases in which the author has not seen the books themselves; *adcuratius recensentur* that all the books which have come before him, or the most part of them, have furnished means of correcting the existing descriptions, or at least of usefully amplifying them. Mr. Hain distinguishes the latter from the former by giving the lineation of the titles; pointing out the interval between the ending of one line and the beginning of the next by a distinct symbol (||). We are satisfied that, up to the year 1500, we have here the materials for collecting out a scientific bibliography which shall be nearly perfect.

We had sent this article to press some time, when we saw in one of the weekly papers a series of attacks on the management of the library at the British Museum, and particularly on the deferment of the catalogue. Out of these articles, and one of the details of the regulation of the reading-room, arose a controversy between their author, a gentleman well known in the antiquarian world, and the keeper of the printed books at the Museum. For both these gentlemen, their attainments and their motives, we have the highest respect; and we shall not enter into the personal part of the dispute between them, as set forth in the pamphlets which they exchanged. But we shall make a few remarks upon the matters in discussion, in application to them of the substance of the preceding article.

How long it would take to make and print such a catalogue, *in aid of the history of literature*, and containing half a million of titles, as would bear the close inspection

of professed bibliographers, is what no man can tell, for it *has never been done*. By a catalogue which will bear the close inspection of bibliographers, we mean one which will very rarely lead those who use it into a mistake of fact upon the characteristics of a book, and which has no systematic errors. If such a one exist, let us know which it is, and let us have a little searching examination of it; we mean if such a thing exist on a proper scale, with its hundreds of thousands of titles. If such a one cannot be produced, we will be content with fifty thousand, upon the avowal that the larger catalogue is not forthcoming. Or if this cannot be found, let any one who will pledge himself to his own belief that he is conversant with bibliography, name the largest library catalogue he knows of, which is from beginning to end what he would wish the Museum catalogue to be, human errors of execution excepted. Those who speak confidently against the time which this last is to take as unnecessary, ought to have virtually answered one of these questions already. We call the attention of the Trustees of the Museum to our proposal, hoping that if such a thing as a parliamentary committee should be obtained, they will take care to extract this information from every witness who appears as an assailant of the plan proposed. Till we get an answer from some quarter, we cannot imagine what to say, as we cannot till then imagine what sort of catalogue an opponent of ours would want to have. If any one should suppose that the nation is to go to a great expense merely to produce a thumb-catalogue, by which a person is to find whether he is or is not to go to the Museum for a particular book, we dissent from him entirely. How many persons, supposing such a catalogue printed, will find room for the twenty or thirty large volumes of which it must consist, if this be all its use. Few enough among literary men will have it in any case. We shall argue on the presumption that the catalogue is to be a literary authority, and a help to the inquirer into the history of literature and science.

This use of such a work may not be in the thoughts of many. We know an analogous case which happened in the matter of an *astronomical* catalogue. Some years ago, when individuals began to publish a *meridian ephemeris* of the planets, showing when each planet comes on the meridian of Greenwich for each day in the year, a great many persons thought it was an excellent thing, and joined

in the opinion that it ought to be introduced into the nautical almanac. It was as capital a thing in their opinion, that every astronomical observer should know, by a simple addition or subtraction, when to go to his instrument to observe each planet, as it is to have folios by which to find out whether or no to walk to Great Russell Street for the book which is wanted. Some of them no doubt wondered a little why it was thought necessary to be so very exact; to say, for instance, that on a certain evening, Jupiter would be on the meridian at 47 minutes, 28 seconds, and 32 hundredths of a second past six. And some argued that the great astronomers must be a little pedantic in the matter, to waste so much time in calculation, and so much more money in printing, when, though a Flamsteed or a Herschel wanted to observe the planet, it would be quite enough to tell them to be at the instrument all ready, by 47 minutes past six. But the great astronomers had a reason for what they did; they wanted to combine the convenience of knowing when to be ready for the planet with the means of advancing astronomy. By stating with the utmost accuracy what was the prediction uttered by the existing knowledge of the planet, they enabled the observer either to confirm the accuracy of that knowledge, or to say how much it was in error, and to do his part towards setting it right. And in like manner the catalogue of a noble library like that of the Museum, is not merely a book-finder, or at least ought not to be so. It should be the corrector, so far as its contents are concerned, of all those noisome and pernicious errors which our article has shown to exist; which deprive the dead of the fame they have fairly earned, tend to render the living callous to the sense of literary justice, and cultivate habits of inaccuracy among those who have to teach the rest of the world. And if it is to be what it should be, full time should be allowed; and if, in deference to those who only want a book-finder and no more, it is to be hurried into literary worthlessness, then we say that the expense of printing is not necessary, and that a manuscript at the Museum will answer ninety-nine hundredths of every purpose. What time is necessary is a proper question to be argued on proper grounds; but as yet we have seen nothing which leads us to think that the part of the literary and scientific world, which demands a speedy catalogue, is aware of the

low state of bibliography, or of the necessity of having something better than has yet appeared.

The other part of the discussion related to the mode of procuring books at the reading-room. In former days, a party wanting a book wrote what he wanted in his own way on a slip of paper; and the attendant found the book, if he could, in the catalogue, and brought it to the party. If the book were not in existence, if the title were wrongly described, or written in a wrong language, there would be a hunt to no purpose. On his coming into office, the present keeper of the printed books introduced a new plan: not before it was wanted. For, if the professed bibliographers be what we have seen reason to suppose them in point of accuracy, what was the mass of readers at the Museum likely to be? The new plan was to fill up printed slips with the press mark, the author's name, as much of the title as is necessary, the size, date and place. On looking at the catalogue which is kept ready for all readers, this can be done, the filling up of the slip, after the book is found, taking about from half a minute to a minute. The following may be a fair average instance of what the reader has to write in the appointed columns,

126 g.	Newton	Philosophiæ Naturalis,	Cantab.	1713.
	Isaac.	Principia Mathematica.		

Now it is asserted, on one side of the discussion, that this is giving needless trouble to the reader, who, when he writes his own account of the book, has a right to expect that the officers of the Museum will find out whether the book be in the library or not. It is also asserted that there is great delay in procuring the books required, which delay, as far as we can make out, is charged in part upon this system. The second assertion is easily disposed of. For ourselves, we have not found any unnecessary or vexatious delay in procuring books. But grant that such delay does exist, for the argument's sake: will it be mended by allowing less accurate descriptions on the part of the readers? The attendants are, on this supposition, remiss in their duty: if they be slow and failing when the very shelf on which the book stands is written down for them, will they be quicker when they have to find that out for themselves? Not unless there be a very stringent exercise of authority on the part of the Trustees: but

would not the authority be more effective if it were brought to bear on the easier duty?

We now come to the first assertion, that the regulation itself asks too much of the readers. We are of a very different opinion, and so, we suspect, are the great majority of those who read at the Museum. Under the old system, the question where the book was to be found was mixed up with whether there was any such book in existence. Imagine a person going to the Museum, and writing on a slip of paper "Pacioli's Italian Euclid," a general direction which he might procure from Heilbronner, or Scheibel, or Montucla. The attendants at the Museum, looking among the Pacioli's in the catalogue, will find a Latin Euclid. Are they all to know Latin from Italian in black letter? The scholar himself has a moment's hesitation, when he looks at the black letter of the fifteenth century, in deciding between Latin and Italian. Take the title alone of Pacioli's Algebra, *Summa de Arithmetica, Geometria, Proportioni, &c.* This is Italian: and yet we come to the fifth word before there is any one indication of it, and then only in one letter. Well, the attendant carries the Latin Euclid to the reader, who rejects it and declares it is not the book he wants. Back goes the attendant, and seeing no other Euclid, consults a higher officer, who seeing *Geometria* in the title of the Italian *Summa, &c.*, causes the Algebra to be carried to the reader. This is again rejected. Now why should not the reader be required to consult the catalogue for himself, and to direct which work, of all those entered under Pacioli, he will choose to have?

But, it will be said, this is all very well as to rare or unusual books; but why not allow the reader to follow his own plan as to books which are quite common: Hume's History of England for example? In the first place, who is to judge whether the book is of the common or uncommon class? The reader himself, of course, it will be answered: indeed no other answer *could be given*. But might not, say a young learner of mathematical history, seeing Pacioli's Italian Euclid mentioned by the common historians, think it a book which is sure to be well known at the Museum? The discussion itself on which we are now remarking affords an instance of the varieties of opinion which may exist on this subject. The gentleman who complains of the existing regulation is of opinion that

Burchett's "History of Transactions at Sea," London, folio, 1720, is "well known to every bookseller, and to most literary men." This work is, to a man of his research, common enough, no doubt: but surely it can hardly be said that any work of 1720, and never reprinted, is well known to *every bookseller*. Now, if this be his deliberate opinion, published in answer to an adversary whose sagacity he admits, how far would that opinion go in writing off-hand for books at the Museum: what book would be uncommon?

To divide books into common and uncommon, at the several discretions of the readers at the Museum, would be equivalent to no division at all, and would be a complete restoration of the old system. What would be the consequence? Those who do describe their books accurately would have to wait until those who require ill-described or non-existent books have been served or dismissed. The very running about of attendants in the reading-room, and the quantity of explanation necessary to the correction of mistakes, would be a serious inconvenience to those who are occupied. As it is, nothing can be more agreeable than the general effect of the room. The attendants place the books, which are now the right ones in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, quietly by the sides of those who have asked for them; and the manner in which a hundred readers are supplied without noise or trouble is most creditable to the institution.

There is but one thing we should wish to see altered; and that is, the little desk at which the catalogues are to be consulted. This is often inconveniently crowded, and common sense points out that one little corner is not large enough for the focus from which two large rooms are to be supplied. We have sometimes had to wait longer for standing room at this desk than for the book which we have proceeded to write for as soon as we got it. But after all this is not much. For the penalty of waiting a minute or two to look at a catalogue, taking the pains to signify accurately what he wants, and waiting perhaps a quarter of an hour on the average to get it, any man of good fame may procure the run of a library of hundreds of thousands of works, and a comfortable place to read them in, all supplied at the public charge. When the conditions of admission to foreign libraries come to be authentically stated, we

doubt much whether it will be found that there is one which is *more* free, or in which books are as easily obtained.

ART. II.—1. *The Mariolatry of the Church of Rome, set forth on the authority of statements accredited by the reigning Pope Gregory XVI. and nine Prelates; in a Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, on Sunday, January 25th, 1846.* By FRANCIS JEUNE, D. C. L., Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. Vincent, Oxford.

2.—*The Practical Doctrine of the Incarnation considered with reference to our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and ourselves; especially as showing Christ Himself to be the true object of those human sympathies and yearnings, which hyperdulia rests on St. Mary. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, in the chapel of New College, on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1846.* By WILLIAM BEADON HEATHCOTE, B. C. L., Fellow and Tutor of New College. Parker, Oxford.

3.—*The Exercise of Faith impossible except in the Catholic Church.* By W. G. PENNY, late Student of Christ Church, Oxford. Richardson, London.

WHEN we Catholics are asked for special instances of the love towards Jesus Christ which we allege to burn so brightly within the True Church, we point to a whole series of saintly and mortified men, who have displayed their love towards Him, by the almost incredible sufferings which they have endured in bearing witness to Him—by having felt joy unspeakable in all that is most hateful to the natural man, in persecution, in contumely, in a life of isolation, in a death of torture, because they have been permitted to undergo these things for His dear sake—by feeling His glory to be the only exaltation for which it becomes Christians to struggle—by a constant and most burning remembrance of His sufferings for them

—by a most tender and affectionate devotion to His Holy Mother—by dying with the names of Jesus and Mary on their lips. Such are the examples of Christian love which it is our privilege to commemorate; and which impress on us, moreover, with such matchless effect, a consciousness of our own most deplorable and miserable backwardness in all Christian attainments. But Protestants, we say it in all seriousness, have devised quite a different standard whereby to estimate a Christian's love for his Saviour, and one far less personally humbling; they claim for their religion and for themselves the honour of specially honouring our Lord, on no other grounds than on the zeal and pertinacity with which they denounce all devotion to His Mother.

Such reflections are especially forced upon us, by the first in order of the publications we have named at the head of this article; a production which, as far as the author is himself concerned, we should never have thought worthy a moment's notice. As if on purpose to show the animus of his criticism, he is led (p. 25,) into a passing scoff at the devotions to our Blessed Lord's Sacred Person which Catholics have used. And in truth, a writer who displays neither sympathy for the devotion of heart and soul to religion which have from the first characterised multitudes in the Catholic Church, nor sensibility to the actual declension of all real belief of our Lord's Divinity which is so fast going on around him in his own communion, nor perception of any superiority possessed by Catholics in their discipline for weaning the heart from worldly objects, nor consciousness of any deep-rooted evils of character among English religionists; and again, who deems so lightly of the Inspired Word of God, as to identify his own critical and shallow interpretation of it with Revealed Truth itself; a writer who appears to recognize no marked discrepancy between the Christianity professed by the Oxford Hebdomadal Board and that professed by St. Paul or St. Augustine; such an one only acts on his own principles in denouncing the Catholic devotion to our Lady: his hatred of such practices is only so far a testimony to their profitableness and religiousness. We know nothing of Dr. Jeune except what we gather from his writings, and we speak of him only as exhibited in them. But so applying our observations, we beg plainly to say that until he has some knowledge of the rudiments of Christianity, it is only

natural that he should stumble at its fuller developments; and that instead of arguing with him on results, the Catholic can only pray for his enlightenment on first principles.*

It is a very different matter indeed when a divine like Dr. Pusey stumbles at such devotions. It is a most

* There are three different particulars alluded to by Dr. Jeune, which are not important in special reference to the doctrines about the Most Holy Virgin, and yet seem on other grounds to deserve some notice. We will therefore take the liberty of inserting a pretty long note, to contain our comments on them.

1. In the first place Dr. Jeune has quoted (p. 7 and 8) two passages from Suarez, which sufficiently show, if it needed showing, that the principle of development is not a mere modern invention to meet a modern difficulty; though a further application of it may have been called for by the researches of modern criticism. To be sure the language of St. Vincentius Lirinensis, quoted by Mr. Penny, is as explicit as language can be; and, one would think, beyond the reach of Anglican cavil. Still considering the very high authority possessed by Suarez, we shall not scruple to transfer into our pages his most explicit testimony. It is strange, indeed, that Christians can be found to deny such obvious common-sense principles as those contained in these extracts.

Tandem non sine singulari Spiritûs Sancti consilio factum est, ut nonnulla Virginis mysteria et privilegia nec scripta sint nec certâ traditione recepta, ut occasio daretur fidelibus amplius meditandi et recogitandi hæc mysteria, loquendi ac scribendi de Virgine, ex principiis traditis plura ratiocinando et colligendo. Quocirca rationibus etiam in hac materiâ utendum est, quæ, vel in dictis principibus vel in ipsâ rerum naturâ et decentiâ fundatæ, multum ponderis et efficacitatis in Theologiâ habent.

Ad hanc definitionem satis est ut aliqua supernaturalis veritas in traditione vel scripturâ *implicite* contenta sit, ut ex communi consensu Ecclesiæ, per quam sæpe Spiritus Sanctus traditiones explicat vel Scripturam declarat, tandem possit Ecclesia definitionem suam adhibere, quæ vim habeat *cujusdam revelationis* respectu nostri, propter infallibilem Spiritûs assistentiam.

2. Dr. Jeune says, (p. 18,) "The doctrine of justification by faith (only) is represented by certain Romanizing divines as antinomian and immoral, and as giving unwarrantable confidence to sinners. It is reproached, for instance, with the language of trust and hope sometimes held on the scaffold by malefactors, with whom ministers of the Gospel have laboured with success, as charity believes. Those, however, who secede to the Church of Rome, must be prepared to hold a corresponding theory; and to accord to the merits of Mary, what they have perhaps denied to the merits of Jesus." In illustration of this charge, Dr. Jeune proceeds (p. 19, 20,) to quote an anecdote. Does this anecdote exhibit a malefactor "full of trust and hope on the scaffold," because of his confidence in the Mother of God? The prisoner "confesses his sins, and touched with the greatness of the divine mercies, *he dies of grief on the spot.*" The detestable and most unchristian heresy, which would persuade a malefactor to die with an assurance of salvation, has a "correspondent theory," according to Dr. Jeune, in the religious influences which cause him to die of grief and contrition. We must repeat our wish expressed in the text, that Dr. Jeune had displayed some acquaintance with the first principles of Christianity.

3. Dr. Jeune has quoted from M. Gaume the well known account of St. Simon Stock's vision about the scapular, (p. 21, 22,) and quotes in the appendix M. Gaume's words on the subject. M. Gaume's work bears the very highest character; and in believing this vision, he has held an opinion which many other Catholics have holden. But it is most important to bear in mind that *none of them* believe in its literal interpretation, but most earnestly repudiate it; and we have no doubt at all that the part of M. Gaume's work which treats on Justification, (if that subject be included in it,) would make this perfectly clear. Thus Raynandus, a Jesuit, about the most learned of those who defend the vision, in a work which received the fullest approbation from the Carmelites, who are of course the warmest advocates of the scapular, says expressly, and

grievous calamity, that persons who agree with us on most doctrines and on many first principles, and who are actuated by the most unmistakeable love of holiness and desire of purity, that such persons as these should, through misapprehension, remain separate from Catholic Communion. It is first and far chiefly of all a most grievous calamity to

says too that the others on his side agree with him, that the words are not to be literally understood. The promise about purgatory, (Scapular Mariæ illustrat et defens quæst. 4,) he understands in the sense which pope Paul V. has sanctioned as consistent with orthodoxy. We quote from the French translation of St. Alphonso's "Glories of Mary," chap. viii. § 2. "*Le peuple chrétien peut croire pieusement que la bien heureuse Vierge assistera de sa continuelle intercession, de ses vœrites, et de sa protection speciale après leur mort, et principalement aux jours de Samedi (jours consacrés à la Sainte Vierge par l'Eglise) les ames des confreres de S. Marie du Mont Carmel, pourvu qu'ils soient sortis de ce monde en état de grace, qu'ils aient porté le scapulaire observant la chasteté suivant leus état,*" &c. And as to the other alleged promise, Raynandus acknowledges, (p. 292.) "*Incertitudinem gratiæ et prædestinationis esse dogma fidei, nisi adsit revelatio specialis, quæ hic revera non intervenit.*" He illustrates (ibid.) the force of the language by Rom. 8. "*Hominem justificari per fidem.*" Rom. 8. "*Spe salvi facti sumus.*" Tob. 12. "*Eleemosyna à morte liberat.*" &c. Jacobi 1. "*Institutum verbum potest salvare animas vestras.*" He might have added, "*Whoso eateth my Flesh, and drinketh my Blood,*" "*Baptism saveth us,*" and many other passages. He continues, (ibid.) "*Hæc et alia id genus passim in scripturis leguntur, neque tamen (ut bene notavit Bellarmin.) ullus est qui inde colligit, solum fidem, aut spem, aut eleemosynam, vel solum verbum, justificare aut salvare, aut a morte eripere, absque aliis ad eundem finem requisitis. Sed Scriptura sic loquens, vult tantum significare, prædicta habere vim suam ad illum finem: et eum quod ad se attinet adimplere, si cætera non desint. Ut quid ergo aliter statuitur de gestatione Scapularis, cum dicitur esse signum salutis, et prædestinationis. Tantum enim significatur, eam gestacionem pie factam, habere vim suam, ut quis salutem adipiscatur, et fiat in eo executio prædestinationis; ut fert Deiparæ promissio.*"

But it is very important to observe, that very far the greater number of learned Catholics utterly disbelieve both the truth of the vision and the authenticity of Pope John's bull. As to the latter, there are few higher authorities on a matter of history than Natalis Alexander. What is his language? (Histor. Eccles. tom. 8. p. 548. Ed. Lucae, 1734.) "*Bullæ stylus stylo cæterorum Joannis XXII. Diplomatum plane dissimilis; annorum datæ Bullæ discrepantia apud Carmelitas qui ipsam referunt; varia Revelationis à Beata Virgine Joanni XXII. factæ narratio in utriusque scriptoris exemplari; absurditas, repugnantiaque verborum quæ cælorum Reginæ affinguntur—vocis Mercurii, nequaquam Ecclesiasticæ, pro Feriâ quartâ usurpatio; silentium Auctorum, &c. promissio absurda salutis æternæ, quam B. Virgo fecisse supponitur iis omnibus qui Carmelitarum Ordinem ingressi fuerint, aut Scapulare gestarint; cum tamen incertum esse non possit Christi verbum "Si vis ad vitam ingredi serva mandata," nec Sacramentalibus hujusmodi sit annexa gratia perseverantiæ, cujus promissio ne Sacramentis quidem annexa est; *descensus fictitious* B. Virginis in Purgatorium Sabbato primo post obitum confratrum et sororum sacri sodalitii Scapularis, ut eos a pœnis liberet; cum sola intercessione, suffragiis, meritis, protectione speciali sibi devotas animas juvare Deipara possit . . . non autem spirituali in animas imperio, quod asseruerat F. Petrus Arcis Carmelitarum Præsentatus, qui ad Palinodiam compulsus est a Sacra Facultate Parisiensi, anno 1624. die 23 Novembris."*

The contributor of these facts, who is not the same with the writer of the article, before meeting with this passage, looked through two different editions of the Bullarium, in search of this alleged bull, without success. And on looking into different writers on the subject, he finds that they treat the whole affair with contempt. "*Quid magis ridiculum,*" says one, (Noel de Bertignères in a public thesis,) "*et Romano pontifice magis indignum, &c. Has et similes ineptias apage à Catholicæ, Apostolicæ, et Romanæ Religionis veris cultoribus.*"

themselves, considering the present blessedness and spiritual privileges they thereby lose, not to speak of the fearful peril they incur in regard to their prospects beyond the grave: but it is a calamity also to the cause itself of Catholicism, which, in its warfare against worldly wisdom and worldly practice, might employ such instruments to the highest advantage. And whereas all their other misapprehensions sink into absolutely nothing when compared to the objections they feel against this particular devotion, in proportion as every Catholic must feel the idea to be a mere madman's dream, on which many of them seem to build, viz. that the Church will ever be induced to discountenance the practises to which they object,—in that proportion does it become a primary duty, to labour, as far as may be, to explain and rescue from misconception, what we would die rather than disavow.

There cannot then be a more profitable task at the present time than to put in fresh and fresh lights, as far as may be, the feelings entertained by Catholics towards the Mother of God, if haply the true idea may thereby be more forcibly impressed on the mind of objectors: and this must be our excuse, if the discussions on this particular subject which have appeared in this Review, should appear disproportionate and excessive in number. It can never be superfluous to notice objections, however threadbare, so long as they are conscientiously felt by earnest, humble, and truth-seeking men. While therefore we notice Dr. Jeune's sermon for the sake of others, we notice Mr. Heathcote's sermon for his own sake also. It is evidently the production of a thoughtful, reverential, and devout mind, which affords much common ground whereon Catholics may sustain an argument.

Still, Mr. Heathcote, like the rest of those who generally agree with him, is guilty of one fundamental error, which would absolutely astonish us in persons professing Catholic tendencies, were we not so familiar with it; and which makes the main part of his reasoning most grossly paralogistic. It is for this reason that we have added Mr. Penny's new publication to our list of names at starting; not that we have any hope of doing the least justice to that most able and instructive work in so cursory a notice as this, but because the principle which he is mainly occupied in enforcing is so essential to our present pur-

pose.* We ought indeed to apologise to Mr. Penny for naming his work at all without a more detailed and direct analysis of its contents, were it not that it is written itself in so abstract and condensed a shape, that no analysis could supersede the necessity of studying the original: a study which we most heartily commend to all our readers. On one or two matters, quite immaterial to the main argument, there may be possibly two opinions; such, for instance, as the author's determination of the relations which exist between Faith and the natural sense of right and wrong. But in truth, putting together the various statements of Mr. Penny which really bear on the subject, we are far from sure that we have rightly caught his meaning; and we are quite sure that Catholics are really all at one with each other in their feeling on such subjects, whatever difference there may possibly be in their way of analysing and expressing this feeling.

That man is by nature helpless and blind—absolutely needing religious truth in order to peace of mind and to the perfecting of his nature—yet absolutely unable to find it himself without a guide—all this we must suppose is common ground between Mr. Heathcote and ourselves. Here it is then that Mr. Penny's argument has its place. It is the most cruel mockery to speak of pointing out a guide to blind and sinful men, and then to place before them one which requires the most high and unusual spiritual attainments in order to its comprehension. Yet nothing less than such attainments, (nor in truth even these,) could enable a person even to form a guess, in regard to such awfully unfathomable subjects for instance as the Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Eucharistic Presence, whether this or that exposition of them were most in accordance with the unmethodical notices of those doctrines contained in Scripture and the earlier Fathers. Again, Mr. Penny urges with great force, that Scripture itself speaks of the mind of little children as the fit one for receiving truth: whereas if Christian truth were learned by study of the Fathers, as well might we call Sir I. Newton's investigations those of a little child, rather than of

* This article was written for our last number, and before we had seen Mr. Thompson's very able and consecutive treatise on the Anglican theories of Church Unity, which handles that part of the Catholic argument in a most masterly way. That essay contains several passages which would have been very available for our present purpose.

a great discoverer. And what nature and Scripture so plainly point out, the Church in every age has declared with singular emphasis. No one but a madman could say that the early Fathers have testified to the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, with a thousandth part of the clearness and unanimity with which they have proclaimed the absolute authority, in teaching, of the *existing* Church. If Mr. Heathcote, or any one else, finds no living Church to whose voice on her own authority he is prepared to submit himself, and if he be correct in such negative, the Fathers, from the very first, were in essential and fundamental error on the very first principle of their religion: for such a principle with them was the belief that the Church, such as *they* considered the Church, had a sure divine promise of remaining until Christ should come to Judgment.

Hitherto we have used our own language, though following Mr. Penny's course of argument. But his observations on the rule of St. Vincentius Lirinensis, which has so strangely been considered by many as bearing out the most unchristian rule of faith professed by the Oxford school, his observations on this rule are so important and so excellently expressed, that we cannot refrain from an extract, and wish we could give the whole.

"In applying St. Vincent's rule it is idle to inquire into the general meaning of antiquity, all we are concerned with is *his* meaning. And this we shall see the more easily by bearing in mind what term he opposes to it; this term is 'novelty;' he says novelty is to be repressed by 'antiquity;' so that the two terms are used as opposites. And he has clearly explained what he means by 'novelty;' and limits it to the 'first springing up' of a heresy. Antiquity and novelty are here relative and opposite terms; so that where one commences the other leaves off; and since 'novelty' commences with the appearance of a heresiarch, it is plain that antiquity must in strictness extend up to this time in which the novelty commences. That he uses the term in this sense, is quite evident from the whole of his argument. His argument against a heretic would be this:—your heresy was not known till some few years ago, when your founder established it. So that he appeals to the whole time up to the appearance of the heresiarch; and thus he extends the antiquity which he appeals to, up to the present times. In fact, his rule is identical with the Catholic, (as might be expected from his book having always been so much esteemed among Catholics,) and is, that we are to receive from the *previous generation* all that it taught; and that too, be it well observed, in

THE DEVELOPED FORM *in which they deliver it to us.* On this subject he has written an able chapter, (23,) to which I may refer my readers. In it he says, 'Fitting it is, therefore, that the understanding, knowledge, and wisdom, as well of every man in particular, as of all in common; as well of one alone as of the whole in general; should by the advance of ages, *abundantly increase and go forward.*' p. 104. A little further on he compares this development of religion to that of the human body, which, while it preserves its main outlines, limbs, and proportions, develops itself into greater size.

...

"It appears then, that so far from St. Vincent asserting that appeal might be made *from* the generation immediately preceding to more remote ones, he on the contrary says, that the generation of our immediate ancestors is that *to* which we are to appeal, and to use their voice and testimony as a prescription against any novelty that may spring up in our own day. Just as at the Council of Nice, what the Fathers there assembled declared, was not their private opinion upon the text of Scripture, or of the Apostolic Fathers, though this they may have done incidentally; the great question with them was, 'what was the doctrine that had been taught in their diocese and delivered to them by the generation before them.' " p. 99—102.

Mr. Heathcote, Dr. Pusey, and the rest, are really called upon to meet all this: they are called upon to look the matter full in the face, and tell us, (it is no unreasonable inquiry on our part,) what is their rule of faith, and what are their notes of the Church. In what sense do they take any existing Church as their divinely commissioned teacher? On what principles do they regard themselves as members of the Church at all? Because governed by apostolically-descended bishops? Are Nestorians and Monophysites members of the Church? Or do not *those* heretics consider *their own* doctrine to be that of the early centuries, as truly as Anglicans so consider *theirs*? Where was such an idea dreamed of by any of the Fathers, or by any of the Apostles, as that the Church could be other than one organized Body, in scriptural language one Kingdom? It has been plainly asserted in this Review, that in the extant remains of Ante-Nicene writers, addresses to our Blessed Lord are as rare as addresses to Saints: Is this denied? Or if not, how can it be maintained against Catholics that Invocation of Saints is an innovation, unless it be conceded to Socinians that the worship of our Lord is an innovation also? Such are

some among the various questions which Catholics for some time past have been putting to Anglicans, and on which it seems impossible to extract from them an answer.

We are not saying, of course, that Mr. Heathcote is bound to go into all these questions in every sermon he preaches, any more than we are bound to do so in every article we write; but he is bound to consider them and show that he has considered them, before he dares to assume a critical position, and pass censure on what may turn out to be the voice of God Himself. That the report of many Catholic practices should at first grate very harshly on his ears, is so far from being a presumption against these practices, that on the contrary it is precisely that which must necessarily result, if the Catholic Church be what she claims to be; for in that case, Mr. Heathcote has endured an unspeakable loss in being severed from her communion, he is destitute of that especial temper of mind which her ordinances and discipline foster, and it would be naturally expected therefore that the dictates of Catholic piety would be distasteful to the non-Catholic religionist. But this is only one reason the more for pressing on his notice the claims and notes of the Catholic Church. Mr. Heathcote urges on his hearers that this is not the time for "speculative questions," and "metaphysical distinctions." (p. 96.) We fully agree with him: it is the time for him, and those likeminded with him, to consider one of the most practical questions in the whole world; viz:—whether he is at present within the pale of the Church, and if he be not, whether his soul is safe. And again, if every thing point to the negative answer on this question, except the one circumstance that the Church encourages devotions which to *him* appear inconsistent with acknowledged truths, what can we offer him except "speculative questions" and "metaphysical distinctions," until he receive the only reasonable straight-forward and Christian solution of his difficulty, that of practical experience?

We trust we have not appeared to speak harshly of Mr. Heathcote. Nothing certainly can have been further from our intention than so to do, for we entertain a very sincere respect for his character; and we owe him too especially thanks on the present occasion, in that he has written in a perfectly Christian tone and temper, on a subject

which has in many hands been the occasion of much railing and bitterness. But it implies the wildest misconception, a misconception which we should hardly have expected from so thoughtful a writer, to suppose that any doctrine or any devotion can be rightly understood, except by those who have first believed and practised them. And therefore it is, because submission to authority must from the very nature of things precede the right apprehension of any particular doctrine, it is for that very reason that we are most anxious that he should take a correct view of the real position of the argument, and should understand once for all, the claims of the Catholic Church; instead of dreaming, as so many of his friends dream, that he can be justified before God in expecting the points in dispute to be cleared up one by one to his satisfaction, before he purges himself of the sin of schism and rebellion under which he lies. We are not of course implying, that in no conceivable case the plain irreligiousness of the doctrine taught might do far more than counterbalance the external notes of authority worn by the teacher: but it would be mere extravagance to suspect a person holding Mr. Heathcote's opinions of alleging so wild a charge against the Catholic Church. But whether or no, we wish him distinctly to observe that it is his own great sin if he look upon this question as a mere matter of otiose and philosophical criticism: it is a matter of life and death to him; he must perforce either find some way of reconciling to himself the devotion at which he staggers, or he must fairly confront the conclusion that that doctrine of the Visible Church which was held by holy Fathers of every century as the one very basis of their religion, was a delusion and a dream. If High-Church Anglicans will quicken and animate their investigations by this thought, we have little doubt of the result: but a mere external fault-finding criticism, to whatever doctrine it be applied, is necessarily barren and lifeless; it is by allowing themselves in such a habit on their respective peculiarities, that Socinians remain Socinian, and Anglicans Anglican: if the principle can be expected to bear the latter harmless at the Great Day, so also it must the former.

In truth, we sometimes feel almost unwilling to attempt the task of removing in part the misconceptions of our doctrine under which Anglicans labour, from the fear that they may so far misinterpret our meaning, as to imagine

that we regard it as a light sin their refusing at once to accept that doctrine on faith. Trusting, however, that what we have said will sufficiently guard us from so serious a misconception, we are not unwilling to occupy what remains of this article, in doing what in us lies towards setting Mr. Heathcote right; and also towards obviating the false conclusions, into which Dr. Jeune's quotations might lead some, who have more knowledge of Christianity than he has himself displayed. But we do this, as we have said, under protest; in regard that no removal of misconception can be otherwise than partial, except that caused by a *practical realization* of the doctrines misconceived.

Now first, how stands the case as to the plain matter of fact, viz. the devotion to our Blessed Lord, which has been displayed by those who have been most eminent for their tender and ardent love of the Holy Virgin? This ground has been so often trodden of late, that it will be sufficient to mention the names of St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, St. Alphonso; to refer enquirers to such works as "*L'amour des ames*," or "*Pratique de l'amour de Jesus Christ*," written by the last named Saint; and to add this plain indisputable fact, that the period of Christianity which brought so prominently forward that devotion to our Lady, which leads, according to Mr. Heathcote, (p. 73.) to a practical forgetfulness of our Lord's humanity, was the very same which also brought into a pre-eminence, very far greater than had heretofore been given it, devotion to the Passion of our Lord. But this fact alone would furnish the subject of one article by itself; and therefore we very reluctantly pass on, contenting ourselves with a simple statement of the case in Mr. Penny's work.

"When an inquirer found that the more eminent men were for sanctity in other respects, the more devout they were to our Lady; the more holy and unearthly their minds, the more does it delight them to dwell upon the thoughts of Her; the more their hearts are lifted up to Her Son, the more are they to Her also; the more fervent are they in prayer to God, the more ardent is the language of their devotion to Her, (and surely, glowing as their language may sometimes seem, it is far from being an expression of the full state of their feelings,) surely on seeing this, the force of the example of such men, who one and all are remarkable for their devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of God, will be sufficient to induce not only

any Catholic, but any Catholic-minded person to feel it likewise. If we were to ask a Catholic why he invokes the Blessed Virgin, he might perhaps say, because it is the practice of the Church. This, however, would be to give but a very imperfect account of the matter: doubtless it was this that made him begin it, yet having once begun it with anything approaching to a proper spirit, he will feel to need no further authority; to attempt to persuade him that the benefits he experiences are unreal, or that the mysterious connection which he feels to subsist between Her whom he loves, and honours and invokes, and his own soul, is a mere phantasy, would be almost the same thing as telling him that his very existence is a dream."—p. 110.

Dr. Pusey indeed, as might have been expected from one who has ever shown such real and deep reverence for sanctity, shrinks from the unspeakably blasphemous conclusions, which some Anglicans of note with their eyes open have embraced; viz. that men whose whole heart and affections were unremittingly fixed on the contemplation of heavenly objects, were guilty of idolatry.* But then, by so stumbling, he has surely committed himself to the principle, that dedication of soul and spirit to Holy Mary, even in the degree practised by St. Alphonso and St. Bonaventure, has nothing *in itself* open to censure; a principle, we think, of which he has hardly considered the consequences. We grieve to see how little weight Mr. Heathcote has allowed to the fact of which we have been speaking: perhaps he was hardly aware to how great an extent Saints *have* originated this practice; for he mentions, (p. 23.) as one explanation of the origin of "hyperdulia," "the general tendency of fallen man to interpose some object between itself and God." We trust this may be the true solution of the phenomenon; for we cannot consider the language that has been before now used one jot too strong, when those who have accused St. Alphonso or St. Bonaventure of idolatry, have been plainly branded as "blasphemers against the Holy Ghost."

Such is the *primâ facie* difficulty of the Anglican notion. Mr. Heathcote must devise some theory as to the state of

* "The editor would take this opportunity of saying, that nothing was ever further from his intention than criticising any whom he knew to be the Saints of God. In anything he ever said, he was following, he hopes, authority, or regarding words only in themselves, or in what seemed their natural or unavoidable effect on ordinary minds, quite abstractedly from those who used them."—*Dr. Pusey's Preface to his edition of Surin's "Foundations of the Spiritual Life,"* p. 8.

mind under which such countless multitudes of saintly and devoted men have bestowed feelings of "adoration" (p. 17.) (Mr. Heathcote means plainly divine adoration) on a creature; and have held an opinion which, in his judgment, defrauds Christ of his divinity, (p. 21.) and cannot but give encouragement to a low standard of religion and morality. (p. 75.) Should he shrink from manfully considering with himself this plain question, it is for him to consider how far he can continue to plead invincible ignorance of the doctrine.

Another *primâ facie* presumption on the same side we may specify, and then pass on; seeing it is a subject to which we shall in all probability have to return again and again. We allude to the gradual disappearance of real belief in our Lord's Divine Personality, which is so significant a phenomenon in Protestant Churches. We wish Mr. Heathcote appeared more sensitive to the corruption of his own Church in this particular. The heresy, so long latent, in many cases is now becoming open and avowed. By the time this appears in print, will M. Gobat have been ordained bishop by the archbishop of Canterbury, or how soon afterwards? M. Gobat's opinions are expressed in the following extracts, taken from a larger series, which have been put together from M. Gobat's Journal, by a well conducted Anglican print called "The Ecclesiastic."

"Discussions arose on the subject of the two natures in Jesus Christ; but on this point I (M. Gobat) usually confine myself to saying that the Bible speaks neither of One nor of Two natures; and that consequently *we ought not to condemn those who are of a contrary opinion.*"

M. Gobat, on being asked whether the Humanity of our Lord will remain distinct after the end of the world, says,

"*The Bible does not say—I know nothing about it.*"

"PRIEST.—There are some who say that *the Divinity of Jesus Christ was not united to His Humanity till He was anointed by the Holy Spirit*, and that afterwards it was sometimes God and sometimes man that acted in him."

"MISSIONARY. (M. Gobat).—'*This is all foreign to the Gospel.*'"

"KIDAM MARIAN.—'Which is it that dies in Jesus Christ, the Divinity with the Humanity, or the Humanity alone?'"

“MISSIONARY. (M. Gobat.)—‘These are things very far beyond our reach, when we take any other guide than the Bible.’”

Such are the sentiments held by an Anglican bishop elect. Should the Archbishop of Canterbury decline to consecrate him, this present head of accusation so far falls to the ground; but admitting that his consecration can ever have been so much as a question, it is remarkable to find a member of such a Church as this bringing accusations against the parent from which that Church has rebelled, of lack of zeal for the full Catholic doctrines on our Blessed Lord.*

So much on the *à priori* presumptions, which our author hardly seems to have duly weighed. But before we come to his special difficulty, which he has designated in the very name he has given to his sermon, we cannot refrain from a passing expression of surprise, that a writer of so much Catholic inclining can have condescended to such an argument as the *silence* of Scripture on the reverence due to the Mother of God; a mode of argument which has really no meaning, except in the mouth of a Socinian. Dr. Jeune indeed, on the Protestant principle of pitting his own interpretation of the words of the Holy Spirit, if need be, against that of the whole Church, fancies himself to see in Scripture a contradiction to the Catholic doctrine; but even Dr. Jeune does not go so far as Mr. Heathcote, in regarding the apparent *silence* of Scripture as an argument. And as if to show the dangerousness no less than the folly of such a procedure, of the two illustrations which the latter gentleman employs to impress on us the fact of this supposed silence, one is grounded (p. 22.) on the circumstance that “the Holy Simeon, in his speech and act in the temple,” did not display “hyperdulia,” in his demeanour towards the Virgin Mother. If Mr. Heathcote will make clear to the Socinian that holy Simeon on that occasion offered *divine worship* to our Lord, we will undertake to show the Anglican a hundred times over that he offered “hyperdulia” to our Lady. Mr. Heathcote, with curious

* Since this was written, M. Gobat's consecration has taken place. His defence of such passages as those quoted above, was: (1) That the Abyssinians were perniciously addicted to questions of merely speculative curiosity; (2) that he spoke the language imperfectly; (3) that he agreed *ex animo* with the language of the Anglican formularies on the Incarnation and on Baptism. This defence was considered sufficient by the Anglican authorities, and his consecration proceeded.

significance, has exactly stumbled on the sort of passage so powerfully wielded in anti-trinitarian arguments, where holy personages, in close contact with our Lord, offer up prayers and thanks to God, without showing the least consciousness that God Incarnate is so close at hand. Truly private interpretation of Scripture is rather a dangerous weapon.

But Mr. Heathcote's main position is of a very different nature, and is, if we may so express ourselves, logically sound. By this we mean, that if the fact were as he considers it to be, if the Church really encouraged devotions which imply, or necessarily cause, the attribution of divine honour to one whom she declares to be a creature, and the denegation of the deep, entire, undivided devotion of the heart to Him whom she declares to be God,—if this fact were so, the Church would act in contradiction to herself, and could not be what she claims to be. But we do not mean that we can praise, or in any way defend, Mr. Heathcote for considering the fact to be so; very much indeed the contrary, as we have been urging all along: we think it a most perilous symptom in high-church Anglicans, that they will not take for granted on faith that the fact is otherwise, however puzzling some phenomena may be to them. Catholic devotion must ever be a puzzle, to those who are beyond the sacred precincts of the Church.

What then is this notion? Let us hear the author himself.

"The point of view in which I propose now to consider this subject is with reference to the consequent and suggested thoughts about our Lord's human parent; especially with regard to the proper object of the more affectionate and intimate human yearnings and sympathies which attach to created being. Whether the feelings, which many members of the Church both in the East and West indulge towards the Blessed Virgin, ought not rather (as far as they are healthy and right) to be entertained towards and rested upon Jesus Christ Himself.—God forbid that I should judge them; and say either that the practice in question did not begin with the purest intentions, or that it is maintained at the present moment with other motive than a genuine though mistaken zeal for our Lord. I propose only to consider whether the said feelings which, as simple matter of fact, these rest on the Blessed Virgin, ought not to have as their direct object, Jesus Christ Himself;—and that, not as if He were merely a creature, (according to the Arian heresy),—but still (on a due and true realizing of the doctrine

of the Incarnation) as having taken a created nature, having created Himself a body, 'having taken the manhood' verily 'into God.' Whereas the Blessed Virgin, having only a created nature, ought not to have any approach to adoration in the feelings with which she is regarded,—not so is the case with our Lord: to Him, as being God as well, it is due. And the fact, that the feeling of affection practically runs up into adoration, shows her to be the wrong object; while the adoration, from requiring affection, shows Him to be the right one. Not the Father on the one hand, as He is in His unsearchable nature purely God,—not the Blessed St. Mary on the other, as merely human,—but our Almighty yet gracious and infinitely condescending Lord Jesus Christ, as being at once both of these, and calling forth the affection without checking the adoration. The opposite practice, to which I have referred, seems to be, as far as it goes, the reverse extreme to Arianism, and in one point of view practical Eutychianism. The Arians made our Blessed Lord to be *all* creature; this makes Him *no* creature; loses sight of Him practically as being possessed of any human nature,—'absorbs' it (like Eutyches) in the divine: carries all its most intimate feelings towards the highest notion of created being elsewhere."

Holy Scripture seems to encourage us to *immediate* intercourse with Christ:—and, *whereas the Father is awful* in the infinite majesty of the pure Godhead, *the Son is especially proposed to us as the object of love rather than awe.*"

If we are compelled here to ask the author a question which must appear very seriously to reflect on his orthodoxy, let us again repeat we are compelled to do so by any feeling rather than want of respect for himself, or of sympathy with the serious and devotional tone which his whole sermon displays. But in truth we are again and again taken by surprise, at the most inadequate apprehensions of the Christian doctrine concerning our Blessed Lord, which those display who believe themselves in all sincerity the most sensitively jealous for that doctrine. We are compelled then to ask the author, does he or does he not believe Him to be Very God, and made known to us that He may be worshipped as such? If he does believe this, (and we know he will almost regard the question as an insult,) what can be the meaning of those words which we have printed in Italics.

That the appearance of Jesus Christ in the flesh is a means, whereby weak and carnal man may entertain a more keen and lively apprehension of the attributes of the Unseen God, and may receive inestimable help in the

attempt to cherish in his heart such affections towards God as those attributes claim; all this is very intelligible, very Christian, and very true. But on the hypothesis of His Divinity, how is it true, how is it Christian, how is it even intelligible, to say that the Father is rather to be feared than loved, the Son rather to be loved than feared? Strange "division of the Substance" indeed, and from one who professes to himself so great reverence for the Athanasian Creed! Strange forgetfulness too of the truth which is so continually on the lips of the Blessed Virgin's votaries, that it is our Blessed Lord Himself, the God-man, who is to judge us one by one at the last day. The author himself alludes, (p. 76,) to the "*Rex tremendæ majestatis*;" and such is surely the very language of piety towards Him who is our God and is to be our Judge: how is it he can so have forgotten the very doctrine he professes, as to have uttered such a sentiment as that on which we have been commenting.

"What then," Mr. Heathcote may possibly ask, "do Catholics profess that they love the Mother of God more than they love God?" A frightful heresy truly, and one which all Catholics would disavow with horror and anathema! and yet how is it more frightful than the sentiment to which Mr. Heathcote has unawares committed himself, that we should love God the Son more than God the Father? But can any thoughtful person doubt that, in this mortal life, *that* love is the deepest, the most habitual, and the most pervading, which is most accompanied by reverence and godly fear? Such is the devout Catholic's love of God, and therefore of Jesus Christ, because He is God. "Fear is allayed by the love of Him," it has been said, "and love sobered by fear of Him. He draws us on with encouraging voice, amid the terrors of His threatenings. This may seem strange to those who do not know what it is earnestly to seek after God. But in proportion as the state of mind is strange, so is there in it therefore untold and surpassing pleasure to those who partake it. The bitter and the sweet, strangely tempered, thus leave upon the mind the lasting taste of divine truth, and satisfy it: not so harsh as to be loathed, nor of that insipid sweetness which is wearisome when it becomes familiar."

It is not then, as Mr. Heathcote supposes, because our Blessed Lord's Human Nature is forgotten, but because

His Divine Personality is remembered, that Catholics seek so eagerly the prayers of His Mother to recommend them to His favour: nor is it a new remark, that religious bodies who think little of Her intercession, soon let slip the belief of His Supreme and True Divinity. As to forgetfulness of His Human Nature, we have already adverted to the circumstance, that the special rise of devotion to the Holy Virgin was contemporaneous with the special rise of devotion to His Passion; and that, without exception, those Saints who have been most given to the former, have also been most fervent in the latter. And in modern Catholic books, there is certainly on the whole no subject so prominent as the detailed meditation on the various points in His Passion; insomuch that it is the observation of Dr. Pusey, that there seems a risk lest such representations as those contained in the treatises of "most recent foreign writers" on the Passion, "*become too human.*"* We are not, of course, assenting to this opinion; but it must show the singular mistake of fact into which Mr. Heathcote has fallen. For it must be at once conceded that the Passion is, the one subject of all others, which will most practically and powerfully impress on the faithful the reality of His human nature,—which will make a sense of His infinite and inconceivable love for them sink deeply into their very heart of hearts—and which will make them feel personally interested, if we may so speak, in all that He has done for them. Much might be said also in the same connection, were there room for enlarging on it, on the devotion to His Sacred Heart; a devotion which is the special offspring of modern times, and which M. Gueranger represents as the healthy reaction against the forbidding harshness of Jansenism. For the precise effect of that devotion is to give especial and marked prominence to those very truths which our author deems to be thrown into the shade, the Human Nature of our Blessed Lord, and the intensity of His love to man. Mr. Heathcote must surely see, that whether or no he choose to adopt *our* theory, he cannot maintain *his own*; because it is in point-blank contradiction to the facts of the case.

Then as to the author's charge that the doctrine of Her intercession interferes with that of His mediation, we are surprised at the utter inadequacy of view in regard to the

* Preface to "Avrillon on Lent." p. 13.

latter, which such a charge implies. Without going deeply into questions of doctrine, for which this is not the place, it is strange indeed that any reader of the Fathers can represent our Blessed Lord's Mediatorial Office as *characteristically* consisting in prayer for us; seeing it is absolutely undeniable that *all* Christians may unspeakably benefit each other by their prayers. Our Lady's intercession, indeed, is the very same in kind, as has been often pointed out, with that of the humblest Christian: most exceedingly and incomparably superior in degree doubtless, by how much She who was conceived without spot of sin is more pleasing to God than an ordinary Christian; but still the same in kind. On the other hand, our Blessed Lord's Mediatorial Functions are absolutely incommunicable and peculiar: such as His Atoning Death; or His bridging over the gulf between God and man caused by Adam's sin, as being Himself both God and man; or whatever else of the same kind may be said. What Catholic writer has expressed anything concerning Holy Mary, which can tend, however remotely, to lessen our sense of this awful dignity of our Lord's Mediation? Or what Protestant body brings that Mediation day by day before the very eyes of the people, as the Catholic Church does by the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the reception of Christ in Holy Communion; the one a daily pleading, the other a daily exemplification, of His office as the one Mediator of God and men? If Mr. Heathcote would see the glowing feelings of adoration, of gratitude, of exuberant love, with which Catholics receive that mediation, let him look in any ascetic work to the account given of the benefits of Holy Communion; or to the forms of thanksgiving used by Catholics after its reception.

As to the expressions which have been at times used by Catholics, as though our Blessed Lord were often wishing to punish, while His Mother restrains His arm;—no one understands these otherwise than figuratively: as a means of impressing on our minds the idea of Her most powerful intercession. Every Catholic knows that Her prayers were as fully intended, if we may so speak, in the economy of grace, as fully provided for in His Counsels, as was His own Atoning Death: both, in their different spheres, are the result of that exceeding love whereby God loved us. Protestants continually make use of a similar representation in regard to God the Father and God the

Son, when speaking of the Atonement, as though the Father wished to punish, but the Son assuaged his wrath; without meaning surely to have their expressions taken literally: though Mr. Heathcote, as we have already said, seems hardly defensible from the charge of really *meaning* to express some such difference of character between Two Persons of the Godhead.

Another misconception arises from a statement frequently made by Catholic writers, that the Son has given up to His Mother the Kingdom of Mercy, reserving to Himself the Kingdom of Justice. No Catholic ever meant by this that He could divest Himself of the *attribute* of mercy or of His claims to our grateful love; but that He exercises the one attribute through Her agency, while for the other He employs no created channel.

Reverting then to the relation which really exists in the devout Catholic mind between love of the Holy Virgin and love of God, an illustration will explain more clearly our meaning in several respects; though it must not be pressed too far. Take the case of an irreligious man, who is devoted to the pursuit of abstract truth, or of money, or of political power: in what, think you, are his affections chiefly centered? in the recreations and amusements he from time to time enjoys by the way, and which he enjoys, it may be, with much more apparent and visible zest than he shows when more directly given up to the object of his idolatry? No one will say so. Now this is a very parallel case: the service of God is the one pervading engrossing occupation of an earnest Catholic; devotion to the Holy Virgin is a special refreshment and delight by the way. We can mention, on personal knowledge, the account given to an inquiring Protestant by a most zealous and indefatigable priest, whose training had been *wholly Italian*, and whose main occupation is going from place to place to give what Catholics call, "missions and public retreats;" the public preaching, as one may call it, of St. Ignatius's Exercises. The Protestant in question asked of him with great interest, what place he gave in his teaching to the Blessed Virgin and Saints? "All that," he answered, "is the sugar and the honey: Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven, these are the matters of real business." And this will receive light from a circumstance which Mr. Heathcote, (p. 19.) acknowledges to be a difficulty in his path; viz.—that the subject so

commonly recommended to Catholics as the material of their daily meditation, is an orderly and successive contemplation of the various events of our Blessed Lord's life; and with an especial reference, we may add, to the Divine Personality of the Adorable Agent. The morning meditation may be taken as a fair representative of the *staple*, the *essential character*, of a devout Catholic's religious life. And it is observable, that such meditation will commonly be introduced by an invocation to the Blessed Virgin for help, and ended by another address to Her: for Catholics are not unwilling to acknowledge that prayer to their God is a greater strain on their faculties, a more serious and anxious task, than devotion to a creature; and that the change therefore from the divine to the human object is, after a certain period, a rest and refreshment. While on the other hand, just as a life of recreation without work is of all the most insipid, so (if such a thing were conceivable, which it is not,) nothing could be more unsatisfying to the hungry soul than the being stinted to invocations and forbidden prayer to God.

Nothing then can be more foolish and idle, than for an opponent, instead of considering the general tenor of a Catholic's devotions, to quote particular passages from religious writings on a particular subject, as though they expressed the whole or the chief of the writer's religious feelings. No school can stand this sort of criticism, except the Socinianising school: wherever there is warmth of feeling, of course there will be exaggeration of language; and especially among Catholics, where the points of faith are known and defined, and no one would dream that his hearers could suspect him of what both he and they know to be heresy.

Thus Dr. Jeune quotes M. Gaume as addressing the Holy Virgin,—"O Marie, tout ce que je veux c'est d'être admis à vous contempler un jour dans le ciel, ou je vous aimerai, et ou je vous rendrai grâces;" and has the weakness to suppose that the writer really meant that the sole happiness of Heaven will consist in Her presence. Now the very words, taken literally, do not go so far as this: for they only mean, "all that I wish is to go to Heaven, where I shall have the privilege of contemplating Thee," &c. But even if the words naturally bore the meaning which Dr. Jeune ascribes to them, M. Gaume

could not have meant to say this; because it is a ruled article of faith, the denial of which would incur a direct anathema of the Church, that the vision of *God* is the essence of beatitude. And it is, we believe, rather the common habit of preachers and lecturers, in descanting on future bliss, to dilate on the unspeakable happiness of seeing, as other Saints, so also and far most eminently of all, the Blessed Virgin: and then, by way of climax, to say that even this is as nothing in comparison with the Beatific Vision. We know nothing of M. Gaume's book, except that it is very highly spoken of: but we would fearlessly allege that if Dr. Jeune turns to that part of it which treats of Heaven, (should that subject be included in the work, which we cannot tell as we know nothing of its plan,) he will find this precise doctrine distinctly laid down.

We have spoken of exaggeration: but in truth most of the language addressed by Catholics to our Lady, contains no exaggeration but the contrary. If one considers in sober earnestness the inestimable benefit conferred upon a Christian in this mortal life by the intercession of any one of the Saints who reign with God in glory, the very strongest expressions of gratitude and affection, which the human language can supply, fall very far short surely of the exigencies of the case: incomparably more then do they fall short, when we consider the boundless power of the Blessed Virgin's intercession: so that when He is in question, whose title to these feelings is infinitely greater even than Hers, so it is, there are no words left to express this difference; for what words *can* be stronger than the strongest? And then shallow, cold, and ignorant Protestants take advantage of this very natural circumstance; forgetting, as it seems, that the same words may bear infinitely different meanings, and that they themselves address God in prayer by the same title which they give to human beings, when they call Him Father, Merciful, Bounteous, Great, Powerful.

It is true that very often the Blessed Virgin is asked to do that for Her suppliants which, according to the doctrine of all Catholics, she can only obtain for them by Her prayers; as in the instance quoted by Dr. Jeune from the late Pope's encyclical letter, wherein Gregory XVI. prays "the Most Holy Virgin," "*ut ipsa mentem nostram cœlesti afflatu suo in ea inducat consilia,*" &c.; and

in very many other instances. Dr. Wiseman has shown clearly how very commonly similar language was in the fourth century, addressed to Saints; and no expression can be more natural and beautiful from Catholic lips. We will venture to say the humblest and most ignorant Catholic was never misled by them for one moment.

So as to another kindred subject—considering all that has been said by Protestants, about the language of some Catholics in begging the Holy Virgin to command Jesus as Her Son, there is something almost affecting in the simplicity with which St. Alphonsus, who if any was a most devoted servant of Mary, expresses himself on the subject.

“There is no doubt,” he says, “that figures, like hyperboles, cannot be taxed with falsehood, when *by the context of the discourse the exaggeration is evident*; as, for example, when St. Peter Damian says, that Mary comes to Her Son, commanding not beseeching.....So then figures are permitted wherever there *cannot be any mistake on the subject*.”—(Vol. vi. French Edition, p. 324.)

Such is his testimony to the general orthodoxy around him: “there cannot be any mistake on the subject.” And it must be observed that the especial words which would unmistakably designate a *Divine* Being, such as “Eternally pre-existent,” “Creator,” “Omniscient,” and the like, are never by any accident to be found in invocations; a circumstance which deserves especial weight, from the very overflowing and (as it might have appeared,) unmeasured tenderness, with which many of Her suppliants have poured themselves out in addressing Her.

Dr. Jeune says,—

“Say to an unsophisticated Christian;—There is a being who was the object of the thoughts and complacencies of God from all eternity,—who was seen before, desired, hailed by the prophets,—the deliverer of the human race,—one who was born without sin,—who now reigns omnipotent in heaven and earth,—the dispenser of all favours in the order of nature and in the order of grace,—the.....refuge of the most abandoned sinners, the [channel] of inspiration,—our mediator, our advocate, our intercessor,—to whose worship Europe owes her noblest fabrics, her churches, her monasteries, her hospitals. Say this; and ask, Who is that being? Will not an unsophisticated Christian reply at once; The enigma is easily solved, it admits of one answer only. You mean Christ, Who is all in all,—the Lord Jesus, God and man,—our Hope and our Salvation; to Him alone such attributes belong? But join the Church of Rome, and you must say, No; that;

being is Mary, our Lady of Peace, our Lady of Pity, our Lady of Deliverance, our Lady of Consolation. Or, at least, you will hesitate between the mother and the Son.”*—(p. 27, 28.)

The question is, what is *meant* by an “unsophisticated Christian?” A Socinian certainly would say that Jesus Christ was meant by such a description as that here given. But a Trinitarian would reply: “No; this cannot mean Jesus Christ: He was not ‘the object of the thoughts and complacencies of God from all eternity,’ because He *was* God from all eternity: it would be hardly said of Him that He was ‘born without sin,’ because the idea of sin in connection with Him is self-contradictory: He is not the *dispenser* of favours but the *giver*.” We are sorry to see that Dr. Jeune sides with the Socinian.

But if the Trinitarian should also know, that there is one Human Being, the most perfect Creature that God could have made; Who was preserved by especial grace, (purchased for Her by the foreseen merits of Her Son,) from all taint of original sin, and much more from all spot of actual sin; Who was the instrument of deliverance to mankind, seeing that Her faith was the necessary condition of the Incarnation; and if he should also appreciate the wondrously high and glowing promises of glory which have been given, even to Christians incomparably less gifted with the Holy Ghost than was most Holy Mary;—it will only appear to him a natural consequence, that She should now be omnipotent by prayer in heaven and earth, and that as all graces flow *from* God, so it should be ordained that they flow *through* Her. Dr. Jeune should remember that the judgment of a *well-instructed* Christian is more valuable than that of an “unsophisticated” one.

Further, we must again and again beg our Protestant readers to bear in mind the very simple principle, that to understand the view of religion as a whole taken by an ardent writer, it is necessary to read his *writings* as a whole. The number of writers is extremely small, and Christians of warm religious feelings are least of all likely to be in the number, who can write heartily and earnestly on one subject, without appearing by their language to

* In this quotation we have left out a clause referring to the passage about seeing the Blessed Virgin in Heaven, which we discussed a page or two back: and we have left out one word and altered another, that the true force may be given to the passages cited by Dr. Jeune. No other change has been made.

give undue weight to that subject: one sees what they write in a different connection, and the misapprehension is corrected. Open the pages of an ascetic treatise on prayer, it will perhaps almost appear to be implied, that so one is but diligent in prayer, eternal salvation is secured: read what the same author may have written in another place, you will find the most exact directions and the most earnest exhortations to the duty of fulfilling rightly the obligations of your condition in life. Exactly in a similar manner, if a person reads only one of St. Alphonso's works, and that one the "*Glories of Mary*," he will have a most utterly mistaken idea as to the *place* held in the Saint's life by devotions to Her. So also, though we have not the advantage of being acquainted with M. Gaume's work, we have no doubt at all that, read as a whole, it will give a most utterly different impression from that conveyed by Dr. Jeune's extracts; a different impression not on matters of doctrine or opinion, but on the relative *prominence* practically given to certain doctrines and opinions. Nay, Dr. Jeune has himself quoted one passage, (p. 29,) where M. Gaume has expressly stated, that, in earlier times, actual idolatry might have ensued had the Church of that day fully developed the doctrines on the Blessed Virgin. Such is not the language of one deficient in sensitiveness to the evil effects of such a result.

And in addition to all this, the English reader is bound to a very necessary, but very difficult duty; the duty, namely, of making sufficient allowance for the difference of natural feelings as to ardour of expression. If language does not please him which he falls in with on the subject of our Lady, let him read the language used by the same author about our Lord, and see if it please him better. If not, then it is probably to some other cause, rather than to any comparative neglect of the Higher object of Devotion in favour of the Lower, that his annoyance will have to be traced. No doubt the exuberant, unreserved, impassioned, affectionateness of language, characteristic of foreigners, is extremely distasteful to many Englishmen, even where the feelings are equally real. And far more is this the case, when, (as almost always happens,) the Protestant critic has himself neither any real love, nor even any real apprehension, of very many doctrines which he *does* fancy himself to hold.

But it will be not unnaturally asked,—granting the faith of holy men and of approved writers to be sound and irreproachable, will not their language and their sentiments have a very dangerous tendency? Will they not encourage the mass of men to rest in devotions to the Saints and to their Queen, without rousing themselves to the exertion and the elevation of mind necessary for prayer to God? Not an unnatural question, as we have said, from a Protestant; yet one which shows forgetfulness of the pressure of *authority* in the Catholic system. The mass of men are not left to choose and portion out their own devotions; but the Church incurs that responsibility in their place. Hear Dr. Wiseman's account of "the religious exercises which are enjoined on an Italian peasant, or which he regularly attends."

"First, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass every Sunday and holiday, and pretty generally every morning before going to work. He knows, as well as you would, what the Mass is, and that it cannot be offered up to any save to God. 2dly, The Holy Communion at least several times a year; often much more frequently. 3dly, As a preparation, confession of his sins, penitently and contritely. 4thly, The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, generally in the evening of all festivals, and often on other days. To this we may add the forty hours' prayer, or exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for that space of time, watched by adorers day and night. Among the prayers most frequently inculcated and publicly recited, are acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition, which are always repeated by the children after catechism, and well known by the most illiterate. These leading exercises of worship and devotion all belong to God: the principal one that is referable to the Blessed Virgin is the Rosary. This generally forms a part of family evening devotions, and is moreover occasionally said in public."*

And Mr. Heathcote confesses, (p. 20, 21,) that this latter devotion, when rightly performed, is directly to our Lord's honour.

The case stands thus. Any Catholic who should be drawn to a stricter life, would at once display this by a more frequent approach to the Sacraments. Now this naturally and inevitably will make *direction* hold a more prominent place in the tribunal of penance; because he will be led to far greater particularity of detail as to his daily habits, when his confession extends over so

* Letter to Mr. Newman, p. 22, 23.

far shorter a period of time. Now St. Alphonso will be accused by no one of sluggishness in devotion to our Lady; and yet observe how directors, trained on his model, would teach their penitents to divide the day. We allude to his compendium of rules for the Christian life.

"I. Rising in the morning make the following acts: 1. O my God, I adore Thee, &c. 2. I offer to Thee, &c. 3. I purpose, Lord, &c. Most Holy Mary, take me under thy protection. Then say, Our Father, Hail Mary, and the Belief; with three Hail Marias to obtain the virtue of chastity.

"II. As soon as possible make half an hour's meditation.

"III. Fail not to hear Mass every day, &c.

"IV. Make every day half or at least a quarter of an hour's spiritual reading, &c.

"V. Make every day a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, during which use the following acts, &c. Make also a visit to the Blessed Virgin.

"VI. In the evening make an examination of conscience, and say the acts of faith, hope, and charity.

"VII. Go to confession and communion every week, and oftener if possible, &c.

"VIII. Choose an approved confessor, &c.

"IX. Fly idleness, wicked company, &c.

"X. In time of temptation trust not yourself, but put your confidence in the *divine* assistance; and *for this* have immediate recourse to God and to the Blessed Virgin, &c.

"XI. When you commit any sin, if it be venial, make an act of the love of God, &c.

"XII. Attend sermons; every year make a retreat, &c.

"XIII. Be careful in all adverse circumstances to be conformed to the Divine Will, &c.

"XIV. Be particularly attentive to cherish a tender and special devotion to the Most Holy Mary. Never omit the three Hail Marias mentioned in the beginning, at your morning and evening prayers, beseeching her to preserve you by her powerful intercession from all kinds of sin. Read every day some pious book that treats of her, and say her litany and the rosary, meditating on the mysteries."*

Which mysteries, as Mr. Heathcote allows and as is quite evident to all who know the facts of the case, refer principally to our Blessed Lord. We have materially abridged many parts of this compendium for the sake of room; but

* "Spirit of Liguori," p. 239—246.

have not omitted a single reference to the Blessed Virgin, except the details under the 10th head. So that in fact the predominance given to exercises exclusively directed to God is even much greater than here appears.

It is probably quite true, it is what one would expect from human nature, that many Catholics who lead irreligious lives, preserve the habit of frequent invocation to the Virgin, when from a sense of their presumptuous sin they cannot bring themselves to enter directly into communion with God. But all Catholics are most fully aware that mortal sin, unrepented, leads inevitably to eternal ruin, however frequent the sinner's addresses to our Blessed Lady. There is no room then whatever for self-deception. And surely it is a great blessing that they retain *any* impressions, which keep up in their mind the remembrance of the invisible world; for such impressions may be the natural cause of leading them, at some favourable time, to a life of consistent piety. Over and above which, we do not see where can lie the difficulty of believing, as Catholic books continually assert and as *we* fully believe, that in many cases the Most Holy Mother of God repays their homage, by obtaining for them, through Her all-powerful intercession, the grace of repentance and amendment of life.

We have been engaged, as will be evident, not in any methodical treatise on the subject under discussion, but in throwing out such discursive remarks, as may in part obviate the impression caused by the facts and arguments contained in Dr. Jeune's and Mr. Heathcote's sermons. And since we have been led to make use of Mr. Penny's treatise with the view of showing the real controversial position of Mr. Heathcote and his friends, it will perhaps be no inappropriate conclusion if we cite some very beautiful sentiments from that work. These sentiments are epistodical to the author's general design, but will show, as far as one example can show, how little the new converts are likely to fulfil the gloomy vaticinations made in their behalf; how little they find to stumble at in the "*Mariolatry*," of which it has so confidently been expected that it would startle and repel them.

"Who is this, that so far excels all others, that whereas it is said of other saints that they shall shine as the stars, of *Her* it is

said that the stars are but Her crown, the moon Her footstool, and the sun Her garment?... There is reason for believing most firmly that this blessed and most highly favoured being... is at this present moment, in some remarkable manner, the channel through which the Truth even now is brought home to men; as if the present great movement that is going on, were in a great measure Her work. She is the angel that is giving light to the earth. She whose garment is the sun, cannot but shed light.... My hope and my sincere wish is, to promote in any way that I may be able the praise and reverence of the Blessed Virgin; and sorry should I be to say anything that might cause any one to blaspheme, though haply She might be beyond the reach of hearing the impure and blasphemous speech. All such speeches as these may, for what we know, be kept away from Her hearing, just as we know that pious invocations are conveyed to Her. The Almighty surrounds the earth in all directions; in Him we live and move and have our being; He is, if I might venture to say so without irreverence, as it were a living atmosphere. And just as when we speak a word into the ordinary atmosphere that surrounds us, the air conveys the sound of it to a person at a distance; so will the omnipresence of the Almighty, like an atmosphere, convey even to the uttermost parts of the earth, if need be, the addresses which we make to His Saints."—p. 176, 9.

ART. III.—*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with elucidations.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. In two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall, 1845.

AN excellent friend of ours hearing that a young man, who had been in his service some time previously, had fallen sick, went to visit him. He at once perceived that the disease was typhus fever, and that the poor sufferer was in a fair way of being killed by the kindness of his friends, who were doing all in their power to force him to eat fat beef and other strong food. The family had great confidence in this gentleman, and were sensibly touched with his present kindness, so that he found little difficulty in persuading them not to worry the patient by pressing him to eat contrary to his inclination, and that if he should express a desire for food they should give him

a little flummery. As soon as he returned to town he called upon a physician, and desired him to visit this young man, and to attend him until he should recover. The doctor, as the place was some distance in the country, kindly took some medicine with him which he knew would be very useful to the patient, and as soon as he had examined him, desired the attendants to administer it. But they peremptorily refused, declaring, that Mr. H. had prescribed flummery, and no other medicine should he get. In vain did the choleric disciple of *Æsculapius* remind them that he was sent there by Mr. H. himself, and that it was on his report he had procured this very medicine; it was all a waste of rhetoric, and Mr. H. himself, who had dined in the country, found on his return to town about eleven o'clock at night, two messengers waiting at his door to know whether they might administer the drugs. There is no doubt that this family was influenced by gratitude, as well as by extreme simplicity and absurdity, and we are willing to believe that Mr. Carlyle has been actuated by all these motives in prescribing the volumes before us for the public. He is naturally grateful for the patience with which his former flummery has been swallowed, and so simple and absurd as to imagine, that because small quantities of this very insipid commodity were relished on account of their novelty, or the diseased state of the public palate, he can now force his patients to live upon flummery alone.

Mr. Carlyle admits that his is "one other dull book added to the thousand, dull every one of them which have been issued on this subject, and that the very sound of Puritanism has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities." He may have merely uttered this in the excess of his modesty, but we can assure him that it is a sober truth, at least as far as his own book is concerned. That he has been able to strip the most eventful period of our history of all interest, is a wonderful and original triumph of the genius of Carlylism. His two great volumes are in fact an interminable sermon, written in the most approved cant of methodism, and addressed—nay, stare not gentle reader, for we use Mr. Carlyle's own words—addressed, we say, to *serious readers*. Take the following as a very favourable specimen of the style, manner, and matter of the book.

"These authentic utterances of the *man* Oliver himself, I have

gathered *them* far and near ; fished them up from the foul Lethæan quagmires where they lay buried ; I have washed or endeavoured to wash them clean from foreign stupidities, (such a job of brick-washing as I do not long to repeat,) and the world shall now see them in their own shape. Working for long years in those *unspeakable* historic provinces of which the *reader has already had account*, it becomes more apparent to one that *this man* Oliver Cromwell was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritanic Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an epoch in the world's History ; that, in fact, he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the period in question, and have the Puritan revolt considered as a *Cromwelliad*, which issue is very visible for it.... May it prosper with a few serious readers."

We have had heretofore the *Luciad*, the *Henriad*, and the *DUNCIAD*, and now, to draw up the rear of all the ads, we have got the *Cromwelliad*. It is not written like the other "ads" in heroics, but in plain though by no means unassuming prose, and is indeed as prosy a book as ever was penned even by Mr. Carlyle. The style of this author is extravagant, but by no means original. It first appeared in Germany, where it had its day among the mock hero-worshippers. It has been, however, long since ignominiously kicked out of that noble country. Its popularity is still great amongst the infidels of France, who are ready to worship all foreign monsters ; but we have a strong belief that it will be smothered in England under the weight of the *Cromwelliad*. The characteristics of this style are affectation and paradox. There was a very barbarous practice to which the ancient inhabitants of Ireland, and we believe of many other countries, were obstinately attached, of yoking their horses by the tails. Suppose some person were to revive this custom now, he would undoubtedly collect a mighty crowd, and create a vast sensation, and we are really astonished that some of our young *snobs* do not try it. This is the very best illustration we can give of Mr. Carlyle's style, as far as its first characteristic of affectation is concerned. He yokes all his sentences by the tails, and though God knows they are but lightly burthened with matter, still they get on but very clumsily. There is scarcely a page in the book in which he does not tax his reader's faith to believe some absurd paradox, which, according to Mr. Carlyle, constitutes a *part of the eternal soul of things*. We get no

more information from him about this very untangible commodity, the eternal soul of things, than that the ranters, persecutors, murderers and hypocrites of the seventeenth century, formed a part of it. He talks of God-worship which, saving your presence, is Puritanism, and of Devil-worship which is the gentle name he gives to the faith of all the rest of the world in the seventeenth century, and of all the world at present without any exception whatever. If you reply that you see in this people nothing but bigotry, hypocrisy, fanaticism, and cruelty, he pities you because you do not understand the *eternal harmonies* and the *eternal laws* which governed the Puritans. When a man gets into his gas balloon, and talks to us from the clouds about eternal laws and everlasting harmonies, we wait quietly until he descends, and then we ask him what he thinks of the practice of cutting throats and picking pockets. Carlyle's style is, in fact, in literature, what Puritanism was in religion—a madness, an imposture, or at best a senseless fanaticism; and hence it is scarcely wonderful that he should commit the extravagance of making the Roundheads heroes, and the idolatry of worshipping Cromwell. He laments most pathetically that all heroism has left the earth; but if the Covenanters and Puritans were heroes, the “want of a hero is certainly a most uncommon want.” He could surely supply himself with a real live hero in the Rotundo or Exeter Hall. What would he think of a new prose epic called the M’Neilliad or Plumptreiad? They have all the essential characteristics of his heroes; they are bigoted, intolerant, and quote the Old Testament instead of the Gospel. We can recommend to Mr. Carlyle any of these Old Testament saints, who calling their little conventicle the Church of God, and the members of the evangelical alliance God’s only people, would wish to apply the ceremonial laws of the Jews to all their neighbours, and exterminate them. Those gentry have by some misfortune been born a testament too late, for they might have made tolerable Jews, but they certainly make most intolerable as well as intolerant Christians. Heroes of this kind have unfortunately been very common in the world; there are vast numbers of them still to be found amongst the evangelical swaddlers, methodists, and covenanters, and Mr. Carlyle need not fear that the species shall become extinct so long as hatred of truth, hypocrisy, and avarice, reign in the

hearts of men. Our chief complaint is, not that he applauds the miserable and detestable cant of the Puritans, that he idolizes Cromwell, who, if he be a hypocrite—and what reasonable man can doubt it—must have been the most detestable of mankind, and if he were sincere must have been possessed by the devil; it is not that he praises the covenanters so long as they assist Oliver, but when perceiving his designs of usurpation they oppose him, he can afford them no better names than *red-nosed presbyterians full of brandy and presbyterian texts of scripture*; but that he sighs for the return of those times whose faith was the most abominable hypocrisy and the most diabolical bigotry, and whose works were the wholesale robbery, plunder, and murder of their neighbours.

We have not time to enter into the general subject of Cromwell, Puritans, and Covenanters. The character of all three will be manifest by the discussion of that part of the subject which relates to Ireland, and to which we are now about to turn our attention. We are sure, however, that these volumes will do no more for the memory of their heroes than for the fame of their author. It is all very well to say, "You don't understand these people." It is easy to attempt to mystify: but the bloody persecuting spirit of the Puritans and Covenanters is intelligible enough, and whatever differences may have been between them, it is quite clear that the only essential creed of either was intolerance, and that the practice of both was persecution. Mr. Carlyle admits, that their leaders really did resemble firebrands of the devil if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain colour, or rather we should say if you did not look at them through his spectacles. Cromwell himself, after all the fulsome flattery bestowed on him in these volumes, appears just such as we always believed him to be, a brave and successful commander, whose sole object was the aggrandizement of himself and of his family. For this purpose he made his whole life one act of hypocrisy; for this purpose he betrayed every private friend and public party with which he was ever associated; for this purpose he made his way to a throne by causing his sovereign to be put to death, and by murdering more innocent persons in cold blood than any of those cruel monsters whose very existence is a stain upon humanity. He commenced his career as a wild republican, and ended it as a despotic and tyrant.

nical usurper; he commenced by swearing allegiance to king Christ, and ended by transferring the diadem to king Oliver.

With regard to Cromwell's small portion of this great work, Mr. Carlyle admits, that each "letter" looks dim and has little light after all study. "I called these Letters," he says, (vol. i. p. 115, 116,) "good—but withal only good of their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not even clearness of expression is to be looked for in them. There is in these letters, as I have said above, a silence still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an intelligence and soul of a man greater than any speech. The intelligence that can with full satisfaction to itself come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is after all a small intelligence. He that works and does some poem, not he that merely says one, is worthy of the name of poet. Cromwell, emblem of Dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech."

This is all mighty fine, and almost as good as the old story about the "beauty without skin," or the compliment which nurse is apt to pay to a naughty boy, that he is very good when sleeping. When a man raves after this fashion, and proceeds to dilate in true bedlamite style about *God-consecrated surplices of unfortunate mortals*, who during the majority of ages not being *heroic Puritans* were a set of *mimetic creatures rather than men*, whose whole existence was a *grimace*, because they had not a *heart-insight* into this Universe and its *Heights* and its *Abysses*, we can only imitate good Burchell and cry "fudge" at the end of each paragraph. The editor is worthy of the collection, and the collection worthy of the editor. Such a dunghill of dirt was never before exposed to the view of the public; it "must stink in the nostrils of all honest men." We meet nothing but "weeping for cursed carnal conferences with the king and his party;" the Great and Merciful God thanked as if he was the author of the most wicked and cold-blooded murders, the madness of praise-God Barebones's and Seekers, Weak Persuasions mounted on cavalry horses with guns in their hands, the exterminating Covenanters, those "mistaken saints of God," or, as Oliver calls another portion of them, "those specious pretenders to piety and justice," and in a word, selfishness,

falsehood, and wickedness on the part of all. Their lip-piety was a great aggravation of their crimes,

“A mere disguise in which the devil lurks,
And yet betrays his secret by his works.”

In the year of grace 1647, two years before Cromwell came to Ireland, Lord Inchiquin stormed the cathedral which was built on the rock of Cashel. 'Tis passing strange that Hudibras should have any thing to do with this; but incongruous as it may appear, he has every thing to do with it, for to the couplet—

“—— tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards for ornament;”

is appended in Nash's edition the following note: “At Cashel, in the county Tipperary, in Carrick Patrick church, (the cathedral on the rock of Cashel,) stormed by Lord Inchiquin in the civil wars, there were near 700 put to the sword, and none saved but the mayor's wife and his son. Among the slain of the Irish were found, when stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long. Forty soldiers, who were eye-witnesses, testified this same upon their oaths.”* At this particular period, Inchiquin was allied with the English Parliament, and certainly his butcheries are not unworthy of one of Carlyle's “serious saints.” Leland† tells us, “that about twenty ecclesiastics (priests) had fallen in the indiscriminate slaughter.” This (with the exception of the part which relates to the mayor's wife and his son) perfectly agrees with the ideas which our author expresses with regard to the true method of carrying on war in Ireland, and sure we are that he cannot distrust the oaths of forty pious soldiers who were fighting against “Devil-worship” and for “king Christ.” He knows that the “mere Irish” had tails during the “great rebellion,” perhaps that they have tails still of a brimstone colour, if they were stripped and examined, and consequently that with a proper license from Parliament, it was as lawful to shoot them during the sporting season as wolves, badgers, or any other wild caudated animals. It is only by adopting this view of the matter that we can conceive it possible that any human

* Hardiman's Bardic Remains, p. 151.

† Vol. 3, p. 316. We always quote Moncrieff's edition of Leland, 1774.

being, much less any person calling himself a christian, could applaud the most diabolical wholesale murders, and gloat over the extermination of half a million of human beings. The predetermination of justifying all Cromwell's butchery, is the only qualification which Mr. Carlyle has thought necessary for editing the part of his work which relates to Ireland; he evidently knows nothing of the topography, history, or people of that long oppressed country. The man who sits down to write about the "great rebellion of 1641," without any thing to recommend him but Cromwell-worship, appears as ridiculous as the Marquesas chief, who sat down to dinner with a great helmet and feathers which literally covered him to the chin, whilst all the rest of his body was in a state of absolute nudity. Here is his account of the breaking out of the Irish rebellion. "November 1st. (1641.) News came to London, to the reassembled Parliament, that an Irish rebellion already grown to be an Irish massacre, had broken out. An Irish Catholic imitation of the late Scotch achievements in the way of 'religious liberty.' One of the best models and one of the worst imitations ever seen in this world. Nov. 22nd. The Irish rebellion blazing up more and more into an Irish massacre, to the terror of all Anti-papist men." And again, p. 452, he says, "Their claim we can now all see, was just: essentially just, though full of intricacy; *difficult* to render clear and concessible; nay, at that date of the world's history, it was scarcely *recognisable to any Protestant man for just; and these frightful massacreings and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it for the present entirely unrecognisable.* A just though very intricate claim; *but entered upon and prosecuted by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world! Treachery and massacre.*" We have here dished up anew all the error, ignorance, and bigotry, which has served the *true* protestant writers from the days of Temple to those of Carlyle. We shall, with the blessing of God, tell Mr. Carlyle "a thing or two" which will astonish him if he should ever cast his eyes on this article. It is necessary, in order to refute the assertions of this writer and the whole flock of the servile transcribers of fictitious Irish massacres, to state as briefly as possible the causes which led to the insurrection of 1641, after which we shall examine the massacres which did un-

doubtedly take place in 1641 and the following years. We may not hope to change Mr. Carlyle's opinions, but we do expect to convince every candid man, that since the creation of the world no people ever had a more just, a more clear right to have recourse to arms in self-defence, than the Irish had at that period, and that instead of the Catholics it is Cromwell and the Puritans who should be called "men of massacres." We shall therefore consider the condition of the Catholics previous to the insurrection of 1641, first with regard to the rights of property and civil liberty; secondly, with regard to freedom of conscience; and thirdly, with regard to what are called the "royal graces," which were dearly purchased and treacherously refused.

I. The security of property and civil liberty previous to 1641. The seventeenth century was the great epoch of sham plots, ghosts, and witchcraft, with some genuine puritanical specimens of which we shall hereafter regale the reader. A sham-plot was discovered against the powerful northern Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, concerning which King James, of base and pedantic memory, published a proclamation Nov. 15, 1607, "to clear up the matter in the eyes of foreign princes."* He says, that it "is clear as the sun, by evident proofs, that the earls were guilty of treason;" because "such was their condition and profession, as to think murder no fault, marriage of no use, nor any man worthy to be esteemed valiant, that did not glory in rapine and oppression." Yet absurd in themselves and impertinent to the point at issue (proof of treason) as these allegations are, they are exceeded in both respects by the evidences which Sir John Davies the attorney-general brought forward, to prove that because the two earls did not choose to stop to be hanged for nothing, all the landed proprietors of six counties had forfeited their inheritance. His arguments were, 1. *that they (the Irish) did not esteem marriage lawful to the end that they might have lawful heirs; 2. that they never did build any houses, nor plant orchards or gardens, nor take any care of their posterities.*† A man who would make such a speech now, would be put into Bedlam; but it was good enough in the

* This letter is given entire by Leland, vol. 2, p. 425.

† See the speech at length, "Vindiciæ Hiberniæ," p. 173.

early part of the seventeenth century, to confiscate the counties of Donnegal, Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh, and to rob their innocent inhabitants of their homes and their inheritance. No Catholic could even be a tenant on all this property unless he renounced his religion, and the "undertakers their heirs and assigns," were bound by the seventh article, "not to alien or demise their portions or any part thereof to the mere Irish, or to such persons as shall not take the oath of supremacy," that is, to any Catholic whatever.

The king, elated with his success in Ulster, determined to extend his *paternal* spoliation to the other parts of the kingdom. On this occasion it was not considered desirable to forge a plot. The new and more "ingenious device" of pleading the king's title to all the land in the kingdom was resorted to. We shall allow a witness very partial to the king, to give evidence on this matter. "But in the pursuit of his favourite object," says Leland, vol. 2. p. 466, and following, "he (King James) had sometimes recourse to claims, which *the old natives* deemed obsolete and unjust. The seizure of those lands whose possessors had lately *meditated* rebellion, produced little clamour or murmuring. But when he recurred to *the concessions made to Henry the Second, to invalidate the titles derived from a possession of some centuries*, the apparent severity had its full effect on those who were not acquainted with the *refinements* of law, and not prepossessed in favour of the equity of such refinements, when employed to divest them of their ancient property. *Nor was it even in those days acknowledged as a just and necessary severity, that juries who refused to find a title in the crown, were frequently censured and fined in the castle chamber.*" What an unreasonable set of people the Irish must have been in those days! This author proceeds, p. 467. "The interested assiduity of the king's creatures in scrutinizing the titles to those lands which had not yet been found or acknowledged to belong to the crown, was, if possible, still more detestable....Where no grant appeared or no descent or conveyance in pursuance of it could be proved, the land was immediately adjudged to belong to the crown. *All grants of the crown from the first year of Edward the Second, (1307,) to the tenth of Henry the Seventh, (1495,)* embracing a period of nearly two centuries, had been re-

sumed by parliament, and the lands of all absentees and of all that had been expelled by the Irish, were by various acts again vested in the crown, which impeached almost every grant of lands antecedent to that period. Nor did later grants (that is from the time of Henry the Seventh) afford a full security. If any former grant subsisted at the time they were made, if the patents passed in Ireland were not exactly agreeable to the *fiant*, if both did not accurately correspond with the original warrant transmitted from England, if any defect appeared in expressing the tenure, any mistake in point of form, any advantage to be taken from general savings in the patents, or any exceptions to be made in law which is sufficiently fruitful in affording them, there was an end of the grant and of the estate which it conveyed. Thus was every man's enjoyment of his possessions precarious and disputable, at a time when commissioners were awarded to enquire by what title he enjoyed them." The reasons for taking an Irishman's estate, were about as extensive as those contained in the far-famed recipe for drinking.

"There are five reasons to drink wine :
Your friend has gone, or come to dine ;
The wine is good, or you are dry,
Or any other reason why."

"They," says Leland, p. 469, "who were too poor or too spiritless to engage in distant adventures, courted fortune in Ireland, under pretence of improving the king's revenue in a country where it was for less than the charge of government, they obtained commissions of inquiry into defective titles and grants of concealed land and rents belonging to the crown, the great benefit of which was generally to accrue to the projector, whilst the king was contented with an inconsiderable proportion of the concealment or small advance of rent. *Discoverers were everywhere* busily employed in finding out flaws in men's titles to their estates. The old pipe-rolls were searched to find the original rents with which they had been charged ; the patent rolls in the tower of London were ransacked for the ancient grant ; *no means of industry or devices of craft were left untried to force the possessors* to accept of new grants at an advanced rent. In general, men were either conscious of the defects of their titles, (no man

knowing what might not be called a defect,) or alarmed at the trouble and expense of a contest with the crown, or fearful of the issue of such a contest at a time and in a country where prerogative was highly strained and *strenuously supported by the judges.... Yet there are not wanting instances of the most iniquitous practices, of hardened cruelty, of vile perjury and scandalous subornation employed to despoil the fair and unoffending proprietor of his inheritance.*" In 1614 James issued a special commission to Lord Deputy Sir A. Chichester, to inquire into his title in the King and Queen's counties, and in those of Leitrim, Longford, and Westmeath, the result of which was the seizure of three hundred and eighty-five thousand acres. This confiscation was carried on with such inhumanity that in the small county of Longford alone "twenty-five of one sept were all deprived of their estates without any compensation whatever, *or any means of subsistence assigned them.*" The ruffianly adventurer, Sir William Parsons, afterwards in 1641 one of the Lord Justices, with some others, wished to seize the lands of the Byrne's, in Wicklow, which had been passed to them by the letters patent of both James and Elizabeth. But Parsons' Bill having been dismissed by the Exchequer, the Byrnes were committed close prisoners to Dublin Castle in 1625, upon the information of Thomas Archer, "*who did not so readily submit to be an evidence. He was first miserably tortured, put naked on a burning gridiron, then on a brand iron and burned with gunpowder under the buttocks and flanks, and at last suffered the strapods till he was forced to accuse the two brothers and then obtain his pardon. It is almost incredible what a number of persons they took up and detained in close prisons for weeks and months together, soliciting them all the while with promises of reward and threats of hardships, even of death itself, to accuse the gentlemen whose estates they wanted to seize. Some they put to the rack, others they tried and condemned by martial law at a time when the courts of justice were sitting. Some of the latter who were executed at Dublin, as Shane O'Toole, Laghlin O'Clune, Cahin Glasse and his brother, declared that they were executed because they would not accuse Phelim (Byrne) and his*

sons, and the like declarations were made by others who suffered in the country."*

From Ulster and Leinster, James extended his care to Connaught, for the benevolent purpose of confiscating the entire province. The lords and gentlemen of Connaught had first made a composition with Sir John Perrot in the reign of Elizabeth, but had neglected to take out their letters patent. This defect was remedied by king James reconveying their estates by new patents to them and their heirs. "Their surrenders were made," says Leland, (vol. ii. p. 477,) "their patents received the great seal, but by neglect of the officers neither was enrolled in the Court of Chancery, although three thousand pounds had been disbursed for the enrolments." "James," to use the language of those whom he so basely wished to plunder by taking advantage of a trick of the Court of Chancery, "by a mere nicety of law, in derogation of the faith and tenor of the king's broad seal, and without any fault on their part, cruelly and unjustly determined to deprive a great many of his peaceable and loyal subjects of their estates." His death, however, put an end to this project for the present.

Such a wanton spoliation of a kingdom in a period of profound peace was never before attempted in the world. It was the most extensive and abominable scheme of robbery which has ever been recorded in the annals of history; a scheme by which all the absurd claims set up by Henry the Second, who had scarcely any real sovereignty in the kingdom, were held to be good over property which the crown never possessed and against the prescription of four centuries and a half. A swarm of informers infested the country, to whom a fourth or fifth of every gentleman's estate was offered as a bribe for inventing some excuse for seizing on the whole. No notice was given, no counsel allowed to those whose title was assailed. A jury of estates gentlemen was generally empanelled to adjudicate between the claims of the crown and the rights of the subject, and if they did not find for the former they were instantly cited to the castle chamber and ruined. The object of these proceedings, so agreeable to Thomas Carlyle, Oliver Cromwell, and the devil, was the very laudable one of robbing of their estates all the mere Irish and all the old English settlers who were Catholics, which two

* See the whole story from Carte, l. 27. in the *Vindiciæ*, p. 207, and following.

classes at the accession of James constituted the landed proprietary of the kingdom.

Charles the First succeeded to the throne on the 27th of March, 1625, and as he was then involved in foreign wars and embarrassed by domestic factions, he agreed to grant a few of their just claims to the Catholics and others of his Irish subjects under the name of graces, which were purchased in 1628 by a very large sum of money chiefly contributed by the recusants. By one of these, the spies and informers—the Dermody's of those times—were to be discontinued, and the English law regulating property was to be introduced into Ireland, at least so far as that the king's title could not be pleaded against a possession of sixty-one years. But this act which justice required, and which was now moreover a compact fulfilled on one part, was most scandalously violated on the other by the king and his ministers. Lord Deputy Wentworth arrived in Ireland in July 1633, and learning that by inquiring into defective titles, one of his predecessors (Sir A. Chichester) had acquired lands to the amount of ten thousand per annum, (equal to sixty thousand per annum of our money) and another, Lord Falkland, ten thousand in one free gift, he resolved, contrary to justice, honour, and the king's plighted faith, to pursue the same lucrative employment. He determined to seize upon Ormond, Limerick, and Clare, and the whole province of Connaught. He set about this great work in 1635, and although he admits (Strafford, vol. i. p. 342) that he does not know what claim to set up for them, yet as he is strong enough to rob, he tells his majesty "that he trusts singly to work through all these difficulties." "For this you may be sure," he says, writing to the king, (vol. i. p. 353,) "that all the Protestants are for plantations, all the others against them; so as those (the Protestants) being the greater number, (in parliament by his management) you can want no help they may give you therein. Nay, in case there be no title to be made good to these counties for the crown, yet should I not despair for the reason of state and for the strength and security of the kingdom, to have them passed to the king by an immediate act of parliament."

By the assistance of Lord Ormond, now Wentworth's fast friend, who surrendered his county, for which service he was made a privy counsellor, the Lord Deputy obtained possession first of Ormond and afterwards of Limerick and

Clare. He then passed into Connaught and adopted very effectual means for securing verdicts. It is a model so perfect in its kind, that it may be equalled but can never be exceeded. He commenced by bribing the judges. "Your majesty," he says,* "was graciously pleased on my humble advice to bestow four shillings in the pound on your Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chief Baron of this kingdom, forth of the first year's rent raised upon the commission of defective titles, which upon observation I find to be the best given that ever was: for now they do intend it with a care and diligence such as it were their own private. And most certain the gaining to themselves every four shillings once paid, shall better your reverence for ever after at least five pounds." So zealous do judges become in iniquity when they are bribed by a per centage. After the judges, the Deputy's next care was naturally directed to the jury. Here again are his own words—"Before" (Strafford, vol. i. p. 442) "my coming from Dublin I had given orders that the gentlemen of the best estates and understanding should be returned, which was done accordingly, as you will find by their names. My reason was, that this being a leading case for the whole province, it would set a great value in their estimation upon the goodness of the king's title being found by persons of their qualities and as much concerned in their own particulars as any other. Again, finding the evidence so strong as unless they went against it they must pass for the king, I resolved to have persons of such means as might answer the king a round fine in the castle chamber in case they should prevaricate." This means simply that he would put the jurors in gaol and ruin them if their verdict should be displeasing. An act of parliament which Wentworth said had been made 140 years before, but which could not be found, was pleaded as conclusive evidence. All the letters patent were voided, even those of king James, because the Court of Chancery had not registered them, although it had received £3000 for that purpose. Resistance save by the sword was madness. Leitrim, Roscommon, Mayo, and Sligo, quickly found the king's title. The jury of the county of Galway resisted the royal claim, "which," says Carte, (vol. i. p. 82.) "the the Deputy conceiving would be of ill example to the rest

* Strafford's Letters, vol. 2. p. 41.

of the kingdom, and would retard if not defeat the execution of his project, caused the jurors to be prosecuted for a combination with the sheriff who empanelled them to defeat the king of his right. They were tried on the 27th of May, 1636, fined four thousand (equal in our own money to twenty-four thousand pounds) a man, sentenced to imprisonment till it was paid, and to an acknowledgment upon their knees in court and at the assizes of their offence, in refusing to find what they ought to have found upon the evidence produced, and which their neighbours had actually found upon the same."

X II. We get a glimpse here of the kind of personal liberty which was enjoyed in Ireland during the years immediately preceding 1641. We have also got other occasional glimpses of the same matter, such as trying persons by martial law whilst the ordinary courts were sitting, putting them to the rack and hanging them because they would not give perjured evidence against innocent men. During the entire forty years which preceded the Irish insurrection, profound peace existed in Ireland, and yet during all that period martial law was exercised with the utmost rigour. When Strafford (Wentworth) was accused at his trial of exercising martial law in Ireland, he answered, that such law was *always* in force in Ireland as well in time of peace as of war, and by way of showing that this law was in very active operation—indeed the only law that was administered to the natives—he coolly declared that the deputies had always granted game license to catch and hang the Irish. "I dare appeal," he said, "to those that know the country, whether in former times many men have not been committed and executed by the deputies' warrant that were not thieves and rebels, but such as went up and down the country. If they could not give a good account of themselves, the provost marshall, by direction of the deputies, using in such cases to hang them up. I dare say there are hundreds of examples in this kind."*

Strafford being accused by the 4th article of his impeachment of declaring "that acts of state (proclamations) there made or to be made should be as binding on the subjects of that kingdom as acts of parliament, made answer, "that if proportionable obedience were not due as well to acts of state as acts of parliament, in vain did councils sit;

* Nalson, vol. 2. p. 60.

that he had done no more than former deputies, and he proved by the Lord Dillon that in Chichester's and Grandison's time acts of state were by the judges reputed as the laws of the land for the present, and proceeded by arrest, imprisonment, and fines, upon contempt."* By virtue of this tremendous power the lords justices created monopolies, imposed taxes, robbed in fact every man whom they pleased, and if he did not at once submit, they sent down a company of soldiers to eat out all he had, and then most probably to hang him for their amusement. The 15th article of Strafford's impeachment was, that "without any warrant or colour of law, he did tax and impose great sums of money upon various places, (some of which are mentioned) and cause the same to be levied with troops of soldiers by force and arms, and in a warlike manner, and did cause numbers of soldiers to lie on the lands and houses of such as would not conform to his orders." He replied, that to this day nothing was more usual in Ireland, than for the governors to appoint soldiers to put all manner of sentences in execution, which he proved plainly to have been done frequently, and familiarly exercised in all preceding deputies' times. Sir Arthur Tyringham, who was cited in Strafford's defence, deposed, "that in Falkland's time he knew twenty soldiers assessed upon one man for refusing to pay sixteen shillings sterling." The privy council assumed and exercised the power of deciding causes determinable by common law, and even of reversing the decision of the judges. In order to prevent appeals to England, a proclamation was issued in 1635 preventing any landed proprietor from leaving the kingdom without the license of the deputy. A suit was instituted by Sir James Carey against Dermot M'Carthy, which was twice dismissed from the courts of law as unjust. The plaintiff appealed from the judge to the deputy, who issued a decree against the defendant for five thousand, four hundred, and ninety-six pounds, and on this decree an order was issued to dispossess him of all his father's estate, and that he should be banished into a foreign part. The young man was afraid to come in, but humbly asked leave to go to England, which the deputy refused in a letter dated 28th June, 1637, "for reasons best known to ourselves," and at the same time he

* Nalson, 2. 58. See "*Vindiciæ*," 266.

charged the petitioner to observe this decree at his peril: that is, on pain of being hanged.

X Such was the glorious liberty of the subject and security of property in Ireland at the breaking out of the insurrection of 1641. Trial by jury was a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Sheriffs, witnesses even in private cases, and jurors, were all bound over to the castle chamber, and if the verdict, the evidence, or the packing did not satisfy the rapacity and injustice of the governors, they were all robbed, imprisoned, and ruined. Spies and informers were so busy, that Carte declares there was not a gentleman in the kingdom "who was not at one time or other disturbed in the possession of his property." Soldiers lived upon or hanged their neighbours as suited their humour. Fortunes were made more rapidly in Ireland than they have ever been in India. Part of the natives were already robbed, on the most flimsy pretext, of property which had been in their family for nearly five centuries; all the titles granted even by English kings for 200 years, were annulled by Act of Parliament, and those granted even by Elizabeth and James, and which had been purchased at a dear rate, were voided by a trick of the Court of Chancery. Every mere Irishman, every Catholic, was morally certain of being robbed. The fable of the wolf and lamb was outdone; for whilst this gentleman, whose proceeding has been considered rather unamiable and his arguments inconclusive, only went back a few generations, the plunderers of Ireland went back a great many centuries to assign reasons for dining on their neighbours. If they submitted in silence to be starved, they were sometimes graciously allowed to die by that process; but if ever they ventured to express a murmur, they were hanged out of the way without ceremony.

X III. All these intolerable tyrannies being levelled against the native Irish and the old English Catholic settlers, were in fact so many religious persecutions. Besides, the detail of the sufferings of the natives, who were such staunch Catholics that King James swore "he believed the very horses in Ireland were papists," will necessarily illustrate this part of the subject, so that we shall here merely cast a hasty glance at the *direct* religious persecutions of the early portion of the seventeenth century. "King James," says Leland, (2, 421,) "having published a proclamation in England, commanding all Jesuits and other priests

having orders from any foreign power, (that is, who acknowledged the Pope's spiritual jurisdiction, which every Catholic must do,) to depart from the kingdom; so, by a like proclamation, were the popish clergy of Ireland commanded to depart within a limited time, unless they consented to conform to the laws of the land." These "laws of the land" commanded them to renounce their religion on their oaths; and as they could not do this, and would not desert their flocks, they were pronounced game by the lords-deputies, the license for killing which was to take the oath of supremacy. Connor O'Duanha, bishop of Down, was apprehended for being a priest, in 1612, and committed to the Castle of Dublin, where he lived for several years; but having made his escape, and being afterwards apprehended, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered. His chaplain and several other priests were hanged, but whether their butchers took the trouble of quartering them we have not been able to learn. The cry of "priest" during the time of the puritanic plague, (which was far worse than the vermin plague of Egypt,) was as exciting as that of "mad dog" was some years ago, when one could scarcely go abroad without meeting a crowd, with all sorts of arms, hunting to death some innocent but unfortunate animal of the canine species.

The laity were scarcely less cruelly dealt by than the clergy, for strict orders were issued for administering the oath of allegiance to all Catholic lawyers and magistrates, and for putting the laws in force against recusants. Accordingly twelve-pence fine was exacted from the "common sort" for every Sunday they were absent from church, and in case they could not pay this they were thrust into gaol; hanged sometimes to save trouble. The fine was equal to six shillings of our money, which probably exceeded the entire amount of the week's earning. As a specimen of how the richer sort fared, take the following (from Harris, 322.) "The lord deputy Chichester convened before him the aldermen and some of the principal citizens of Dublin, 'and strove to persuade them to conform.....' But these gentle methods failing to have any effect, sixteen of the most eminent of the city were convened into the Court of Castle Chamber, of whom nine of the chief were censured, and six of the aldermen fined each £100, and the other three £50 a-piece, and they were all committed prisoners to the castle during the pleasure of the court; and it was

ordered that none of the citizens should bear office till they conformed. The week following the rest were censured in the same manner, except Alderman Archer, who conformed."

No heir could succeed to his property without taking the oath of supremacy; and a bribe of the fourth part of his estate was given to any informer who could discover that in his property any such succession had ever taken place. No Catholic lawyer could practice without taking this oath. The Protestant clergy, whose lives Leland himself admits to have been "scandalously profligate," were so intolerable, that in the year 1640, just on the eve of the insurrection, the Irish House of Commons, the majority of which was Protestant, *unanimously* voted that the exactions of the Protestant clergy were "very great and enormous grievances." "That sixpence per annum was charged for *holy water clerk*; that of every man that died a *muttue* was demanded by way of *anointing money*: that from a poor man that had but one cow, they took that by way of *mortuary*; a gallon of drink from every brewery by way of *mary-gallons*; for every beef that was killed for a funeral, the hide and tallow, and they challenged a quarter besides; fourpence or sixpence per annum from every parishioner for soul-money; a ridge of winter corn, and a ridge of oats, for every plough, by the name of *St. Patrick's ridges*; for portion canons, the tenth part of the goods after debts paid, and that great sums for *commutation of penance* were received by several bishops, which they turned to their private profit."* They thus charged the Catholics for the practice of a religion which they would not tolerate, and for those very particular practices which they swore to be damnable and idolatrous. Burnet says, *Life of Bedell*, p. 89, that "the officers of the Ecclesiastical Court made it their business to draw people into trouble by vexatious suits, and to hold them so long in, that for threepence worth of the tithe of turf they would be put to five pounds charge.....The officers of the court thought they had a sort of right to oppress the natives, and that all was well got that was wrung from them." They had even private prisons of their own, into which they thrust every person who did not satisfy their demands, however exorbitant.

But perhaps the most abominable grievance was the

* Commons' Journal, vol. 1, 258—260, 261. Apud "Vindicie," p. 46.

Court of Wards. Herod's conduct towards the Bethlehemite children was mercy compared to this. The heirs of the Catholic families were seized in order to be *brought up in the Protestant religion*. The guardianship was bought or bestowed on some court favourite. The heir was plundered of his property, brought up in gross ignorance, and at length put to auction and actually knocked down to the highest bidder, whose daughter or sister he must marry, however mean, low-born, or profligate. Lord Orrery,* though the bitter enemy of the Catholics, says, that "no man could labour for a child, who for aught he knows may be sold like cattle in the market even to those who will give most; for such abuses have been too often committed." Carte says, vol. 2, p. 248, "The wardship and marriage of the heir were likewise reserved to the crown. These lands and wardships were usually granted to favourites.....who destroyed the wood and committed horrible waste upon the lands; brought up the heir in ignorance and in a manner unworthy of his quality; and selling his person to the best bidder, matched him unequally in point of birth and fortune, as well as disagreeably with regard to the character, qualities, and figure of the person who was picked out to be the companion of his life."

To be delivered from these grievances was the claim put forward by the Catholics, both before the insurrection of 1641 and after; they were forced to rise in self-defence or submit to be massacred: and if out of hell Carlyle can discover any one iniquity that was not resorted to, any one oppression that was not practised toward them, we will allow this puritanical donkey to say that their claim was unrecognizable by Protestant men in 1641, and that it is still difficult to render it clear and concessible. In the year 1627 the Irish sent deputies to the king, and he entered into a solemn contract with them to remove their grievances, which were specifically laid before him, upon which they promised to remit £150,000 already borrowed from them, and to pay £120,000 more in three subsidies. This entire sum, which is equal to a million and a half of our money, was punctually paid; but by a base trick the parliament, which assembled in 1628 to grant the graces, was illegally convened, because license was not obtained by the deputy Falk-

* Orrery, 1, 59. Apud "Vindiciæ," p. 213.

land from the king under the great seal of England. This could have been remedied instantly, but no new parliament was convened for six years afterwards. When it did assemble, Deputy Wentworth substantially refused the entire of the graces. Instead of those which were to secure the rights of property and the toleration of the Catholic religion, they got renewed persecutions and confiscations. In 1629, the year after the graces were to have been granted, the Catholics thought that as the king's honour was pledged to grant them toleration, they might practise their religion, and accordingly they had the assurance to celebrate mass in Cook Street, but the lords justices sent a file of soldiers to apprehend them, which they did, taking away the crucifixes and paraments of the altar, the soldiers hewing down the image of St. Francis. The priests and friars were delivered into the hands of the pursuivants, at whom the people threw stones and rescued them; the lords justices being informed of this, sent a guard and delivered them, and clapped eight popish aldermen by the heels for not assisting the mayor. * On this occasion fifteen houses, by direction of the lords of the council in England, were seized to the king's use, and the priests and friars were so persecuted that two of them hanged themselves in their own defence.* On the 1st of April in the same year, the lord deputy Falkland issued a proclamation, ordering "that all priests whatever do henceforth cease to preach, teach, or celebrate their service in any church, chapel, or other public oratory or place, or to teach any school in any place or places whatsoever within the said kingdom." So much for toleration of religion; and we have seen already how Wentworth respected the security of property which was purchased by the natives and guaranteed by the king. In compliance, indeed, with a remonstrance of the Irish parliament then assembled, and a petition from the Catholics in 1640, the false king, whose difficulties were increasing, now began to think that it would be for his interest to concede the "graces," and accordingly sent instructions to that effect to the lords justices Parsons and Borlase. "Both houses of the Irish parliament had most earnestly besought them," says Carte, "that they might be allowed to remain together for a little to pass these bills, as their agents

* Listrange in the *Vindiciæ*, 35. Baker, 469.

were at the water-side." But the lords justices, who wished for a rebellion, caused the parliament to be adjourned for three months, which adjournment both the Catholics and the king afterwards declared to have been a chief cause of the insurrection. The lords justices even refused to let the people know that the king had at length conceded the graces. The next meeting of parliament was on the 16th of November, 1641. The proclamation for convening it was only issued two days before that on which it should assemble, so that only a few of the Lords and Commons appeared in the house, and these, at the castle bridge and gate, and within the castle yard, were environed with a great number of armed men, with matches lighted and muskets presented even to the breasts of the members of both houses. Yet they besought the lords justices that they might remain together until the rest would assemble, when the graces promised by his majesty could be passed. "But to these requests," says Warner apud Curry, (p. 196.) "conducting so much to his majesty's service and the settlement of the kingdom, a flat denial was given by their lordships, who dismissed the houses after only two days' sitting, without saying a word of the graces from the king, or giving them any assurance or even a faint glimmering hope that they should be passed in another session."

Yet all these multiplied sufferings and iniquities, which, perhaps, exceed those ever endured for so long a time by any other nation, were insufficient to drive the people into resistance. We have indisputable evidence that, even in June, 1641, there was no general conspiracy; for at that time the army, which had been enlisted by Strafford to assist the king, and which consisted of eight thousand foot and one thousand horse, (seven-eighths of which was Roman Catholic,) was dissolved without a murmur. Even some months after the commencement of the insurrection, the Earl of Ormond declared that the insurgents appeared to him, "rather to be a tumultuous rabble than anything like an army;" and that "there were as many arms, within a few, in the hands of six hundred of the king's forces, as there were among all the rebels then in the kingdom." To talk, as the English writers, and the Irish who wish to impose upon the English, do, of grand "premeditated schemes,"—of "the rebellion breaking out like a volcano, and at once spreading over the kingdom,"—of "wholesale

massacres,"—has ceased to be absurd since it has become so absolutely silly. This rebellion was created, spread, and perpetuated by the Puritans for the double purpose of exterminating the Catholics and of seizing their estates. Rory O'Moore, who was the first to think of resistance, "was," says Leland, (vol. iii. p. 93.) "the head of a once powerful family in Leinster. His ancestors, in the reign of Mary, had been expelled from their princely possessions by violence and fraud, and their sept harassed, and almost extirpated, by military execution. He naturally turned towards Ulster, where the natives of six counties had been similarly plundered." Yet it is quite certain, from the total unpreparedness of the Northerns at the breaking out of the insurrection, that he did not make any very considerable progress. Only four or five chiefs of any note are mentioned as having joined him; and the most considerable of these, Phelim O'Neill, only immediately before the rising took place. Moreover, the lords justices, Sir William Parsons and Sir John Borlase, were fully acquainted with these proceedings, and might at once have suppressed them. "The first," says Leland, (vol. iii. p. 107.) "was vigilant only to increase his fortune and consequence; the latter, an aged soldier, indolent and ignorant, except in the business of his profession. The temper and principles of Parsons, the progress of his fortune, and the measures he had already taken to advance it, made it by no means incredible that he might artfully connive at a wild scheme of rebellion, to enrich his coffers by new forfeitures. His known attachment to the popular party of England might have also given him some degree of secret satisfaction in a public commotion which would prove embarrassing to the crown. However this may be, both the lords justices were equally deficient in their vigilance and their affection to the king. They owed their stations to the English commons, and their partisans in the privy council; and their attention and attachment were confined wholly to the prevailing power. Confident of support, they disobeyed the orders, and despised the instructions of the king. The caution [about the practices in the North] transmitted by Sir Henry Vane seems to have been received with total disregard. On the eleventh day of October, (the insurrection broke out on the twenty-third,) an express from Sir William Cole, a gentleman of Enniskillen, informed them of an unusual suspicious resort to the house of Sir Phelim

O'Neill; of many private journeys made by Lord Macguire; of dispatches sent to their different friends, &c. On the twenty-first, Cole despatched a full account of the conspiracy. Yet this instance of his zeal proved equally ineffectual." Again, after the insurrection actually broke out in Ulster, we have the unsuspected testimony of the same writer that they did not want to put it down in the beginning. "Irish insurrections," he says, (p. 131.) "had been frequently suppressed by such numbers as Ormond now proposed to employ, when the danger was encountered with spirit and alacrity. But the present chief governors were determined against every spirited measure. They pleaded a want of arms to furnish the soldiery—a pretence so false and frivolous, that every military man stood astonished at their supineness.....They who looked more nearly into their characters and principles conceived, and not without reason, that they by no means wished to crush the rebellion in its beginnings, but were secretly desirous that the madness of the Irish might take its free course, so as to gratify their hopes of gain by new and extensive forfeitures."

The fact is, that the lords justices and their puritanic friends—those diabolical angels who people Carlyle's Pandemonium—being determined to have a rebellion, a confiscation, and we firmly believe, an *extermination* of the Catholics of Ireland, and finding that the cruelties under which they groaned were insufficient to make the Catholics take up arms, they industriously circulated that the complete extirpation of themselves and of their religion had been determined on. "There goes a wild story," quoth he of the Cromwelliad, (vol. i. p. 520.) "due first of all to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such, how the parliament at one time had decided to exterminate all the Irish population; and then finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and so had pacified the sister island."

The latter part of this "wild story" requires no evidence—it is a fact; and the other is first of all due, *not* to Clarendon, but to the English parliament. On the 8th of December, 1641—when, as we shall prove, no part of Leinster, Connaught, or Munster had rebelled—it was resolved by the lords and commons in the parliament of England, "that they would never give consent to any toleration to

the popish religion in Ireland, or any other of his majesty's dominions. Which vote hath been since adjudged," continues Borlase, (p. 52.) "a main motive [by the insurgents] for making the war a cause of religion."* This was followed by the proposition of the "adventurers," in Feb. 1642, who calculated that, exclusive of bogs and unprofitable lands, ten millions of acres would be confiscated. They begged that two millions and a half of these lands, to be taken equally out of the four provinces, might be given to those who would advance money for the Irish war. Whereupon the English commons resolved: "Whereas divers worthy and well-affected persons, perceiving that many millions of acres of the rebels' lands of that kingdom, which go under the name of profitable lands, will be confiscate and to be disposed of, and that in that case two millions and a half of those acres, to be equally taken out of the four provinces of that kingdom, may be allotted for the satisfaction of such persons as shall disburse any sums of money for reducing of the rebels there, which would effectually accomplish the same, have made these propositions ensuing," &c. The parliament immediately passed an act for carrying this scheme into effect. Now if all their lands were to be taken from the Catholics, and if no toleration was to be granted to their religion, we should like to know what alternative was left but extermination? "Every possibility of retreat," says Leland, (vol. iii. p. 166.) "was rendered desperate by the treatment of those who had already surrendered. [They were made prisoners, put to the rack, and sometimes hanged.] The favourite object, both of the Irish governors and of the English parliament, was the utter extermination of all the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland. Their estates were already marked out, and allotted to their conquerors: so that they and their posterity were consigned to inevitable ruin." It was the threats of extermination which made the Catholics of Ulster take up arms to defend themselves. "The spirits of the malecontents," says the same author, (recounting from Nalson the causes which led to the insurrection,) "even of those not actually engaged in the conspiracy, were still further inflamed by new intelligence received about this time of terrible proclamations issued against the Catholics of England, and the denunciations

* Curry, 227.

of the Scots against all of their communion." And certainly they could expect nothing but extermination from the fanatic fury of the Covenanters and Puritans. In 1639, the solemn league and covenant for the extirpation of popery was adopted in Scotland, transmitted to Ireland, and taken by almost all the Scots. This covenant, which does no discredit to its author the devil, was received, says Nalson, (i. 29.) "by papists with infinite joy, in hopes it might oblige his majesty to detest that religion whose zealots had been authors of such an intolerable covenant.By (foreign) Protestants with most offensive scandal and grief." In the English house of commons, it was ordered on the 10th of October, 1643, "that such members of the house as had not yet taken the solemn league and covenant, do take and subscribe the same on Thursday next, which day is appointed a peremptory day for the taking and subscribing the same by such members. August 9th, 1644. Ordered that Mr. White do give orders for the public burning of one Williams his books entitled 'Concerning the tolerating of all sects of Christians'... Concerning religion, we have expressed the desires of the kingdom of Scotland, and given a testimony against toleration."* In 1640, in compliance with a petition of parliament, the king had ordered all Catholics to quit his court, to be expelled from the army, and all priests to be banished within thirty days. The queen's confessor, Phillips, was seized and cast into prison. The queen earnestly entreated that, being bailed, he might be allowed to see her. The lords assented, but the commons refused. Six priests being seized and condemned, the king reprieved them; on which the commons (1642) presented an humble petition to his majesty, "that the said reprieve may be taken off, and the priests executed according to the law." Every one knows the famous case of Goodman, who petitioned the king that he might die rather than create dissensions between him and his parliament. There was a conference between the committees of the two houses concerning this case on the 26th of January, 1640, which is reported by Rushworth,† (iv. 158.): "Mr. Glynn gives this account of the free conference about Goodman, 'that their lordships had considered of the motives and desires of the commons, and do agree with them in every particu-

* *Vindiciæ*, p. 28.

† See *Vindiciæ*, 31.

lar, both for the execution of this particular priest, and the putting the laws in due execution against all other priests and Jesuits." In 1642 (April) the commons petitioned, "that such popish priests as are already condemned, may be forthwith executed; and such as shall hereafter be condemned, may likewise be executed according to law." These be thy heroes, O Cromwelliad! The parliament not only preached, but practised, extermination in the true spirit of Judge Scroggs, of whom this charge to the jury is recorded:* "Gentlemen," said he, "I must leave it to you whether or not you believe the testimony of this real positive witness, and the circumstantial evidence of the other man; for you see in what danger we are. I leave it to your consciences whether you will let priests escape, who are the very pests and danger of church and state. You had better be rid of one priest than three felons; so, gentlemen, I leave it to you." The priest, of course, was hanged, drawn, and quartered. Granger (*Apud Curry*, 152.) says, if a Turkish dervise had preached Mahomet in England, he would have met much better treatment than a popish priest, "towards the end of Charles's reign, when religious zeal against popery was heightened and inflamed with all the rage of faction." Charles himself said, "it was thought by many wise men that the preposterous rigour and unreasonable severity, which some men carried before them in England, was not the least incentive that kindled and blew into those horrid flames the sparks of discontent, which wanted not predisposed fuel for rebellion in Ireland; where despair being added to their former discontents, and the fears of utter extirpation to their wonted oppressions, it was easy to provoke them to open rebellion."[†]

The Irish Catholics knew full well that the lords justices would be delighted to execute on them any vengeance to which they might be incited by the bloody, persecuting, and tyrannical parliament with which they were in league. A Protestant clergyman, Warner, (p. 176.) says: "It is evident from their (the lords justices') last letter to the lieutenant, that they hoped for an extirpation, not of the 'mere Irish' only, but of all the old English families that were Roman Catholics." "There is too much reason

* State Trials, 7, 726. *Apud Carey*, 301.

† *Curry*, 151.

to think," says Carte, (i. 263.) "that as the lords justices really wished the rebellion to spread, and more gentlemen of estates to be involved in it, that the forfeitures might be the greater, and a general plantation be carried on by a new set of English Protestants all over the kingdom, to the ruin and expulsion of all the old English and natives that were Roman Catholics; so to promote what they wished they gave out speeches upon occasions insinuating of such a design, and that in a short time there would not be a Catholic left in the kingdom. It is no small confirmation of this notion, that the Earl of Ormonde, in his letters of January 27th and February 25th, 1642, to Sir W. St. Leger, imputes the general revolt of the nation, then far advanced, to the publication of the lords justices' determination of exterminating the Catholics." Carte continues, in the same place, that the case must have been very notorious when Ormonde expresses such an opinion; and he adds that, though he does not know whether copies of these letters have been preserved, yet the original of St. Leger's has, in which he says: "The undue promulgation of that severe determination to extirpate the Irish and papacy out of this kingdom, your lordship rightly apprehends to be too unseasonably published." The same writer, who is certainly no friend of the Catholics, tells us, (vol. i. p. 160.) that "a letter was intercepted coming from Scotland to one Freeman of Antrim, giving an account that a covenanting army was ready to come for Ireland, under the command of general Leslie, to extirpate the Roman Catholics of Ulster, and leave the Scots sole possessors of that province; and that to this end a resolution had been agreed to in their private meetings and councils, to lay heavy fines upon such as would not appear at their kirk for the first or second Sunday; and on failure on the third, to hang without mercy all such as were obstinate at their own doors." There never, perhaps, before was such a universal concurrence of hostile writers in establishing any one fact as this of the intended massacre of the Irish Catholics; and it is to be observed, that not one of them quotes Clarendon, but that they all rely on the resolutions of the parliament, the acts of the lords justices, or original documents. Lord Clarendon, however, does concur with all the others as to this fact. "The parliamentary party," he says, (*Hist. of the Rebellion, &c., in Ireland*, p. 115.) "who had heaped so many reproaches and calumnies upon

X the king for his clemency to the Irish, (which, God knows, he did not deserve,) who had grounded their own authority upon such foundations as were inconsistent with any toleration of the Roman Catholic religion, and even with any humanity to the Irish nation, and more especially to those of the old native extraction, the whole race whereof they had upon the matter sworn to extirpate." The Catholics of Ireland, and more especially of the north, feared most justly and truly that an attempt would be made to exterminate them. The evidence we have already adduced proves, that, unless they were such fools as to repose more confidence in the Puritans and Covenanters than the Protestants reposed in them, they must have dreaded extermination. Their words proved the existence of the design—their actions showed that they were determined to put it into execution. We have, moreover, the direct evidence of a multitude of Protestant depositions, taken before Dr. Henry Jones and other commissioners appointed by the lords justices, to prove that the dread of extirpation prevailed universally amongst the Catholics, and that this was the chief cause of their taking up arms. Shortly after the breaking out of the insurrection, Bedel, a Protestant bishop in Ireland, whose life has been written by Bishop Burnet, and whom Borlase calls one of the brightest lights of the Irish Church, drew up the remonstrance of grievances which was presented from Cavan. In this remonstrance he says, speaking for the petitioners: "We find ourselves of late threatened with far greater and more grievous vexations, either with captivity of our consciences, or utter expulsion from our native seats.....of all which we find great cause to fear in the proceedings of our neighbour nations; and do see it already attempted by certain petitioners in this kingdom, so as rumours have caused fears of invasion from other parts, (Scotland,)" &c. This petition of the northern Puritans and Covenanters for the extirpation of their Catholic neighbours, is more distinctly alluded to in the petition of the Ulster nobility and gentry to the king. "There was a petition," they say, "framed by the Puritans of this kingdom of Ireland, subscribed by the hands of many hundreds of them, and preferred to the house of commons of the now parliament of England, for suppressing our religion and us the professors thereof, residing within the kingdom of Ireland; which, as we are credibly informed, was condescended

unto by both houses of parliament there, and undertaken to be accomplished to their full desires, and that without the privy or allowance of your majesty." Dr. Anderson, a Protestant writer, (*Royal Genealogies*, p. 876.) says: "The native Irish being well informed as they thought (in 1641) that they now must either turn Protestants, or depart the kingdom, or be hanged at their own doors, they betook themselves to arms in their own defence, especially in Ulster, where the six counties had been forfeited." We have only room for one more extract: "Some time," says Carte, "before the rebellion broke out, it was confidently reported that Sir John Clotworthy, (the master of O'Connolly, who revealed the plot about the intended Irish massacre,) who well knew the designs of the faction that governed the house of commons in England, declared there in a speech, that the conversion of the papists in Ireland was only to be effected by the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other; and Mr. Pym gave out that they would not leave a priest in Ireland. To the like effect Sir William Parsons, out of a strange weakness or detestable policy, positively asserted, before many witnesses at a public entertainment, that within a twelve-month no Catholic should be seen in Ireland. He had sense enough to know the consequences that would naturally arise from such a declaration: which, however it might contribute to his own selfish views, he would hardly have ventured to make so openly, and without disguise, if it had not been agreeable to the politics and measures of the English faction, whose party he espoused, and whose directions were the general rule of his conduct." (vol. i. p. 285.) The truth is, that the Catholics of Ulster believed that they had no choice between being massacred like wild beasts, and having a chance for their lives and properties by taking up arms. The sole primary object of the insurrection of the 23rd of October, 1641, was to secure the strong places in Ulster, in order that they might, in case of emergency, have a retreat for themselves and their property. Being in arms, it was just, natural, and reasonable that they should insist upon some toleration for their religion, and some security for their lives and property—in a word, for the fulfilment of those graces for which they had paid so much, and of which they had been so basely and cruelly defrauded. The "rising" on the 23rd of October did not in the end

make any substantial difference, for Clarendon, Warner, Carte, Leland—every man who knows anything of the history of the period, acknowledges that Parsons and Borlase were determined on having a rebellion; and if the threats of extermination had not terrified the Ulster chiefs into it, they would by O'Connell's plot, or some other diabolical device, have forced them into arms. This assertion is not proved, for it requires no proof: but it is exemplified and illustrated by the mode in which the other provinces, which had not the courage and patriotism to join the gallant O'Moore, when he roused the men of Ulster to save themselves from massacre, and their religion from extermination, were driven into rebellion.*

Carlyle calls the Irish "men of massacre" and "men of many massacres." If they had entered into a plot for exterminating their invaders about this time, it would not have been very wonderful. We should like to know the difference between a pack of hungry wolves and blood-thirsty tigers, and the puritans and covenanters who deliberately planned and diabolically executed, as far as practicable, the robbery and extermination of the natives of an entire country. Let us, however, examine this old story of "the massacre," which every man less ignorant of Irish history than Carlyle (to be more so is impossible) knows to be one of the most base and groundless assertions in all history. O'Connell's plot, the depositions consisting of thirty-two folio volumes, in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and Temple's history, constitute the evidence on which all Protestant writers have founded their very affecting tales of the Irish massacres of 1641. To begin with O'Connell.† This O'Connell, though of a "mere Irish" family, was one, says Temple, "that had long lived among the English, and been trained up in the true Protestant religion." He was the servant of Sir John Clotworthy, a "most envenomed enemy" of the Catholics, and of whose "barbarous and inhuman expressions in the English House of Commons against the Catholique religion and the professors thereof," the Catholics complain in the remonstrance to the king drawn up at Trim, 17th March,

* Our evidence concerning the massacre is perfectly conclusive, but if any one wishes to see more on the subject, he can consult Cambrensis Eversus, Curry, and the *Vindiciæ Hiberniæ*.

† See *Vindiciæ*, p. 310, and following.

1642. This Clotworthy got for his services, Lord Antrim's estate, containing 107,611 acres. The following is the substance of this plot to massacre all the Protestants in the kingdom, as sworn by O'Connolly and narrated by Temple and Borlase. O'Connolly being duly sworn some time between eleven and twelve at night, on the 22nd October, 1641—that is on the very night on which the universal massacre was to take place—saith, that “being at Moneymore, in the county of Londonderry, on *Tuesday last*, he received a letter from Colonel M'Mahon, desiring him to come to Connaught in the county of Monaghan, and to be with him on Wednesday or Thursday. Whereupon he came to Connaught on Wednesday night last, but finding M'Mahon had come to Dublin, he followed him hither and arrived about six o'clock this evening, Oct. 22, 1641.” He does not tell us how it happened that a Catholic colonel, the grandson of the Earl of Tyrone, a “gentleman” (as Parsons remarks in his letter to the Lord Lieutenant Leicester) “of good fortune,” should write to a servant like Owen O'Connolly in any circumstances. But the thing becomes totally absurd when we recollect that the object Colonel M'Mahon had in view was to disclose to a person who was himself a Protestant and the servant of one of the most violent puritans in the English Commons, “a plot for murdering all the Protestants in the kingdom who would not join the Catholics in the massacre of their Protestant brethren.” O'Connolly swears that he arrived in Dublin about six o'clock on the evening of the 22nd of October, that by some miracle, though an utter stranger and on a dark night, he found out the lodgings of M'Mahon, which were outside the city “in the suburbs.” Altogether this is one of the most extraordinary journeys on record, for at a time when men used to write home to their wives from the different stages of their journey from Londonderry to Dublin, this wonderful man going in directions where there certainly were no coaches, and which he must have walked—first, because it is ridiculous to suppose that a servant had a horse at that time, and secondly, because it must have been a steeple chase “over bank, bush, and scar,” from Moneymore to Connaught—starts on *Tuesday* the 19th, and after travelling one hundred and ten miles, arrives in Dublin on Friday the 22nd at six o'clock in the evening. This is still more prodigious when we reflect that he did not

know what M'Mahon wanted with him, and that he had already broken his promise by leaving home before the time at which he had appointed O'Connolly to meet him. Perhaps after these wonders we should not be astonished that though an utter stranger, he found M'Mahon *alone* in his lodgings, which were in the suburbs, within *one half-hour* of his arrival in Dublin. M'Mahon, without putting any questions to O'Connolly, took him back into the city to Lord Maguire's lodgings, where they took a cup of beer, but not finding the lord within,* "the said Hugh (M'Mahon) told him that there were and would be great numbers of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Irish Papists in town this night from all parts of the kingdom, who with himself had determined to take the castle of Dublin and all the ammunition there on to-morrow morning; and that they intended first to batter the chimneys of the said town, and if the city would not yield, then to batter down the houses, and so cut off all the Protestants that would not join them. He further saith, that the said Hugh then told him that the Irish had prepared men in all parts of the kingdom, to destroy all the English inhabiting there to-morrow morning by ten of the clock; and that in all the sea-ports and other towns in the kingdom, all the Protestants should be killed this night, and that all the posts that could be could not prevent it. That then this examine feigned some necessity to come into the yard, where M'Mahon's man attended him, but that he leapt over a wall and two pales and so came to the lords justices." Was ever such a story framed since the days of Munchausen? a Catholic Colonel, without any possible motive,

* Borlase gives O'Connolly's evidence distinctly, stating that he did not see Lord Maguire, p. 27; whilst Leland, vol. 3. p. 100. relying on Temple says, that M'Mahon introduced O'Connolly to Lord Maguire, and that it was in his presence he detailed this plot. Borlase says, p. 26, that Sir Phelim O'Neill's servant and Paul O'Neill an active priest, were brought before the Lords Justices, *but found means to get away*; and p. 137, he tells us that Lord Maguire fled on the detection of the plot, and that he was found in Cook Street, whereas the Lords justices, in their letter to the lord-lieutenant, say that they had a watch on his house during the night, and that they took him, when they gathered from M'Mahon's examination and Cole's letter, that he was to be an actor in taking the castle. It would be endless to point out the contradiction of these authors, but there is an instructive fact recorded by Borlase in this same page. Lord Maguire being put on his trial 10th and 11th of February 1644, in the King's Bench in England, required to be tried by his peers: this was refused on the ground that *an Irish baron was triable by a jury in England*; he then desired respite for the summoning of his witnesses, which, in consideration that his lordship had had long time to expect his trial, and that *no witnesses could say any thing against what the witnesses on the king's side could prove, was denied*.

deliberately informs a bitter Protestant, the servant of a persecuting Roundhead, that on that night all the Protestants in the towns were to be killed, and on to-morrow morning, both in town and country, a second edition of the former killing being gone through to increase the sport. M'Mahon seems to suspect O'Connolly, for he tells him that all the posts in the world could not prevent the massacre, and O'Connolly, though *blind drunk* as we shall see, leaps a wall and two pales and so comes to the lords justices. Though he was so drunk that he was taken up by the watch, and of course could not run very fast, M'Mahon's servant, who was sent to the yard with him to prevent his attempting to run away, does not pursue him, and M'Mahon himself remains in his lodgings from about eight o'clock in the evening, at which time this flight—the O'Connolly hegira—must have occurred, and the object of which was evident, until five o'clock the next morning, the hour at which he was arrested by order of the lords justices. At this hour he was found alone; so here were a set of conspirators who had not the least concert on the very night, or rather on the very morning, on which the rebellion was to break out! M'Mahon did not even take the trouble of telling Maguire about O'Connolly's flight. A private watch was set on Maguire's house, but although involved by O'Connolly with M'Mahon, he was not arrested until after "a conference with M'Mahon and others, and calling to mind a letter received the week before from Sir William Cole, they *gathered*, that he was to be an actor in surprising the castle of Dublin."* It does not appear at what hour Lord Maguire was arrested, but considering that M'Mahon, who lived in the suburbs, was not taken before five, that he had to be brought into the city and examined at length before the lords justices, it could not have been much earlier than eight o'clock. During all this time there was a watch upon Lord Maguire's house, and though he was not arrested until probably within two hours of the time fixed upon for the seizure of Dublin castle, nay, perhaps not until after the appointed hour, which was ten, or as the lords justices wrote to the lord lieutenant, nine o'clock. Yet there does not appear to have been a single soul in the house but Lord Maguire and his servant, nor that a single mes-

* Temple, p. 28.

senger came to or went from the house during the entire night. Besides, though O'Connell gave the names of the chief conspirators who were then in Dublin, no others, besides M'Mahon and Maguire, were attempted to be arrested.

O'Connell, after making his escape from M'Mahon's, came to the lord justice Parsons about 9 o'clock in the evening, and told him of the horrid conspiracy which had been just disclosed to him. Temple tells us, (p. 18.) that "this was the first *certain* knowledge which the lords justices received of the general conspiracy of the Irish, in the very evening before the day appointed for the surprise of the castle and city of Dublin." Yet in page 28 the same author says, that it was not until after they recollected the letter of Sir William Cole received the week before, they gathered that Lord Maguire was to be an actor in surprising the Castle of Dublin. The same writer, p. 20, records the very answer of the lords justices to Cole, "that he must be very vigilant in inquiring into the occasions of those meetings." Both Temple and Borlase state that O'Connell was *drunk* when he gave this certain intelligence to Parsons. The lord justice, who knew from Cole that a plot was hatching, sent back Connolly, after his frightful disclosures of the plot and the conspirators, to one of these, M'Mahon, from whom he had just fled. O'Connell was too far gone to get back; he was a case, and was taken up by the watch, but rescued by Parsons's servants. Parsons did not send for the lord justice Borlase, but went out of town to him, where "having sent for Sir Thomas Rotheram and Sir Robert Meredith, they remained the whole night in consultation." O'Connell was brought back to them about 10 o'clock, "but," (says Dr. Borlase),* "the effects of drink being still upon him, he had the convenience of a bed." "In the interim the lords justices secured the gates of the city, (the rebels being within and the lords justices without,) and strengthened the warders of the castle, which were a few inconsiderable men, with the foot-guard usually attending their persons." This force is thus described by Leland, v. iii. p. 111: "They" (Parsons and Borlase) "had quartered no soldiers in Dublin. The castle, in which was deposited fifteen hundred

* Borlase the historian, is not the same, but a relation of the lord justice of the same name.

barrels of powder, with proportional quantity of match and bullet, arms for ten thousand men, thirty-five pieces of artillery, with all their equipage, was defended by eight infirm warders and forty halbediers, the usual guard of the chief governors on all occasions of parade." To crown this story, of which it has been truly said that it would do honour to Baron Munchausen, M'Mahon is made to confess to the lords justices that the force which was to take the castle was to consist of twenty men from each of the thirty-two counties of Ireland, "some of whom would have to march more than one hundred and fifty miles, to execute a plot, the success of which depended on its secrecy."* O'Connell's depositions were signed by Parsons, Rothe-ram, Meredeth, and Owen O'Connell, but the other lord justice, Borlase, at whose house and in whose presence they were taken, had so much shame left as prevented him from signing them. "How it came to pass," says Borlase, (p. 21) "that the other lord justice attested not the examination, (it being took in his house, he present,) hath begot some doubts, evidencing how counsels swerved into cabals." The account of this conspiracy was not sent to the lord-lieutenant until the 25th of October, just two days after all the Protestants in the kingdom should have been murdered! On that day the lords justices despatched O'Connell himself to the Earl of Leicester, the lord-lieutenant, who was in London, with a letter detailing his plot for murdering all the Protestants, which they say was to have exploded on the 23d at nine o'clock in the morning, but which had not exploded; for in this letter, written two days afterwards, though they minutely detail the proceedings of the insurgents, they do not mention one solitary murder. "Owen O'Connell," says Leland, (v. iii. p. 132,) "had delivered his despatches to the Earl of Leicester on the last day of October: they were communicated (Nov. 1) with great solemnity to the Commons; and received with an affectation of terror and astonishment." Now it is of this O'Connell and his plot that Carlyle says, vol. i. p. 160—"Nov. 1st.—News came to London to the re-assembled parliament, that an Irish Rebellion, already grown to be an *Irish massacre*, had broken out." "The lord-lieutenant communicated the letters and papers," says Warner, "sent by the lords justices, and told the Com-

* Vindicæ, 315.

mons that he had information (not contained in the papers or letters) of shedding much blood of the Protestants in Ireland, and that some of the rebels confessed that all the Protestants were to be cut off; that the time for putting the bloody design in execution was Saturday the 23d of October, a day dedicated to St. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits, and, in short, that their design was to kill the lords justices and all the king's privy council." Straws show how the wind blows, and so does this statement about the Jesuits indicate clearly enough what we are to think of the puritan lords justices, and English parliaments and earls at that time. It would have been only necessary to look into any Catholic calendar, missal, breviary, or prayer-book, which frequently even then contained a list of saints' days, to discover the gross falsehood of this statement about St. Ignatius's day, which was written to the lord-lieutenant by the lords justices, and communicated by him to the house. St. Ignatius's day does not occur at this season of the year at all, but on the 31st of July; but the lords justices and the lord-lieutenant knew that they need not be at the trouble of avoiding the most palpable falsehoods. Leicester told the House of Commons that he had information of the shedding of much Protestant blood. This must have been either a pure invention of his own, or another of O'Connolly's plots, for we have the lords justices' letters to him before us, in which they expressly state that no murder was as yet committed. We shall allow a Protestant historian to demonstrate this fact. "Both the lord-keeper" (says Warner apud Curry 156) "in the House of Lords, and the lord-lieutenant in the House of Commons, did exceed the informations that had been given either in the letters or in the examinations transmitted over.....The lord keeper hath said that the rebels had committed divers murders; and the lord-lieutenant, besides affirming that he had information of shedding much blood of the Protestants there, added moreover that the design of the rebels was to kill the lords justices and all the king's privy council; whereas neither in the letters nor the examinations is there a single word of any murder being committed; nor was there the least thought among the conspirators, from anything that appears, of killing, particularly the lords justices and the king's privy council. And the council in their letters, after having given an ac-

count of several robberies, burning of houses and villages, and seizing some forts and castles, expressly say that this, though too much, is all that we yet hear is done by them." The same author, *Hist. Irish Rebellion*, p. 47, says, "whatever cruelties may be charged on the Irish in the prosecution of this war, their first intention went no farther than to strip the English and the Protestants of their power and possessions, and unless forced to it by opposition, not to shed any blood." This is a clear enough refutation of the O'Connollys' and Carlyles', but it is not a fair representation of the intentions of the insurgents, which were constantly stated by the Catholics to be nothing more than to obtain protection for their lives and properties, and toleration for their religion. This is also expressed by the Protestant bishop Bedel, in the Cavan remonstrance of grievances, wherein the causes of their taking up arms are enumerated. "For preventing, therefore, of such evils (their extermination) growing upon us in this kingdom, we have, for the preservation of his majesty's honour and our own liberties, thought fit to take into our hands for his highness's use and service, such forts and other places of strength as coming into the possession of others might prove disadvantageous, and tend to the utter undoing of the kingdom; and we do hereby declare that herein we harbour not the least thought of disloyalty towards his majesty, or purpose any hurt to his highness's subjects in their possessions, goods, or liberty.....As for the mischiefs and inconveniences that have already happened through the disorder of the common sort of people against the English inhabitants or any others, we with the nobility and gentlemen and such others of the several counties of this kingdom, are most willing and ready to use our and their best endeavours in causing restitution and satisfaction to be made, as in part we have already done." Here is the testimony of a Protestant bishop, that the object of the insurgents was merely to seize on the strong places as a refuge against the threats of the puritans, and that after those had been actually seized, the only mischief done was the taking of some plunder by the common sort, which had been already partly restored by the leaders, who also express their determination of doing all in their power to cause the remainder to be given up. Leland (v. iii. p. 103.) says, "it was determined (by the Irish) that the enterprise should be conducted in every quarter with as little blood-

shed as possible." After stating (p. 117, 118,) that "within the space of eight days the rebels were absolute masters of the entire counties of Tyrone, Monaghan, Longford, Leitrim, Fermanagh, Cavan, Donegal, and Derry, (except of the places already mentioned and some inferior castles,) together with some parts of the counties of Armagh and Down;" he adds, "that so far was the original scheme of the conspiracy at first pursued, that few fell by the sword except in open war and assault; no indiscriminate massacre was as yet committed." Temple also confesses, (p. 34,) that before the end of October, 1641, the rebels had got possession of *all* the towns, forts, castles, and gentlemen's houses within the counties of Tyrone, Donegal, Fermanagh, Armagh, Cavan, Londonderry, Monaghan, and half the county of Down, except the cities of Londonderry and Coleraine, the town and Castle of Enniskillen, and some other places and castles. And that, besides the above-mentioned, these rebels had taken a multitude of other castles, houses of strength, towns, and villages, all abundantly peopled with British inhabitants. Surely here was a good opportunity for massacre, yet the same Temple says, mentioning what mischiefs were done in the beginning of the insurrection, "Certainly that which these rebels mainly intended at first, and most busily employed themselves about, was the driving away the Englishmen's cattle and possessing themselves of their goods." In a manuscript journal of an officer in the king's service, quoted by Carte, (vol. i.) in which there is a minute account of every thing that happened in the North of Ireland during the first weeks of this insurrection, there is not even an insinuation of any cruelties committed by the insurgents on the English Protestants, although he says, "that the Protestants had killed near a thousand of the rebels during the first week or two of the rebellion."* The various proclamations of the lords justices prove that no massacre took place in the beginning of the insurrection. We have seen that on the 25th of October, in their letters to the lord-lieutenant, they do not mention a single murder; on the 29th they issued a proclamation to "all his majesty's good subjects," in which there is no accusation of murder against the insurgents. The first mention made of

* Curry, 166.

slaying, not of murder or massacre, occurs in their proclamation of the 30th of October, 1641, in which they say, that "those wicked malefactors have surprised some of his majesty's forts and garrisons in the North of Ireland: slain divers of his majesty's good subjects, imprisoned some, robbed and spoiled very many others, and continue yet in those rebellious courses." When we consider that the framers of this proclamation are those who created and wished to spread and continue the insurrection; that they are the abettors, if not the concoctors of O'Connolly's plot, and that it states that very many were robbed, and that only divers were slain, we cannot doubt that but few, if any, Protestants had as yet fallen, and those in open war. Had there been either massacre or murder, they would not have been slow to call it by its true name. This fully justifies what Temple himself admits, (p. 65,) "that it was resolved not to kill any but where of necessity they should be forced thereunto by opposition." There is not, we confidently assert, to be found in any history or document of this period, a single instance of killing, except in open war, on the *part of the insurgents*, previous to the 15th of November, 1641. Carte is of this opinion, in an extract which shall be quoted hereafter. It is therefore absolutely disgraceful for ignorant persons, like Carlyle, to utter such gross calumnies as, that "the Irish rebellion had already grown to be an Irish massacre on the 1st of November, 1641."

Massacres however there were in abundance, and it therefore becomes our duty to ascertain who commenced and continued them. To pass over then at once all the lying declamation about Irish massacres *in general*, which had "no local habitation," and which could not have existed, we submit the following narrative from Carte. "On the 15th of November, the rebels, after a fortnight's siege, reduced the castle of Lurgan; Sir William Brownlow, after a stout defence, surrendering it on the terms of marching out with his family and goods. But such was the unworthy disposition of the rebels, that they kept him his lady and children prisoners, rifled his house, plundered, stripped, and killed most of his servants, and treated all the townsmen in the same manner. This was the first breach of faith which the rebels were guilty of in these parts, (we shall show soon that no other parts had yet gained the insurrection,) in regard of articles of capitula-

tion; for when Mr. Conway on Nov. 5th, surrendered his castle of Ballyaghie in the county of Derry to them, they kept the terms for which he stipulated, and allowed him to march out with his men, and to carry away trunks with plate and money in them. Whether the slaughter made by a party from Carrickfergus in the territory of Magee, a long narrow island, in which it is affirmed that nearly three thousand *harmless* Irish men, women, and children were cruelly massacred, happened before the surrender of Lurgan, is hard to be determined; the relations published of facts in those times being very indistinct and uncertain with regard to the time they were committed, though it is confidently asserted that this massacre happened in this month of November." There is certainly no comparison between the atrocity of the two acts, for the Irish are not accused of killing all, much less of massacring the women and children. It is objected to the truth of the numbers, (for the fact of the massacre itself has never been questioned,) said to have been murdered on Island Magee, that it could not contain them. This island contains 7036½ statute acres, and 2610 inhabitants at present. It is not pretended that there were 3000 regular inhabitants on the island in 1641, but that they took refuge there as in a place of safety. Carrickfergus, which is within a few miles of Island Magee, was then, as Carte tells us, the place of the greatest strength in the North. It was in the hands of Sir Arthur Tyringham and Colonel Chichester, "who," says the same author, "invited several of the most eminent of the Irish thereabouts who remained quiet in their houses, to come to Carrickfergus for *security*, but were *made prisoners on their arrival*." Besides, it appears from the postscript of a letter from the lords justices to the Earl of Clanrickarde, dated 5th November, that "they have had intelligence of 5000 Scots having risen in arms against the rebels, who now lie near Newry, where they have slain many of the rebels. Under these circumstances it was quite natural for the Irish Catholics who lived near this fortress of Carrickfergus, to take refuge in Island Magee. That they were slaughtered man, woman, and child, has never been denied. "In one fatal night," says Leland, "they (the Scottish soldiers) issued from Carrickfergus into an adjacent district called Island Magee, where a number of the poorer Irish resided, unoffending and untainted with the rebellion. If we may believe one of the leaders of this

party, thirty families were assailed by them in their beds, and massacred with calm and deliberate cruelty." The terrified wretches who were awakened fled naked before their murderers, and such as escaped the sword, were precipitated into the sea over the fearful rocks called the gobbins. Another question regards the time when this horrid massacre was perpetrated. Leland admits that Carte inclines to the opinion that it was before the 15th of November; that it was, therefore, the cause of whatever want of faith or cruelty was exhibited by Sir Phelim O'Neill at Lurgan. This is rendered certain by various circumstances, for first, on the 13th November, Parsons writes to the Earl of Clanrickarde, "that the Scots did hold the Northern Irish hard to it, having killed some of them." And Sir William St. Leger, grudging the Scots the honour of that action, told the Earl of Ormonde on the 14th, "that had it pleased God that his Lordship had been there with his hundred horse and himself to wait upon him, the Scots should never have had the honour to put such an obligation on Ireland." We know of no other exploit of the Scots up to this time, which could have excited the envy of St. Leger, except the Island Magee massacre; for Lord Ossory writes to the Earl of Ormonde about this time, "that he (St. Leger) was so cruel and merciless, that he caused men and women to be most execrably executed; and that he ordered among others a woman great with child to be ript up, from whose womb three babes were taken out, through every of whose bodies his soldiers thrust their weapons, which puts many into a sort of desperation." The garrison and inhabitants of Lurgan were almost all Scots, and it is certain that policy alone would have protected them, unless some dreadful provocation had been given. Again, we cannot otherwise account for the conduct of O'Neill, who, as Carte observes, was so honourable and humane on the 5th, and so savage and cruel on the 15th of November. O'Neill's conduct at Lurgan was a solitary act of retaliation, and it is expressly admitted that he did not commit any other until after his flight, which did not occur until the end of March, 1642. Indeed, this Lurgan massacre must have been very inconsiderable, for Captain Perkins deposed, "that Sir Phelim began his massacres after his flight from Dundalk; and Tichbourne, Carte and most other adverse writers agree, that it was Sir Phelim commenced these

imputed massacres.* Besides, the lords justices Parsons and Borlase issued a commission, dated December 23rd, 1641, to several gentlemen in Ulster, to call upon all those that had suffered in the rebellion, and all the witnesses of these sufferings, to give in examinations of the nature of them, and of every minute circumstance concerning them, expressly and particularly specifying plunder, robbery, and even traitorous words and speeches, yet there is not one word said about murder. In February 1642, a proclamation of pardon was published by the lords justices, in which they promise mercy to all insurgents not freeholders, who will come in, submit and make restitution of the goods taken by them. Murderers would have undoubtedly been excepted if there had been many such, and we must therefore conclude that whatever took place at Lurgan, was a solitary act, either of Sir Phelim O'Neill's, or more probably of his soldiers, that very few were slain, and that it was provoked by such wickedness that the lords justices were ashamed to mention it. Jones, Bishop of Meath, in a letter to Dr. Borlase in 1679, says, "the report that his majesty's Protestant subjects first fell upon and murdered the Roman Catholics, got credit and reputation, and was openly and frequently asserted;" and Sir A. Mervin, the Speaker of the "no popery" House of Commons of 1662, confesses that "several pamphlets then swarmed to fasten the rise of this rebellion on the Protestants, and that they drew the first blood."†

Sir Phelim O'Neill, according even to the Puritans, did not commence his imputed massacres until after his flight from Dundalk, about the end of March, 1642. Now after some research, we have not been able to discover the dates of these massacres and the places where they occurred, and we shall prove that the general testimony about massacres is utterly worthless. But if he did commit massacres, he had received ample provocation. Tichbourne, who had the chief command in driving O'Neill from Dundalk, boasts that in consequence of his own ravages, "there was neither man nor beast to be found in sixteen miles between

* See Curry, 169.

† Borlase, in his address to the reader, assigns as his reason for writing his history, that the pamphlets which the Roman Catholics had dispersed through Europe, that his majesty's Protestant subjects first fell upon and murdered the Catholics, get credit and reputation; and that this was openly and frequently asserted *even on the very place* where those dire tragedies were acted.

the two towns of Drogheda and Dundalk; nor on the other side of Dundalk in the county of Monaghan, nearer than Carrickmacross."* "By the death of so many men about us," says Bernard, (p. 109,) "having their houses and all their provisions either burnt or drawn hither, the dogs only surviving, are found very usually (like that judgment of Jezebel for the murder of Naboth) feeding upon their masters; which taste of man's flesh made it very dangerous for the passengers in the roads, who have been often set upon by those mastives till we were careful to kill them also." This is the language of a Protestant Dean, and if in consequence of the conduct of these monsters O'Neill did retaliate after this period, who can deny the justice or even the necessity of such retaliation to put an end to massacres of which even cannibals would be ashamed.

Oh! but we have the testimony of history, and the sworn evidence of Protestants, real puritanical and covenanting heroes, establishing the frightful massacres committed by the Catholics. Well, first as to the historians; and on this point we shall be very concise.† After the plain and indisputable statement of facts which we have just made, it will a little astonish the reader to hear Lord Clarendon say, "that the insurrection spread itself so rapidly over the whole country and in such an inhuman and barbarous manner, that there were forty or fifty thousand of the English Protestants murdered before they suspected themselves to be in any danger." Temple (p. 6,) says, that besides "those few which fell in the heat of fight during the war, there were in less than two years from the breaking out of the rebellion, three hundred thousand British and Protestants cruelly murdered in cold blood, according to the most moderate computation." Rapin (*History of England*, vol. ix. p. 343,) declares that "from the 23rd of October to the 1st of March following, above one hundred and fifty-four thousand Protestants were massacred." Hume reduces the entire number to forty thousand, and even this he suspects of being somewhat exaggerated. Rapin's 154,000 massacres, being confined to that period during which we have proved by the indisputable evidence of Pro-

* Curry 169. Vindicæ 417.

† See the *Vindicæ*, p. 375, and following. We have freely used the materials collected by the author of this book, in which unfortunately he has observed no order and given few dates. He is, however, "a useful scavenger."

testants, that no massacres except the affair at Lurgan, if that must be so called, took place, may at once be set down as the creation of his own fertile brain. There are not yet 3,000 inhabitants in Lurgan, and according to Lewis' Topographical Dictionary, it contained just forty-two houses in 1619. Temple, who is the only original historian of these massacres, says, that in less than two years they exceeded 300,000. Borlase asserts (p. 26.) about another matter in which by the way Temple contradicts himself, that "his (Sir John Temple's) integrity overweighs all assertions to the contrary." Hence this bastard offspring of his, called "Irish massacres," has been adopted by all the ignorant and bigoted writers on Ireland, from Borlase to Carlyle, with whatever modifications their own fancy suggests. Sir William Petty, a contemporary witness, who profited largely by the Irish rebellion, states in his Political Anatomy of Ireland, (p. 18,) that the whole number of Protestants who perished during the *eleven* years of the war, amounted to 112,000, of whom two-thirds were cut off by *war, plague, and famine*; so that by an eye-witness, who certainly had no partiality to the Irish, we have the 300,000 who were massacred *in two years* reduced to 37,000, that is less than one-eighth, *in eleven years*. However, even this estimate is ridiculously exaggerated, for Petty himself says, that the population of Ireland amounted in 1641 to one million four hundred and sixty-six thousand, and that the Catholics were to the Protestants as eleven to two, whence it follows, even on this statement, which is by no means correct, for they were at least as seven to one, that the whole number of Protestants did not exceed 265,000. To believe Temple's account to be true, we must admit that in less than two years there were 35,000 more Protestants murdered than there were men, women, and children of that profession in the kingdom; and that there were still as many of them left able to bear arms, as enabled them vigorously to prosecute the war. The same reflections prove the absurdity of Petty's own estimate, that 112,000 were destroyed out of 265,000. But see how this massacre grows "small by degrees and beautifully less." Carte says, (vol. i. p. 177-8,) "It is certain that the great body of the English were settled in Munster and Leinster, where very few murders were committed.....It cannot, therefore, reasonably be presumed that there were at most above twenty thousand English

souls of all ages and sexes in Ulster at that time; and of these it appears by the lords justices' letter, there were several thousands got safe to Dublin, and were subsisted there for many months afterwards; besides six thousand women and children which Captain Mervyn saved in Fermanagh, and others that got safe to Derry, Coleraine, and Carrickfergus. If six thousand, and several thousand, and the garrisons of the forts, and all those who took refuge and were saved in them, were subtracted from twenty thousand, how many would remain? "It is easy enough," says Warner, (p. 296,) "to demonstrate the falsehood of every Protestant historian of this rebellion." And p. 771, "to any one who considers how thinly Ireland was at that time peopled by Protestants, and the province of Ulster particularly, where was the chief scene of the massacre, those relations upon the face of them appear incredible. "The number of people," says this Protestant minister, "killed upon *positive evidence* (about which we shall say a word presently) collected in two years after the insurrection broke out, adding them all together, amounts to only two thousand one hundred and nine; on the *reports of other Protestants* one thousand six hundred and nineteen more; and on the *reports* of some of the rebels themselves, a further number of three hundred, the whole making four thousand and twenty-eight. Besides these murders, there is evidence on the *report of others* of eight thousand killed by ill-usage: and if we should allow that the cruelties of the Irish out of war extended to these numbers, which, considering the nature of several of the depositions, *I think in my conscience cannot*, yet to be impartial we must allow that there is no pretence for laying a greater number to their charge. This account is also corroborated by a letter which I copied out of the council books at Dublin, written on the 5th of May, sixteen hundred and fifty-two, ten years after the beginning of the rebellion, from the parliament commissioners in Ireland to the English parliament. After exciting them to further severity against the Irish, as being afraid 'their behaviour towards this people may never sufficiently avenge their murders and massacres, and lest the parliament might shortly be in pursuance of a speedy settlement, and thereby some tender consciences might be concluded,' the commissioners tell them that it appears, besides eight hundred and forty-eight families, there were killed, hanged, burned, and drowned, six thousand and

sixty-two." The parliamentary commissioners regarding the Irish rebellion as totally unjustifiable, considered most certainly every Protestant who fell in it, even in open war, as a murdered man. Allowing five to each family, according to themselves, the whole number of Protestants killed during the eleven years of war, amounted to only 10,302. There is not the least doubt but that the commissioners exaggerated, and considering that 2000 of Cromwell's troops were killed during one assault upon Clonmel, we have no hesitation in asserting, that with the exception of very few, perhaps not a hundred in all, who, as occurred at Lurgan, may have been put to the sword by way of retaliation from some dreadful massacre, all who perished died in open war. Indeed, setting aside the hearsay evidence which was sworn on the report of others, the whole number of killed, upon positive evidence, during the two first years of the rebellion amounted, according to the unexceptionable testimony of Warner, not to 300,000, but to 2,109, which is not the one hundred and fortieth part of those said by Temple to be murdered during the same period, without at all deducting those (say the 2000) who must have fallen in open war, which will leave just 109 to be partitioned amongst all the massacres. In fact, Temple himself proves that the Irish massacre is a pure fiction, for he says, (p. 103.) that "the depopulations in this province of Munster do well near equal those of the whole kingdom." We have already adduced the concurrent testimony of Protestant writers, that there was scarcely any massacre in Munster. Leland (vol. iii. p. 393, 394.) thus gives reluctant evidence in favour of both these assertions: "They (the Irish) were to abide a trial if accused of any murders committed in the beginning of the war; if convicted, they were to be incapable of pardon, and their estates entirely confiscated; those who had only assisted in the war were to forfeit two-thirds of their estates, and to be banished from Ireland.....In the northern provinces, which had been the great scene of barbarity, not one was brought to justice but Sir Phelim O'Neill." The Catholic nobility and gentry of Ireland, indeed, were so conscious that no general massacre had been committed by their body, that they presented a petition by their agents to his majesty at Oxford, in 1643—a period posterior to that in which the massacres are said to have taken place—the prayer of which was, "that all the murders com-

mitted on both sides during this war might be examined into by a future parliament, and the actors of them exempted out of all acts of oblivion and indemnity." But the Protestant agents who were present, also attending the king, prudently declined this proposal. The inference—which we shall hereafter further develope—is evident, that the Protestants were accusing the Catholics of crimes of which they were themselves alone guilty.

But what can we say to the real Protestant oaths of the heroes of puritanism and the covenant? who, as Temple (55) and May (86) bear witness, fled from their enemies—not on their feet, but on their knees; some of them, according to the former (88) having their guts about their heels; whilst, according to the latter, who would not allow himself to be eclipsed, they died in so great numbers that all the churchyards of Dublin could not contain them. One can scarcely quarrel with lying of this sort, it is so very straightforward. You might as well lecture the American who said he had to use a step-ladder to get up to shave himself. But about the Protestant swearing. "The bulk of this immense collection," says Warner, "is parole evidence, and upon report of common fame; and what sort of evidence that is may easily be learnt by those who are conversant with the common people of any country." "There is no credit," says the same author (146) to be given to anything that was said by those people, which had not other evidence to confirm it; and the reason why so many idle silly tales were registered of what this body heard another body say, to swell the collection to two-and-thirty thick volumes in folio (of depositions), it is easier to conjecture than it is to commend... So many of their sayings, which are recorded in the manuscript collection of depositions in my custody, are so ridiculous, or incredible, or contradictory to one another, as show plainly that they spoke what their own or the different passions and sentiments of their leaders prompted; sometimes what came uppermost, or they thought would best serve or vindicate their cause." Be it remembered, that Warner's copy consisted of choice selections from the whole; and if these were so absurd, what are we to think of the cart-load of oaths contained in the thirty-two folio volumes? It must have been these fellows that Sir William Petty had in his eye when he boasted that "he had witnesses who would swear through a three-inch board." Take the following

specimens, which have been collected by the author of the "*Vindiciae*." "George Creighton, minister of Virginia in the county of Cavan, deposeth, among other particulars in his examination, that divers women brought into his house a young woman almost naked, to whom a rogue came up on the way, these women being present, and required her to give him her money or else he would kill her, and so drew his sword; her answer was, "You cannot kill me unless God give you leave, and His will be done;" whereupon the rogue thrust three times at her naked body with his drawn sword, and yet never pierced her skin, whereat he, being as it seems much confounded, went away and left her; and that he saw this woman, and heard this particular related by divers women who were by, and saw what they reported." James Geare (Temple, 88.) "deposeth that the rebels at Clownes (Clones) diversely wounded James Netterville, proctor to the minister, ripped up his belly, took out his entrails, and laid them a yard from him, and yet he bled not at all; of which this deponent was an eye-witness." Elizabeth, wife of Captain Wm. Price, of Armagh, "deposeth* that she and other women, whose husbands were murdered, hearing of divers apparitions and visions which were seen near Portnedown (Portadown) bridge, since the drowning of her children and the rest of the Protestants there, went unto the bridge aforesaid about twilight in the evening; then and there appeared to them a vision or spirit assuming the shape of a woman, waist high upright in the water, naked, with elevated and closed hands, her hair hanging down, very white, her eyes seemed to twinkle, and her skin as white as snow: which spirit seemed straight up in the water, often repeating the words, 'Revenge! revenge! revenge!'" Catharine Cooke deposeth† (Feb. 24th, 1643.) "that about the 20th of December, 1641, a great number of rebels in that county did most barbarously drown at that time one hundred and eighty Protestants; and that about nine days afterwards she saw a vision or spirit in the shape of a man, as she apprehended, that appeared in that river in the place of the drowning, bolt upright, breast high, with hands lifted up, and stood in that posture there until the latter end of lent next following." These persons did not *see* the murder of the living Protestants; this last lady witness did

* Temple, 122.

† Idem. 121.

not go to Portadown until nine days after it occurred—in her own invention, for if she had thought that it had any real existence, she would not have dared to go there at all. They only heard *that*—but what they really swear to having seen are the ghosts of the dead; and here we are called upon to believe all they swear on hearsay, and to disbelieve all they swear to having beheld with their own eyes. If Catholics had given such evidence, what a cry of superstition and perjury would be raised! It served its object, however, of getting the Catholics robbed and murdered; for it would be a crying sin to show any mercy to those on whom the very ghosts of the Protestants, still true Puritans, called out for revenge. The language of those spirits, as well as their predilection for standing in cold water during the winter, would indicate that they had got a hot berth in the other world. We cannot doubt that they departed according to the approved form of leave-taking, which Sir Walter says has been observed by all ghosts from time immemorial—"with a sulphureous odour and a melodious twang!"

But the things which are sworn to have occurred in this sublunary world are scarcely less wonderful than those which are reported from the world of spirits. Captain Anthony Stratford* "deposeth, that he was credibly informed by his own servants, who were among the rebels, and that he verily believeth them, (and, of course, as he did not see what he swears, following the rule laid down above, we are bound to believe him,) that Patrick Mac-crew of Dungannon murdered thirty-one Protestants in one morning; that two young rebels murdered in the county Tyrone one hundred and forty poor women and children that could make no resistance; that the wife of Ryan Kelly did, with her own hands, murder forty-five; that the rebels murdered a young fat Scottish man, and made candles of his grease; and that they took another Scottish man, and ripped up his belly that they might come at his small guts, the one end whereof they tied to a tree, and made him go round until he had drawn them out of his body." It would appear that the Protestants were generally converted to the purposes of chandlery; for Elizabeth Baskerville deposeth† that she heard the wife of Florence Fitzpatrick find fault with her husband's soldiers

* Temple, 110.

† Idem. 92.

because they did not bring along with them the grease of Mrs. Nicholson, whom they had slain, for her to make candles withal." What a mercy she did not think of Miss Baskerville, whose fat would have served as well as Mrs. Nicholson's! Elizabeth Champion saith,* "that she heard the rebels say that they had killed so many Englishmen that the grease or fat which remained on their swords and skins might well serve to make an Irish candle." Magdalen Redman deposeth,† "that she, with twenty-two other Protestant widows, were stripped stark naked and driven into the wild woods, from Tuesday until Saturday, in frost and snow, so as the snow unmelted lay long upon some of their skins." Margaret Fermey deposeth,‡ "that being seventy-five years old, she was stripped seven times in one day on her road to Dublin." It must have been the Protestant ghosts who supplied her with clothes each time after she was stripped and robbed. Mary Barlow deposeth§ "that she and six children were stripped stark naked, and turned out begging in frost and snow, by means whereof they were almost starved, having nothing to eat in three weeks but two old calf-skins, which they beat with stones, and so eat them hair and all." Arthur Culm, Esquire, (Temple, 122.) deposeth "that he was credibly informed by those that were present, that there were thirty women and young children and seven men flung into the river of Belturbet (the Erne); and those who were present also affirmed that the bodies of those thirty persons drowned did not appear upon the water till about six weeks after past, as Brien O'Rely came to the town, all the bodies came floating up to the very bridge." Thus it appears that whilst the souls of the deceased Protestants appeared on the Ban, their bodies appeared on the Erne; but the souls and the bodies were equally desirous of revenge, and equally fond of cold water. Whatever may have been their habits during life, it is clear that they were all *post mortem* teetotallers.

But the chief witness is Dr. Robert Maxwell, dean and afterwards bishop of Kilmore. The "divines of the English assembly" presented a petition to the English house of commons, July 19th, 1663, which contains the following passage: "In this (Irish) rebellion, so barbarous and

* Temple, 97.

† Idem. 81.

‡ Idem. 88.

§ Idem. 90.

bloody, 154,000 Protestants—men, women, and children, Scotch and English—were massacred in that kingdom between October 23rd, when the rebellion broke forth, and the 1st of March following, by the computation of the priests themselves, who were present and principal actors in all these tragedies, and were directed by some chief rebels of Ireland to take this computation, lest they should be reported to be more bloody than in truth there was cause. All which appears by the examination of Arch-deacon Maxwell, who lived a long time a prisoner with Sir Phelim O'Neill's mother, and was there when this computation was brought in." On the 25th of the same month, the following order was made by the English house of commons: "It is this day ordered by the house of commons, that the ministers of every parish within this kingdom shall read this declaration in their several churches and chapels, on the next fast day after the same shall come to their hands, after the end of the first sermon and before the beginning of the next."* Maxwell himself swears† that "the rebels, lest they should hereafter be charged with more murders than they had committed, commanded their priests to bring in a true account of them; and that the persons so slaughtered, whether in Ulster or the whole kingdom the deponent durst not enquire, in March last, four months from the breaking out of the insurrection, amounted to one hundred and fifty-four thousand. He might add to these many thousands more; but the list which deponent wrote among the rebels being burned with his house, books, and all his papers, he referreth himself to the numbers in gross which the rebels themselves have upon enquiry found out and acknowledged; which, notwithstanding, will come short of all that have been murdered in Ireland, there being above one hundred fifty and four thousand now wanting of the British within the very precinct of Ulster." The priests are represented (Temple, 79.) as having preached that this work would be most acceptable to God, and then as having taken an account of the massacres, lest they should be charged with more than they really committed. Such absurdity! And Dean Maxwell's evidence of the numbers murdered is merely hearsay evidence—"what he was credibly informed

* See this whole matter, Rushworth, v. p. 355—6.

† See the appendix to Borlase.

of by the rebels themselves." This is a most convenient kind of thing, as no such testimony of the rebels themselves ever existed. Let us examine what kind of ocular and hearsay evidence this Dean Maxwell gave; for by this means we shall be able to decide to what amount of credibility he is entitled. "The deponent (Maxwell) further saith, that the three first days and nights of the present rebellion it was generally observed that no cock crew, nor any dog was heard to bark—no, not when the rebels came in great multitudes unto the Protestants' houses by night, to rob and murder them; and about three or four nights before the six-and-fifty persons were taken out of the deponent's house and drowned, and amongst them the deponent's brother, lieutenant Maxwell, in the dark of the moon, about one of the clock at night, a light was observed in manner of a long pillar to shine for a long way through the air, and refracted upon the north gable of the house. It gave so great a light about an hour together, that divers of the watch read both letters and books of a very small character thereby. The former (about the cocks and dogs) the deponent knoweth to be most true by *his* own experience; the latter was seen by all those of the deponent's family, and by all those of the Irish guard." So much for what Dean Maxwell saw with his own eyes, and with those of his family. As to his hearsay evidence, here is a specimen: "The deponent further saith, that it was common table-talk among the rebels, that the ghosts of Wm. Fullarton, Tim. Jeffrey, and most of those [according to him about 180] who were thrown over Portadown bridge, were daily and nightly seen to walk upon the river, sometimes singing of psalms, sometimes brandishing of naked swords, and sometimes screeching in the most hideous and fearful manner..... Their own priests and friars could not deny the truth thereof; but as oft as it was by deponent objected unto them, they said it was but a cunning sleight of the devil to hinder this great work of propagating the Catholic religion, and of killing of heretics, or that it was wrought by witchcraft. The deponent lived within thirteen miles of the bridge, and never heard any man so much as doubt thereof; however, the deponent obligeth no man's faith, in regard he saw it not with his own eyes, otherwise he had as much certainty as could morally be required of such a matter." Now, as the dean did not *see* the massacres any more than the ghosts, and

as he had for the latter as much evidence as could morally be required, whilst for the former he only alleges some intuitively absurd calculations, said to be made by the priests in general, it is quite clear that we cannot believe his testimony about the massacres without also believing in the ghosts, the preponderating evidence being decidedly in favour of the latter. Besides, we must not doubt his own direct testimony, that before the insurrection puritan cocks would not crow, and covenanting dogs ceased to bark; and certainly we have no such hearsay evidence for any other fact as for the pillar of light, which was seen by fifty-six persons, who then constituted his family, and by divers of the watch, who read by it both letters and books of a very small character during the dark of the moon at one o'clock at night, on the 19th or 20th of October. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of Warner's declaration, who was a Protestant minister, and seems to have carefully perused all the depositions, that "the whole number of persons killed in two years after the insurrection broke out, upon positive evidence, amount to only two thousand one hundred and nine. Carte (p. 177.) computes the entire English settled in Ulster at 20,000, and all the Scots at 100,000; so that had all the English and Scotch—man, woman, and child—been killed, they would not have amounted to within 34,000 of those sworn by Maxwell to have been murdered in four months. Besides, of the 20,000, several thousands, and six thousand, and others were saved: so that the remnant must be very inconsiderable. Of the 100,000 Scots we are certain that, for the first four months, not very many could have been slain in open war, and it does not appear by any credible evidence that even one fell in any other way. Carte says, that at the commencement of the insurrection "the Irish" published a proclamation that, on pain of death, no Scotchman should be molested in body, goods, or lands." Temple acknowledges that this proclamation was for a time observed. Besides, "the Scots were 40,000 well armed men at the time the rebellion commenced, whilst the rebels were at least by half less numerous, and armed with few better weapons," says Temple, (p. 79.) "than scythes, staves, and pitchforks." Welbank and others report to the house of commons that,

* Carte l. 177.

in the beginning, the rebels were unsuccessful.* We have already proved, on the testimony of Protestants, that massacre formed no part at least in the early stages of the insurrection; and the report of the parliamentary commissioners, who, with all their ingenuity and powers of exaggeration, could not swell the total number of killed in *eleven* years beyond ten thousand three hundred and two, is decisive evidence of the base and barefaced perjury of this Dean Maxwell.

In the beginning of the insurrection we have shown, from the concurrent testimony of Protestant writers, that the Irish contemplated no massacre; and when the rebellion spread from Ulster through the other parts of the kingdom, so far was any such project from being entertained by the Catholics, and especially by the clergy, who, as may have been observed in the extracts which we gave from the evidence of the massacre, have been particularly charged with it, that in a congregation of the archbishops, bishops, and inferior clergy, held at Kilkenny, in May, 1642, excommunication was denounced against all of their communion "who either had from the beginning of the war, or should afterwards in the course of it, murder, dismember, or grievously strike; all thieves, unlawful spoilers of any goods, and all such as should invade the possessions or goods, spiritual or temporal of any Irish Protestant, not being their adversary." So conscious were they, that their body were guilty of no general massacre, that in the following year, 1643, they petitioned the king that all murders of both sides should be examined into, and the actors in them should be exempted from all acts of indemnity. Curry has proved, by the evidence of Protestant writers, (p. 184 and following) that the actions of the Catholics, clergy as well as laity, corresponded with their professions, and that the war was conducted on their part, notwithstanding the violent provocation which they received, with the greatest forbearance and humanity.†

* Borlase (112) says that Sir William Cole was successful in the counties Fermanagh, Tyrone, Monaghan, Cavan, Leitrim, Sligo, and Donegal, and that from October 1641 to some time in 1642, he killed of the rebels above two thousand four hundred swordsmen, and seven thousand of the vulgar sort. After this rate he says, p. 113, the English in all parts fought.

† Sir Phelim O'Neill is almost the only Irish chief accused of barbarity. He is charged with having given orders for killing Lord Caulfield on seizing his estate of Charlemont, although he was so highly provoked at that villainy, that discovering six of its authors, February 1642, he ordered them to be hanged and

It is now necessary that we should direct attention to the lords justices Parsons and Borlase, to Cromwell, and the other principal agents of the Puritans. We have already seen by what iniquitous means Parsons and Borlase kindled the insurrection in Ulster; and we must now briefly state by what ingenuity they managed to spread the flame through the other provinces. On the 23rd of October, the very day on which the insurrection broke out, they issued a proclamation ordering all persons who were not dwellers in the city to leave it within one hour, under pain of death to be presently executed upon them. The lords and gentry of the pale being thus, as it were, driven into the hands of the rebels, demanded of the lords justices arms to defend themselves. They ordered only three hundred stand to the county of Louth, which was by far the most exposed to danger; and even this order was remanded before they were given, and five hundred stand more were retaken within one week of their delivery. They were thus left without any means of defence to the mercy of the insurgents, and the lords justices, so late as the middle of November, forbade them to seek security in Dublin under pain of death. Yet, on the 3rd of December they issued a summons for the lords and gentry of the pale to attend in Dublin on the 8th—within a fortnight of the time when they had prohibited them to go there under pain of death, and within three weeks of that in which they had declared their total distrust of them by withdrawing their arms. But lest these circumstances should not be sufficient to prevent the lords of the pale from coming to Dublin, whose hatred of the native Irish the lords justices well knew, "Sir Charles Coote," says Carte, (i. 258.) "immediately after his inhuman executions and promiscuous murders of people in Wicklow, was made governor of Dublin at the very time of sending out the summons to the lords of the pale." Moreover, on the 7th of December, (the day before that appointed for the assembly) the same author informs us that "a party of foot being

afterwards beheaded. Finding the royal seal in Charlemont, he caused it to be fixed to a forged commission from the king. Carlyle is charitable enough to charge all the Catholics with this forgery, although it is never again alluded to either in the declaration of the Ulster Catholic, nor in the remonstrance from Cavan, published in this very year (1641,) nor in the manifestos published at Tyrone and Kilkenny. It is Sir Phelim's own act, which proves his opinions of the devoted loyalty of the Irish in spite of persecution, and whatever crime he may have committed by the original fraud, was atoned for by his noble conduct in 1652, for he then refused to accuse his majesty, although that would have saved his life.

sent out into the neighbourhood of Dublin in quest of some robbers that had plundered a house at Buskin, came to the village at Santry, and murdered an innocent husbandman and other innocent persons, (whose heads they brought into the city in triumph, and among which were one or two Protestants,) under pretence that they harboured and relieved the rebels. Hard was the case of the country people at this time, when, not being able to prevent parties of robbers and rebels breaking into their houses, and taking refreshments there, this should be decreed a treasonable act, and sufficient to authorize a massacre. Only three of the lords attended on the 8th, the remainder sending a letter on the 10th that they could not trust their persons in Dublin, on account of the threats held out against them, and the massacre at Santry. On the 14th another summons was issued for them to assemble on the 17th, and assuring them of safety: but on the very same day a party of soldiers under Coote was sent out, "who," says Carte, (i. 246.) fell upon Clontarf, which belonged to Mr. King, (who was all this while absent from thence at Swords,) and burnt his tenants' houses and goods, not sparing even his mansion-house, under pretence that some of the goods taken by robbery out of the (wrecked) bark had been carried thither in his absence." This Mr. King was one of the gentlemen kindly invited to Dublin, whither, if he retained any regard for his neck, it is clear he would not go. At length the lords justices succeeded; "their violent measures," proceeds Carte, "and threats of extirpation terrifying and making the nobility and gentry of English race desperate, hurried them, in spite of their animosity against the old Irish, into insurrection."

"It was the middle of December," Carte informs us, (i. 264.) "before any one gentleman in the province of Munster appeared to favour the rebellion; many of them had shown themselves zealous to oppose it, and had tendered their services to that end. Lord Muskery, who had married a sister of the Earl of Ormonde's, offered to raise 1000 men at his own charge; and if the state could not supply them with arms, he was ready to raise money upon his estate to buy them." These offers were, of course, all rejected. Sir W. St. Leger and Captain Paisley marched through Tipperary and Waterford, according to the same author, robbing, killing, and hanging innocent persons by wholesale. Several of the chief nobility and gentry waited on

the president, St. Leger, and "observed how generally the people were exasperated by those inconsiderate cruelties, running distractedly from house to house; and that they were on the point of gathering together in great numbers, not knowing what they had to trust to, or what was likely to be their fate; and they declared that they were ready to secure the peace of the county. The president answered in a hasty and furious manner, that they were all rebels, and that he thought it more prudent to hang the best of them." He proceeded with his massacres; and the people having no alternative between taking up arms and submitting to be hanged, chose the former on the last day of December, 1641. X

The insurrection did not commence in Connaught until the middle of December. In May the Earl of Clanrickarde (a Catholic) succeeded in bringing back Galway to submission; and as his influence was very great, he would doubtless have succeeded in the same way with the whole province. This would spoil sport; and so "the lords justices would not hear of any cessation with the rebels: they absolutely disliked his lordship's receiving the submission, and granting his protection to the town of Galway, and sent him express orders to receive no more submissions from any persons whatever, but to prosecute the rebels and all their adherents, harbourers, and relievers, with fire and sword. To prevent the like submissions and protections, they issued out a general order to the commanders of all garrisons, not to presume to hold any correspondence, treaty, intelligence, or intercourse with any of the Irish papists dwelling or residing in any place near or about their garrisons, or to give protection, immunity, or dispensation from spoil, burning, or other prosecution of war to any of them; but to prosecute all such rebels, harbourers, or relievers of rebels from place to place, with fire and sword, according to former commands and proclamations in that behalf." If this be not an order for extermination, we know not what the word means.

A scheme was presented to the English parliament so early as the 1st of February, 1642, by "the adventurers" of London, in which they offer to raise money for the war, provided two millions and a half acres out of the ten millions of profitable lands which they calculate will be confiscated at the end of the war, be given to them. As there are only nineteen millions of acres in all Ireland, and as,

according to Sir William Petty, not more than two-thirds of these were then called profitable lands, it is evident that this scheme embraced the confiscation of every acre in the kingdom except what was held by Protestants. We are glad to see the name of Oliver Cromwell among the "adventurers," and that the lords justices, Parsons and Borlase, wrote privately to the speaker that their claims might be considered, and that they might get a competent grant of the rebels' lands. The parliament immediately acquiesced in the proposal of the undertakers; and thus all the lands of the Catholics were confiscated at the very first outbreak in Ireland, although Sir W. Petty admits that not one-seventh of the landed proprietors ever joined in the rebellion. The lords justices commenced immediately, and pursued vigorously, these two great works of confiscation and extermination. Indictments were found against Lord Dunsaney, Sir John Netterville, and above *one thousand* others, by a grand jury, *in the space of two days*. The Catholics complained that some jurors were menaced, that parts of the forfeited estates were promised to others. There is a memorandum by the Marquis of Ormonde, dated April 23rd, 1643, to this effect: "There was then a letter read at the board from a person who claimed great merit to himself in getting some hundreds of gentlemen indicted, and the rather for that he had laid out sums of money to procure witnesses to give evidence to a jury for the finding those indictments. This was an intimate friend of Sir William Parsons, and might very well know that such methods would be approved by him." (Carte, i. 423.) This was finding verdicts by steam. "Suppose," says the author of the *Vindiciæ*, "the jury sate twelve hours each day, from six in the morning till six in the evening, without obeying any of the calls of hunger, it was at the rate of *forty-two bills in an hour, or two every three minutes*." It was thus they disposed of the lives and fortunes of the principal nobility and gentry of Ireland.

X We have seen that, so early as the 8th of December, 1641, and before the rebellion was at all general, the English parliament had passed an act never to tolerate the Catholic religion in Ireland. The lords justices not only commanded all priests to be killed wherever they were found, which was accordingly done: but, together with the council, they issued the following order to the Gene-

ral, Lord Ormonde, on the 23rd of February, 1642: "It is resolved, that it is fit his lordship do endeavour with his majesty's forces to wound, kill, slay, and destroy all the said rebels and their adherents and relievers, by all the ways and means he may; and burn, destroy, spoil, waste, consume, and demolish all the places, towns, and houses where the said rebels are or have been relieved and harboured, and all the hay and corn there, and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting able to bear arms." The order for burning and destroying is universal—that for killing is confined to men able to bear arms; but, as was to be expected, the executioners of this satanic order did not spare the women or children. This surely satisfied the cravings for revenge of the Ban ghosts. October 24th, 1644, the Lords and Commons assembled in the parliament of England "do declare that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to any papist born in Ireland, which shall be taken in hostility against the parliament, either upon the sea, or within the kingdom or dominion of Wales; and therefore do order and ordain that the lord general, lord admiral, and all other officers and commanders both by sea and land, shall except all Irishmen and all papists born in Ireland out of all capitulations, agreements, and compositions hereafter to be made with the enemy, and shall, upon the taking of every such Irishman or papist born in Ireland as aforesaid, forthwith put every such person to death." Recollect, this ordinance is not against rebels, but Irishmen who shall dare to fight for the king against the puritanic (or satanic?) parliament. A curious gloss to this parliamentary text is supplied by the conduct of the Puritans after the battle of Naseby, where "they slew above one hundred Irishwomen, some of them the wives of officers of quality, on the ground that they were *Irishmen* in arms. Will it be believed that Carlyle justifies the order of parliament, and excuses the cold-blooded slaughter of the women?*" The puritan sailors vied with the soldiers in their cruelty to the Irish; for when Captain Willoughby was bringing to the king 150 men from the Marquis of Ormonde, the ship was taken

* Prince Rupert thought differently, for when the Irish prisoners taken at Shrewsbury were murdered after quarter given, he immediately ordered an equal number of his prisoners to be put to death, and he wrote to the scoundrels who wished to justify themselves by the ordinance of parliament, that he would act in the same manner on every similar provocation.

by Captain Swanley, and seventy of the soldiers were thrown overboard because they were Irish. In the commons' journals (iii. 517.) occurs this entry: "June, 1644, Captain Swanley was called into the house of commons, and had thanks given him for his good service and a chain of gold of £200. value, and Captain Smith, his vice-admiral, another chain of £100. value." "The Earl of Warwick," says Clarendon, (ii. 478.) and the officers under him at sea, as soon as they made any Irish prisoners bound them back to back, and threw them overboard;" and he adds, that in this manner very many perished daily.

But who shall be able to paint the atrocities which were perpetrated in Ireland? Leland acknowledges that, in executing the lords justices' orders, "the justices themselves declare that the soldiers slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing the women, and sometimes not the children." "I have heard," says Dr. Nalson, (ii. Introduction, vii.) "a relative of my own, who was captain in that service, relate that no manner of compassion or discrimination was shown either to age or sex, but that the little children were promiscuously sufferers with the guilty; and that if any who had some grains of compassion reprehended the soldiers for their unchristian inhumanity, they would scoffingly reply, 'Why, nits will be lice;' and so would despatch them." Lord Ossory—the bitter enemy of the Catholics—says, in a letter to the Earl of Ormonde, that "the lord president of Munster, St. Leger, causes honest men and women to be most execrably executed; and amongst the rest caused a woman great with child to be ripped up, and three babes to be taken out of her womb, and then thrust every one of the babes with weapons through their little bodies." Whitelock (412) says: "Their friars and priests were knocked on the head promiscuously." "Such indeed," says Warner, "was the tenor of all their (the lords justices') orders—for they own it in their letters—that the soldiers, in executing these orders, murdered all persons that came in their way promiscuously, not sparing the women, and sometimes not the children."

The Catholics, being forced into the war, carried it on with such spirit and success, that on the 8th of May, 1643, the lords justices confessed that they "then found the royal army suffering under unspeakable extremities of want of all things necessary to the support of their persons,

or maintenance of a war; and that they had no visible prospect by sea or land of being able to preserve the kingdom for his majesty, from utter destruction of the remnant of his good subjects there." Yet the Catholics were so far from retaliating their cruelties on their enemies, that they foolishly and *wickedly* allowed them time to recruit by signing a cessation on the 15th of September, 1642, by which they gained nothing, and lost not only the present glorious opportunity of terminating the war, but sent many thousands of their best men to reinforce his majesty's army. Nothing could equal the uproar which was raised on this occasion by the undertakers, the Puritans and the Covenanters. Was the confiscation and extermination, after all, not to take place? "As soon as Monroe had received an account of the cessation being concluded, he fell upon the Irish peasants who were getting in their harvest in great security, as no longer thinking of an enemy, and made a great slaughter among them." (*Vindiciæ*, 419.) Inchiquin revolted to the parliament in Munster; and "having drawn together an army (at Cashel), and hearing that many priests and gentry thereabouts had retired with their goods into the church of that city, he stormed it, and put three thousand of them to the sword, taking the priests even from under the altar." The Catholics however, notwithstanding that they were now far more powerful than their enemies, bore these violations in the hopes of obtaining liberty of conscience. Ormonde was all this time carrying on his intrigues with the Scots and Puritans; and in 1647 basely and treacherously delivered up Dublin to the parliament. His own letter, which is given by Curry, (334—5.) proves that he not only was not privately, as Carlyle says, urged by the king to surrender Dublin to the rebels of the parliament, but that he knew—what was indeed obvious enough—that his majesty would regard this as an act of treachery; and he therefore begs him to suspend his judgment until he should be able to explain the matter to him. For delivering up Dublin and all the king's garrisons, his ordinance, ammunition, and stores, Ormonde was to receive the sum of thirteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven pounds. But for this treacherous act of his, the Parliamentarians never could have recovered themselves in Ireland; for, in the preceding year, the peerless Irish chief, Owen Roe O'Neill—the soul of valour and of honour—had, with a far inferior

force, annihilated the army of Monroe at Benburb, where more than three thousand of the Scots were left dead on the ground, with the loss of only seventy on the part of the Irish. Had this officer been able to take the field with his veteran and victorious army when Cromwell came to Ireland in 1649, history would now record the glorious Irish revolution instead of the execrable Irish rebellion of 1641. Alas! he was then ill of the disease of which he shortly after died—whether by poison or otherwise is uncertain. His troops, though deploring the absence of their favourite general, demanded Ormonde to lead them from Kilkenny against Cromwell; but that monster had retreated, and thus eluded them. The only place they ever measured swords with him was at Clonmel, where there were only twelve hundred of them under Hugh O'Neill, and there Cromwell lost two thousand men in the first assault, which taught him never to make another; nor did he take the place until after a blockade of two months, when the garrison withdrew, their ammunition and provisions being totally exhausted. It was not by force of arms, but by treachery—by dissensions, especially of the nuncio and the southern Catholics—by the defection of the Protestant army of Munster, and the base surrender of all its chief garrisons, that Cromwell's army was saved from ruin. Poor unhappy Ireland has always been the victim of the mutual animosity of her own children.

We shall not stoop to argue with the miserable author of the Cromwelliad, who justifies all Oliver's Irish butchery. "Oliver Cromwell," he says, (vol. i. p. 453,) "did believe in God's judgment; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of surgery; which in fact is this editor's case too." And p. 454, he calls Cromwell "an armed soldier terribly conscious to himself that he is the soldier of God the Just . . . doing God's judgment on the enemies of God." Such blasphemy! It is only equalled by Cromwell himself, who wishes that the glory of his Drogheda massacre may be given to God alone. There is no new light thrown on Cromwell's bloody career in Ireland, either in his own letters or Carlyle's notes. We shall only give one instance of the conduct of this soldier of God the Just, and then we shall dismiss the Cromwelliad and its author with (to borrow an expression from his own farewell sentence) a slight kick "*a posteriori*." The instance we have selected is the terrible one of Drogheda, and we can truly say to the

reader *ex uno disce omnes*. "The assault was given," says Carte, (ii. 84) "and his (Cromwell's) men twice repulsed; but in the third attack Colonel Wall being unhappily killed at the head of his regiment, his men were so dismayed thereby, as to listen, before they had any need, to the enemy offering them quarter; admitting them upon those terms, and thereby betraying themselves and their fellow citizens to slaughter." All the officers and soldiers of Cromwell's army promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms, and performed it as long as any place held out, which encouraged others to yield. But when they had once all in their power and feared no hurt that could be done them, Cromwell gave orders that no quarter should be given, so that his soldiers were forced, many of them against their will, to kill their prisoners. The brave governor Sir A. Aston, Sir E. Verney, the colonels Warren, Fleming, and Byrne, were killed in cold blood, and indeed all the officers except some few of least consideration that escaped by miracle. The Marquis of Ormonde, in his letters to the king and Lord Byron, says, "that on this occasion Cromwell exceeded himself, and anything he had ever heard of, in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken, would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in the book of martyrs, or in the relation of Amboyna." Leland (vol. iii. 350) adds to the above, "For five days the hideous execution was continued with every circumstance of horror. A number of ecclesiastics was found within the walls; and Cromwell, as if immediately commissioned to execute divine vengeance on these ministers of idolatry, ordered his soldiers to plunge their weapons into the helpless wretches. Some few of the garrison contrived to escape in disguise. Thirty persons only remained unslaughtered by an enemy glutted and oppressed by carnage; and these were instantly transported as slaves to Barbadoes." This man was not the minister of a just God, but he was evidently ambassador to Ireland from the court of his highness the devil. His immediate successors were almost as treacherous, crafty, and cruel as their masters—Cromwell and Satan. About 1652-3, Laurence (quoted in the *Vindiciæ*, 129) declares that "the plague and famine had so swept away whole countries, that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles without seeing a living creature—man, beast, or bird.....Our soldiers would tell

stories of the place where they saw a smoke.....I have seen those miserable creatures plucking stinking carrion out of a ditch, black and rotten, and have been credibly informed that they digged corpses out of the grave to eat.....an officer commanding a party of horse, who hunting for tories in a dark night, saw a light which they discovered to be a ruined cabin, and peeping at the window saw a fire of wood and a company of miserable old women and children sitting round about it, and betwixt them and the fire a dead corpse lay broiling, which as the fire roasted they cut off collops and eat." The whole nation was not extirpated, because that was found impossible. According to Petty there were only one half million destroyed out of a population of a million two hundred thousand Roman Catholics. The seven hundred thousand who remained alive were disposed of thus: (Clarendon's Life, vol. ii. p. 116) "There was a large tract of land, even to the half of the province of Connaught, that was separated from the rest by a long and a large river, and which, by the plague and many massacres, remained almost desolate. Into this space and circuit of land they required all the Irish to retire by such a day, under penalty of death; and all who should after that time be found in any other part of the kingdom—man, woman, or child—should be killed by any one who saw them. The land within this circuit, the most barren in the kingdom, was, out of the grace and mercy of the conquerors, assigned to those of the nation who were inclosed in such proportions as might with great industry preserve their lives. In this same year, 1652, the parliament commissioners, Fleetwood, Ludlow, and Jones, published the 27th Elizabeth by public proclamation in Ireland, "whereby every Romish priest so found was deemed guilty of rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged until he was half dead, then to have his head taken off and his body cut in quarters; his bowels to be drawn out and burnt; and his head fixed upon a pole in some public place." By the same act, the punishment of those who entertained a priest was to be hanged, together with the confiscation of all their goods and chattels. Even the private exercise of the Catholic religion was made a capital crime; and in 1557 the punishment of "confiscation and death was denounced against all those, who knowing where a priest was hid, did not make discovery to the government." It is surely a matter for which the Catholics

of Ireland ought to be grateful to God, that they "have increased and multiplied in spite of persecutions, and that within less than two centuries from the period we have described, they have grown from seven hundred thousand to nearly seven millions.

We shall borrow the concluding sentences of this long article from Doctor Samuel Johnson. The unnatural state of Ireland, where the minority prevailed over the majority, of which he so feelingly complained in 1773, is still perpetuated in almost every thing, but more especially in the Church establishment of 1846. His opinion of the puritanical and covenanting governments of Ireland is widely different from that of the author of the *Cromwelliad*,* and yet in our poor opinion, Sam Johnson was as great a man, as learned an historian, and as sound a philosopher, as ever Thomas Carlyle is likely to be. "The Irish are in a most unnatural state, for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no such instance, even in the ten persecutions, as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we tell them we conquered them it would be above-board; to punish them by confiscations and other penalties was monstrous injustice." Boswell ad annum, 1773.

ART. IV.—*Sessio quarta Concilii Tridentini Vindicata, seu Introductio in Scripturas deuterio-Canonicas veteris Testamenti, in tres partes divisa per Sacerdotem Aloysium Vincenzi, in Romano Archigymnasio literarum Hebraicarum Professore.* Romæ: 1842—4. Octavo.

THE work before us was written (we have been told) with a special view to the English: whether, there-

* It has been suggested to us that the *Cromwelliad* must have been meant not to contain facts but fictions, that it is a huge practical joke from beginning to end, by which he wished to pay the Irish not in kind but in quantity for all the jokes they have played off since the invasion of Henry the Second. If this, which we deem not at all improbable, be the true solution, may we beg that Mr. Carlyle will imitate the artist who when he painted an ass wrote under it, "this be a donkey."

fore, it be looked upon as an appeal to those who are aliens from the Catholic Church, or as a help to those who would win these aliens to her, it has in either case some claim upon the attention of the English public. The whole structure of the book, as well as the reference it makes to certain Anglican divines, bears testimony to the truth of the aforesaid report. We may hope then that our estranged brethren will be well disposed towards the work of a learned priest, who has thus directed his labours towards the achievement of a great blessing to themselves, especially when that priest is an Italian, and not bound to them by the ties which might operate with an Englishman, but influenced only by charitable feeling in the work he has undertaken.

We shall attempt (with a view to recommending the work to the perusal of English readers) to give some account of its contents, to state the argument in favour of the deuterocanonical books, whether from our own ideas or from the professor's, to point out some of the chief arguments against them, and the successful answer to some of them made by the professor, and lastly to offer some few remarks upon the importance of having such studies prosecuted by Catholics.

Professor Vincenzi divides his book into three parts: the first of these treats of the argument to be drawn from individual fathers, from councils, and from encyclical epistles: the second discusses the proofs to be drawn from the opinions of Jews and from coins and other antiques illustrating the history contained in these Scriptures: the third treats of the deuterocanonical books one by one, and offers observations in proof of the genuineness of each, from historical, theological, or other grounds. The objections which occur in the pursuit of any of these lines of argument are answered as the author advances, which is perhaps the most satisfactory mode of procedure in a work of this nature. But we who are writing a review, and not a book, mean to throw the objections against these Scriptures together, and to keep the arguments in favour of them together likewise: we shall set to work, with the professor's leave, in our own way; availing ourselves of his valuable materials as we need them. As a preliminary, however, to so doing, we shall say a few words more about the contents of the work before us, finding specks and blemishes *egregio in corpore* where we fancy we see them.

The argument from the holy fathers is treated upon a plan which is, we believe, entirely new, and available we imagine, since Mr. Newman's book upon developments, for other theological discussions. The plan is this: the fathers are examined, not in ages, but in Churches; and thus the witness of each Church is put before us, its early tendencies and its subsequent fuller development, in favour of the books in question, or against them if such is the case. This furnishes a ready answer to a fallacy which might otherwise entrap people; it might be said, for instance, that a witness against the deutero-canonical books could be found in this, that, and the other early age; but when it appears that this witness comes almost exclusively from Palestine, the case is altered: it is plain that the line to which Christians were *driven* in fighting with Jews, is not a fair sample of their real belief. They opposed the Jews with the Jewish canon, and so we presume the most determined ultramontane in the world would do now-a-days: but when you want to know what his own belief on the subject is, you must look to his controversial writings (say) with Jansenists, who admit the canonicity of the Scriptures in question, just as the Arians did when St. Athanasius or St. Basil entered into controversy with them. You must consider what Catholics of old did when they spoke naturally upon any subject, and not what they did when they were precluded from so speaking. Now the method adopted by the professor enables you to see the influence of the moral atmosphere, in which some of the holy fathers lived, upon their language touching these books—enables you to contrast it with that of others who spoke and wrote in an unconstrained way on the subject. But to this we must revert by and by.

There is, we think, one fault in regard to the Signor Vincenzi's quotations, which we shall do well to notice here, and that is, that he does not classify them sufficiently. What we mean is, that there are passages, and those very numerous, in which the fathers cite these Scriptures in direct proof of doctrine, while there are other passages in which they have no such direct bearing, but are used rather as illustrations. Now it is plain to every fair mind that the former kind of passages give a colour to the latter kind. If an author used twenty texts from the book of Ecclesiasticus as illustrations, and one only as a proof of doctrine, the latter case would show how he came to be

so familiar with the book as to quote it so often in the former case. We are no great readers of Mr. Gerard Noel's tracts, but we fancy he would not quote any of the deuterocanonical books in this way, which is very natural, seeing he does not account them canonical. But when St. Athanasius quotes Baruch* along with St. John and St. Paul, and presently adds, "if they agree with us that the sayings of Scripture are divinely inspired," and then recurs to Baruch again,—such a passage, even if it were the only one in St. Athanasius of the same kind, would throw a light upon all the rest of his quotations from the Scriptures before us. We imagine then that some discrimination between passages of this and of any other kind, would have *increased* the weight of the whole amount of quotations. Were we to specify the division of passages which would have pleased us, we perhaps should have fixed upon a fourfold one into passages, 1. Where these books are simply quoted: 2. Where they are styled Holy Writ: 3. Where they are quoted as somewhat which requires to be reconciled with passages out of the proto-canonical books: and 4. Where they are alleged either alone, or in conjunction with other Scriptures in direct proof of doctrine. This procedure would be, we think, fairer in the eyes of a Protestant, while it would give Catholics a better notion of what their weapons are, and how they were to handle them. They would then have found the texts of the fathers, like the armour in some ancient hall, not only grouped together in their own respective circles and devices, but arranged so as to enable them to see at once which was best fitted for inflicting a mortal wound, and which for finishing the struggle of the enemy.

But to return to our more peaceful warfare, which aims at the life not the death of its adversary,—the professor goes through the different Churches one by one, beginning with the Roman, as that which early took the lead of all others. We do not mean to go through them all with him, but shall content ourselves with specifying things of interest here and there, in order to have more room for our main objects. Suffice it to say of them *all*, that the inquiry is pursued to the end of the fifth century. Perhaps out of all the Churches whose testimony is examined, the African affords the most use-

* De Decr. 815, Oxf. Trans. p. 24—5.

ful specimen of our purpose here. There is good reason to think that the early Latin, or Italic version as it is called, took its rise in Africa, as Dr. Wiseman has endeavoured to show, (quoted p. 66, note.) The very tenacity with which St. Augustin held to it is a kind of proof of this: it is written in a quaint provincial kind of style; it makes its appearance at a very early period in Tertullian, whose own style is by no means discordant with it, but seems clearly to be the produce of the same soil. In the copies of this version there in circulation, the deutero-canonical books were included: it is quoted, and these books as part of it, by all African writers; the respect for these last did not diminish as that for apocryphal works did, (eg. the book of Enoch,) but increased as time went on. If it were possible to evade the testimonies of Tertullian or St. Cyprian, or St. Optatus, it would be wholly impossible to make St. Augustine, in one sense, the greatest doctor the Church ever had, appear to favour the Protestant view of the canon. [Several testimonies from him will be found in pp. 73—7.]

After going through the holy fathers, Professor Vincenzi treats of the councils of the five first centuries, then of the later doctors and councils considered as witnesses in favour of the Tridentine canon. From this portion of his work we shall make some selections by and by. Nor need any more be done here in the way of index; it will be better to advance towards the more general statement of the evidence which we proposed to make in the first place.

Now it will appear from what has been already said, that the work before us deals with the subject chiefly upon historical evidence. We doubt whether this kind of evidence is practically the most conclusive that may be had, assuming, that is, that the book was meant to influence Protestants or others out of the Catholic Church. If one tells a man, who knows something of natural history, an odd fact respecting a beast, bird, plant, or stone, and urges the testimony of ever so many writers in favour of the truth of our statement; we doubt if this procedure would tell upon him, if disinclined to believe, half so much, as explaining the fact and showing its conformableness to his actually existing knowledge and admitted principles. Now every body thinks he knows somewhat of theology, at least as far as concerns his own eternal welfare—or every one at all events with whom we

are likely to have to do. What we doubt then, is, whether testimonies will prove a new point to him, prove it practically we mean, half as much as what may be called *a priori* arguments in its favour; arguments drawn not from history, but from what our adversaries themselves already hold. Let us see then whether we can do anything to supply the deficiencies of what Signor Vincenzi has said upon this subject which he has only touched upon.

We presume that all will allow that one man may be in a better mood (to use the lowest word) for believing than another. Let us imagine that the seventh chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians was suspected of not being canonical, and that an Anglican clergyman on the eve of being married, and a Catholic priest, each equally satisfied with his own Church, were discussing its canonicity. Of course the former could hardly fail to feel that if he had been St. Paul he would have written differently; it would be an awkward lesson for him to read out in church, if he had just published his own banns, (a possible case we presume,) or still more if the lady was there, whatever aid emphasis upon one or two words might give him. The latter would have no untoward feelings of this kind to get over, but would commence with a prejudice in favour of the doctrine as it stands, would think it very sufficiently guarded, and feel that internal evidence was in its favour. Now we defy any one to deny that a feeling of this sort would not practically influence his view of the external evidence also. It would make him more open to small circumstantial evidences whose weight lies in their collective force; more apt to see and catch at confirmative facts; more immoveable by apparent though isolated difficulties; this feeling, if we may put it so, would be behind the scenes prompting him at every embarrassment which occurred. In short, it may perhaps be allowable to say, that this feeling would have given birth to St. Paul's language, had it but the same inspiration to guide it; whereas we should be surprised exceedingly if we found the clergyman on the eve of marriage writing in the way St. Paul does. Everybody would exclaim, "How inconsistent!"

Allowance, then, must be made for prejudices of this kind, or rather *præ-judicia*, which will operate upon all post-judicia deducible from matter of fact and historical argument. It is every thing to get a man at starting to be prejudiced in favour of the doctrine of a book, if possible,

and then the proofs from history will strike him. They *ought* to strike him before: it is not rational in him not to be struck with them: but *do* they, as matter of fact, strike him while his prejudices are on the wrong side? *Μή μοι τὰ κομψ', ἀλλ' ὡν πόλει Δεῖ:* give me not fine theories, but what will tell with men in practice!

Now, we contend, that if a man will try to get himself into that tone of mind, in which he shall not even in his secret heart wish this or any other doctrine of the New Testament otherwise stated than it is, he will be in a fair way for believing the canonicity of the Scriptures before us. Although one system has a tendency to make a man dislike portions of the New Testament, and another (the Catholic) to make him like them, yet we will allow that some men may admire more than they practice, even out of the Church; all we contend is, that when they do once fairly admire and reverence the higher rule of the New Testament, the deuterocanonical books will become more acceptable to them. For the fact is (and this brings us to our point) that these books approximate to the New Testament in several points ungrateful to men, in proportion as they are Protestants. Celibacy, almsgiving, and angelical ministrations, shall be selected in order to furnish some illustrations of such approximation to the New Testament in the books before us.

We take celibacy as a culminating point towards which several other excellencies, as it were, set their faces. In ancient times, the prevalence of it was often made a great note of the divinity of Christ's religion; the scattered cases of it among the heathen rather bore witness to the principle, than afforded a sufficient and practical illustration of it on a large scale. Out of the Church it is generally unpopular, probably from the entire absence of the grace which enables men to seek and keep to it. And in the same way widowhood and conjugal chastity which point in the direction of celibacy, and are naturally encouraged by those who encourage the latter, are less thought of and less prized out of the Church than within her. Nevertheless, both of these are highly commended in the New Testament; and so they are also in the deuterocanonical books. We may be wrong, but confess we cannot imagine a person who gives his unconstrained consent and admiration to the doctrines of the New Testament upon these points, not being in a fair way to admit the evidence for

the canonicity of the Scriptures before us. A few quotations from the latter shall be here put in juxtaposition with some from the former.

Tob. vi. 17. "Hi namque qui conjugium ita suscipiunt, ut Deum a se et a suâ mente excludant, et suæ libidini ita vacent, sicut equus et mulus quibus non est intellectus, habent potestatem dæmonium super eos. Tu autem cum acceperis eam, per tres dies continens esto ab eâ, et nihil aliud nisi orationibus vacabis cum eâ..... Transactâ autem tertia nocte accipies virginem cum timore Domini, amore filiorum magis quam libidine ductus, ut in semine Abrahæ benedictionem in filiis consequaris."

We will not urge that we have here St. Austin's doctrine of conjugal chastity, nor press upon our readers how much the whole book centres upon this passage: what we would rather contend is, that the angel from heaven, who here speaks to Tobias, does not teach any other doctrine than St. Paul when he says:

1 Cor. vii. 4, 5. "Vir sui corporis potestatem non habet sed mulier. Nolite fraudare invicem, nisi forte ex consensu ad tempus, ut vacetis orationi et iterum revertimini in idipsum, ne tentet vos Satanæ propter incontinentiam vestram."

It is plain that, with whatever differences, there is the same current of thought in these two passages—the same danger of being under Satan's dominion by unrestrained indulgence—and the same remedy of prayer is adverted to. In Judith we find also the doctrine of St. Paul and the practice of Anna in regard to widowhood fully anticipated. The bewailing of virginity, practised over Jephtha's daughter, may be taken as a type of the more ancient spirit (even if condemnation to perpetual virginity cannot be shown to be *the* punishment inflicted on her, as has been thought ere now); but this, so far from being a punishment to Judith, is mentioned as the very ground of her victory, (cap. xv. 11.) in spite of all the law says of the duty of the surviving kinsman to marry the widow and raise up seed to his brother. But to proceed with the comparison of texts—in Judith viii. 4. we read as follows:

"Erat autem Judith relicta ejus vidua jam annis tribus et mensibus sex. Et in superioribus domus suæ fecit sibi secretum cubiculum in quo cum puellis suis clausa morabatur; et habens super lumbos suos cilicium jejunabat omnibus diebus vitæ suæ præter Sabbata et neomenias et festa domus Israel. 1 Tim. v. 5. Quæ

autem vere vidua est et desolata, speret in Deum et instet obsecrationibus et orationibus nocte ac die".....and of those not truly widows, he says v. 13, "otiosæ discunt circuire domos, &c.," the very opposite this of Judith's "secretum cubiculum." The marrying of these false widows also contrasts forcibly with the account of Judith in xvi. 26: "Erat autem virtuti castitas adjuncta ita ut non cognosceret virum omnibus diebus vitæ suæ, ex quo defunctus est Manasses vir ejus."

We might add other passages, or even the whole history of Susanna, but we shall content ourselves with observing, that the books of Judith and Esther have a more recondite reference to the glories of virginity, if we look upon them as typical of the dignity of Mary. Why either one or the other should be in the canon, must, we have sometimes fancied, be a puzzle to Protestants: the Catholic Church presents us with a glorious being, whom they shadow out as clearly as Jonah does Christ. Deny the allegorical principle, and what business has the *history* of Jonah among the prophets? Admit it, and what can be clearer types of Mary than those who subdued the enemies of God's people, though women? Each, in their way, is a shadow of the "Virgo prudentissima" vanquishing the seed of the serpent.

With respect to almsgiving, it is hard not to say either too much or too little. The very great stress laid upon it in the book of Tobias would furnish room for endless comments; yet only imagine how sinful such passages would have seemed to certain persons, not altogether aliens to Luther's doctrines, if our Lord had not said, "Date eleemosynam, et ecce omnia munda sunt vobis;" yet how naturally does this fall in with the following passages: "Eleemosyna ab omni peccato et a morte liberat, et non patiatur animam ire in tenebras." Tob. iv. 11. (Compare Eccus. iii. 33, iv. 11, xiv. 13, xvii. 18, xxix. 15.) xii. 9: "Eleemosyna a morte liberat, et ipsa est quæ purgat peccata et facit invenire misericordiam et vitam æternam." Again, in iv. 10, it is said, as a reason for almsgiving, "Præmium bonum tibi thesaurizas in die necessitatis:" words which remind one of St. Paul's "facile tribuere, communicare, thesaurizare sibi fundamentum bonum in futurum, ut apprehendant veram vitam." On the whole a power is attributed, particularly in the book of Tobias, to works of mercy of all kinds, much as in the New Testament; the belief in which power gave birth to many

immense works of architecture in Catholic times, and has been expelled by the invasion of such Lutheran principles as pervade the very core of all forms of Protestantism in this country. Yet we insist that if the New Testament doctrine on works of mercy were reinstated fully in men's minds, it would prejudice them very strongly in favour of the books before us. We sometimes hope they are progressing towards such a reinstatement; but are afraid the spirit in which an eminent Anglican divine has builded a fine church at Leeds, is no proof that the belief common amongst Catholics in regard to almsgiving pervades any large number out of the Church. In other words, these last do not realize the New Testament teaching upon the point, and so feel an insuperable prejudice against the deuterocanonical books, which preach the doctrine of good works in a way not to be eluded or mistaken. How many out of the Church would, of their own accord, have written (what would flow so naturally from Catholic lips): "*Verumtamen quod superest, date eleemosynam et ecce omnia munda sunt vobis?*" May they prove more numerous than we suppose!

In regard to angelical ministration, again we find the belief and practice of the Church in all ages is such as to put the mind in a right mood for believing books, which uphold it, to be from God. We cannot find that the belief in guardian angels is at all a commonly received belief out of the Catholic Church in this country. It is not a staple part of the people's religion. How *can* it be, when they may not be invoked? when, in fact, the belief has no channel whatever to flow in? As well might you expect the doctrine of patron saints to be commonly received, as that of guardian angels! It is true, that such a doctrine would be resorted to as the key to certain passages in the New Testament: but that is quite a different thing from embodying it in daily invocations, and thus practically convincing the heart of it day by day. In the one case, a problem occasionally occurring is solved; in the other, faith is stayed up while evermore producing its daily fruit.

This being so, it is not to be expected that a book which treats so fully of angelical ministration as the book of Tobias, should commend itself a priori to the minds of Protestants and others as canonical. Yet it is certain that the New Testament says: "*Nonne omnes sunt ad-*

ministratorii spiritus in ministerium missi propter eos qui hæreditatem capient salutis?" (Heb. i. 14.) not to mention what our Lord says, Matt. xviii. 10; or other passages in the Apocalypse in particular. A person who fairly threw himself into the spirit of these passages, could hardly fail to be willing to receive the book of Tobias. And what we would assert is, that the Catholic Church teaches her children doctrines and practices which cannot fail to give them this willingness, the scope for which is to be found in many instances besides the few we have quoted. Prayers for the dead have been made an argument against the second book of Maccabees by those out of the Church; but the Church has always taught her children to use them, and so has put them in a fairer way for believing the canonicity of that book.*

Now, let it not be said—"This is all of a piece with the well-known cunning of your Church, to habituate people from their childhood to notions she can work up and turn to account afterwards. You teach them the doctrines of the Apocrypha from early youth, in order to make them believe those works canonical afterwards." This, though very proper, if we believe the doctrines ourselves, is not what we are here fighting for. What we urge is, that the Church turns the doctrines of the New Testament into a practical channel, and gives her children vehicles to keep

* The proof of these from the New Testament is not so obvious, though we think very satisfactory. We have no room to draw it out here, but the following outline will show that there are at least as many things which implicitly countenance the Church's teaching upon this subject, as upon infant baptism. (1.) It is quite clear from the New Testament, that the state of the dead admits of change for the better, not indeed a reverse of the state of reprobation into that of election, but an improvement in the state of the elect, an increase of their joy. If this were not so, Christ would not have preached to the spirits in prison, (for a strained interpretation of this by St. Austin in one passage is of no weight against the Church's teaching. See Petav. de Inc. xiii. 18. § 14.) nor would the martyrs, (Apoc. vi. 10.) pray for "gladios accipites ad faciendam vindictam in nationibus," (Ps. cxlix. 6.) if their state admitted of no improvement, or their joy of no increase. And it ought to be added, that the Fathers urged continually that a capacity for change in this sense of advance, was a characteristic of all creatures however high, and so distinguished them from God the Son. (2.) It is plainly supposed everywhere in the New Testament, that prayer may bring about the conversion of sinners. But the conversion of sinners increases the joy of angels; therefore prayer may increase the joy of the higher spiritual beings, and consequently a portion of the lower, who not having yet paid the uttermost farthing, may be in the same prison in which the spirits were to whom our Lord preached. If the Church should think ever so badly of this argument, those who go by the Bible only cannot well object to it, as it is no more "a forced interpretation" or "an over-refinement," than the proofs alleged commonly for infant baptism. As for those who go by the tradition of early ages, (if there really are any such,) let them put the teaching of all the Liturgies and holy Fathers into practice every day, and we shall believe them—and they will soon believe us.

them alive in; and by so doing incidentally *prejudices* them—to use the word in its Latin sense, as above—in favour of the deutero-canonical Scriptures; makes them, in fact, beings of such a nature as to be able to receive her testimony about them when it comes to be put before them. If other bodies had the grace to work the doctrines of the New Testament into men's life and practice, as she does, then they would have the faith to receive these books.

And here let it be observed, that we have been dealing with matters of practice rather than of doctrine, properly so called. St. Jerome is often quoted as an authority for regarding the books before us as incapable of proving any doctrine, as useful merely for instruction in life and manners. Of St. Jerome more will be said by and bye; but of this opinion let us ask, what it does come to? Instruction in life and manners is either authoritative or not: in either case it is idle to say, this is a right rule for you to act by, but you shall not be at liberty to reflect upon your action, and cast the rules you go by into a systematic form. As well might you say, you shall use the Lord's prayer if you please, but not argue from it for forgiveness of injuries. If, then, the rules of life deducible from the deutero-canonical Scriptures admit of a systematic statement, they involve doctrine upon practical matter. The Church wants a canon upon these points, as much as upon points of (what, for distinction's sake, we will call) speculative theology. The Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith is quite as conscious of the presence of an enemy when these Scriptures approach it, as the Catholic doctrines upon cognate subjects are of the presence of a friend. It is absolute nonsense, then, to contend, in the sense now-a-days contended for, that these Scriptures are a rule of life but not of doctrine; unless you are prepared to say, that they contain instruction on life in no other sense than a legend or pious novel might do. It is only eluding the question, whether they are authoritative instructors or no, which must be decided by appeal to the Church's teaching, and not by the opinion of a single doctor, even though as eminent as St. Jerome. Granting that they contain instruction in practical matters only, it will only establish an analogy between the structure of the canon and the growth of a body of doctrine in the Church. The earlier Scriptures and earlier doctors of the Church

are concerned mainly with questions on the Godhead; subsequent Scriptures and subsequent doctors deal more with the Incarnation and questions flowing from it; later still, both are concerned mainly with moral theology. Christ "pours out doctrine" in His Church, as He did prophecy of old—"Adhuc doctrinam quasi prophetiam effundam, et relinquam illam quærentibus sapientiam, et non desinam in progenies illorum usque in ævum sanctum." *Ecclus.* xxiv. 46.

But we will go further, and assert that there is much doctrine upon speculative points contained in these books. Indeed, we suspect 'the instruction in life' they give would not always be very acceptable out of the Church. When an untoward widow set up a prayer for the dead on a tombstone in the Isle of Wight, some years back, why might she not have read the book of Maccabees 'for instruction,' and followed it out? Simply because every Anglican felt a doctrine was involved—the Church of England was surprised, as a whole, to find there was no law against it. That body never taught it, and was surprised to find it might hold it. Like the proof mentioned in Aristotle, that a man knew a thing once because he has forgotten it now, so was Sir Herbert Jenner's judgment. No one can pray long for the dead, without feeling that purgatory is credible; and so the Church of England does not recommend praying at all. It feels that a doctrine uncongenial to its articles is involved in this practice, and so does not teach the poor to do it, while it tolerates learned disquisitions about it. But to illustrate the position that these Scriptures do contain doctrine, St. Paul says: "Fide Henoch translatus est ne videret mortem, et non inveniebatur quia transtulit eum Deus; ante translationem enim testimonium habuit *placuisse* Deo." *Ecclus.* xlv. 16. "Hench *placuit* Deo et translatus est in Paradisum," which seems almost quoted by St. Paul, who argues from the word *placuit*,* which does not appear in Genesis. Again, in Heb. i. 3, we have a plain allusion to Wisdom vii. 26; "especially if we compare the Greek texts together, in which (as Professor Vincenzi remarks, i. 22.) the same Greek words, taken

* This indeed occurs in the Septuagint, if that will mend matters for our opponents, and not rather commit them more hopelessly to their old enemy Tradition.

from the deutero-canonical Scriptures, are seen to be used in the New Testament." So, also, the opening of the book of Ecclesiasticus throws a light upon the passage of Proverbs viii. 22: "*Dominus creavit me in initio viarum suarum,*" (as it used to stand,) upon which the Arian controversy so much hinged; "*Prior omnium creata est sapientia,*" &c. all which favours that interpretation of the passage in Proverbs, which understood it of created wisdom, upon which much will be found in Petavius de Trin, ii. 2. Baruch iii. 36—8, was cited by almost every writer against the Arians. The notion of martyrdom as brought out in the books of Maccabees, might evidently be urged here as something new, and as paving the way for christianity. But these instances will suffice to show that doctrine upon speculative theology does occur in the deutero-canonical books: we give them merely as samples, and must leave it to those acquainted with the New Testament to read these books with honest intentions, and find fresh instances for which we have not room here. All we hope is, that we have given instances enough to show that, to a mind thoroughly imbued with New Testament doctrines, there will be, *a priori*, a probability that these books are from God, and a willingness to listen to the evidence for them. We may just add, that the language of some early Fathers—e. g., St. Justin Martyr, and St. Clement of Alexandria—seems to us to be drawn from the books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus. This is saying, in other words, that the Church's earliest essays at scientific language corresponded to the language of what we have tacitly assumed to be the ultimate preparation for the Gospel.

Let us now proceed to draw out the historical proof for the canonicity of these Scriptures, presuming that we have said enough to make it quite clear that there is such a thing as a right and a wrong mood for receiving that evidence.

We find, then, the same *kind* of evidence for these books as for the rest of Scripture: they are quoted by almost every Father of every Church in illustration and in proof of practical and of doctrinal matters, unless some disturbing cause, hereafter to be specified, interferes to prevent their being so quoted. There are not, otherwise, more occasional passages in the Fathers which tell against them than against other canonical books: they are more

quoted than some proto-canonical books, less quoted than others; e. g., Wisdom is more quoted than Esther, less than the Psalms, Ecclesiasticus is more quoted than Judges, less than Genesis. If there are no commentaries on these books by early writers, neither are there upon Proverbs; while St. Ambrose wrote, not exactly a commentary but, a treatise upon Tobias. They were translated as part of the Bible into Greek; and are found, as Walton notices in his *Prolegomena*, (cap. ix. § 29, p. 409, Dathe,) not collected together as in Protestant Bibles, but mixed with the other books of Scripture, as in Catholic, in all the oldest manuscripts. Hence, there is the highest probability that they at one time formed a portion of the Jewish canon, as they could not else have been thus incorporated with the Septuagint, unless we admit the monstrous assumption that some deuterocanonizing (sit verbo venia) Christian corrupted all the copies of the Septuagint, Jewish and Christian. But upon this subject we shall do well to quote from Professor Vincenzi, part ii. p. 29:

"If the authors of the deuterocanonical books were men of piety and sincerity, and clinging firmly to the laws of the Hebrews, (on which Signor V. had been speaking,) why deny to them divine revelation? Moses says to Joshua, when he asked him to repress the two elders who prophesied in the camp, 'Why art thou envious for me? would that all the people prophesied, and that the Lord would give them His Spirit.' The same answer would I make to my opponents. Singleness of mind, the honour due to God, the love of virtue make up, as I have observed, the substance of these Scriptures. Therein the unity of God is taught, charity to brethren everywhere commended, therein *guile, deceit, and lying* are repudiated, and in particular, every species of heathen practices, sacrifices to their gods, and idolatry are treated with utter scorn. Therefore we ought to confess that the writers of the same, imbued as they were with this holy doctrine, were divinely inspired, in the same way as the writers of proto-canonical Scriptures are said to have been."

We hear much of "the sublime morality" of the New Testament, as a proof of its inspiration; but fear those the professor is writing for will not allow us to urge this as he does—yet where does "the golden rule," "*omnia quæcunque vultis ut faciant vobis homines, et facite illis*," first occur in Scripture? In Tobias we read, "*Quod ab alio oderis fieri tibi, vide ne tu aliquando alteri facias*." iv. 16. But,

not to turn away from our more immediate purpose here, of course the chances are, that a writer would not use the sublime morality against lying and deceit which pervades these books, if he were palming off a fraud upon the Alexandrine Jews. And, by the way, it seems probable* that these Jews had a college in Jerusalem, which would serve to keep them in the orthodox path, somewhat as the Collegio Inglese might English Catholics, if disposed to err from it. But there was another safeguard, which our author notices soon after our last quotation:

"The Egyptian Hebrews had the proto-canonical Scriptures translated into Greek for their use, and there was in them sufficient information about their constitution and discipline. Now those writers would not have done their brethren any service by forging other books and doctrines, just the same as those daily read in the Synagogues.....It would have been rasher still to defile and corrupt by fictions and superadded falsehoods the divine proto-canonical Scriptures. Yet we find this was done [forsooth] by the Alexandrine writers, seeing that Baruch goes for one book with the prophet Jeremiah, and this is proved from the copies of the seventy, on the testimony of all the ancient fathers; the same may be said of the additions to Esther and Daniel, which Jerome allows were found in his time, inserted in the MSS. of the Septuagint in every part of the Church."

After some other observations upon the subject, Signor V. sums up in words we must not omit (p. 34.):

"From all these considerations, what farther inference are we to make? Surely that when the Greek Bible of the Septuagint was received and read in the synagogues of the Jews, that the deuterocanonical Scriptures were also inserted therein and read by them, and received and approved as divinely inspired like the proto-canonical books. For this must certainly be supposed.....in regard to those additions which are made to the diverse chapters of the book of Esther, in the same language and phrase and with perfect propriety; in regard to Baruch.....the Song of three Children, &c."

These additions are found in Theodotion, who made his version at the beginning of the second century, as the professor adds, and also in sundry early Fathers in east and west.

But, to pursue our statement: the Septuagint was

* See Landau, *Geist. u. Sprache der Hebr. füngte Vorlesung.*

translated very early into Latin; large fragments of the early version remain, and they include those of these books which were early cited as Scripture by the African fathers, in which part of the world this version probably was made. Greek and Latin takes in a large part of the Church "in its purest ages:" was she then suffered to be deluded everywhere by the idea that these books were canonical? Africa unfortunately committed itself in a council to a strong opinion on the subject, of which more presently. Let us flee to a remote corner, and see whether we cannot find some ancient Waldenses pure and undefiled by this sad and debasing opinion. Will Syria help us, wherein is Antioch, where Christians were first so called? We will hear what the professor has to say on this subject also. (Vol. i. p. 112.)

"We must now discuss whether the interpreter who made the Pechito, [or 'simple Syriac version'] was a Hebrew, originally a Jew, who had left Judaism and put on Christ, or a stiff-necked Israelite persisting in the laws of Moses. There are several arguments which go to prove that it was a Jew yet persevering in his hard-heartedness, who made the Syriac translation of the Old Testament. First, if the author of the Pechito had been a Christian, as the Syrian interpreter of the Gospels was, it is not at all likely that he would have neglected in this translation, the phraseology and idioms which characterize the Syriac language, without the meaning being thereby altered, the very thing which is found in the translation of the New Testament, inasmuch as it does combine all the proprieties of the Syriac language, without the arrangement or perspicuity of the inspired sentences being disturbed. A difference of this kind plainly existing between the Syrian interpreter of the Old and New Testament, is no slight evidence of a difference in their faith and doctrine. Besides.....it is certain that this doctrine of the authoritativeness of the Septuagint version, which was the received doctrine for three centuries in the Church of Christ, and defended by men the most versed in holy writ of the day, would have prevented any Christian from putting forward a new version of the Bible made from the Hebrew."

The professor also notices the universal prevalence of Greek, brought in (he might have added) by the Macedonians, the very clan in whose dialect we may almost say the Septuagint is written. St. Luke, St. Ignatius, Tatian, St. Chrysostome, Theodoret, and his master Theodorus, all wrote in Greek. From the latter our author cites a statement, that "receiving from the Apostles this

translation of the Seventy, all of us who from among the Gentiles have believed, have it and read it in the churches, and study it at home." Yet in this version the deutero-canonical books occur, and are quoted by most of the aforesaid authors. We will cite one of the professor's quotations from St. Ephrem rather more fully than he has given it, which we think Protestants will find to fall in a little more with our doctrines than with their views. It is printed at the end of vol. ii. of the *Opera Græca*, p. 401, in Syriac, and runs as follows:

"Be thou patient and I will bring thee Scripture texts if thou wilt. For at the third generation Moses quickened Reuben with his blessings, (Deut. 33.) If the dead are not holpen, how came the son of Amram to bless them? But if the departed have no feeling, hear the Apostle what he said: 'If the dead rise not, why are they baptized for them?' If the men of the house of Mattathias, who in mysteries kept to the established order of things, did, as ye have read, remit by their offerings the sins of those who fell in battle, and were heathenish in their deeds, how much more will the priests of the Son remit the sins of the dead by their offerings and the prayers of their mouths."

St. Augustine's words, in his *De Curâ Mortuorum*, may be fitly appended to this passage, to show that East and West agree in their application of the books of Maccabees:

"We read in the books of Maccabees, that a sacrifice was offered for the dead. But even if it were nowhere read of at all in the *ancient* Scriptures, the authority of the Universal Church, which is clearly in favour of this custom, is not small; and in the prayers of the priest, which are poured forth to the Lord God at his altar, the commendation of the dead to Him hath also its place."

We wonder that here, and in vol. iii. p. 160, Signor V. should have omitted the words מן דכתב "ab eo quod est Scriptura," or "Scripture texts," as we have rendered it, as they cast a most important light upon the whole passage. The meaning of the first quotation may be made clearer by the following words of St. Epiphanius, (vol. i. p. 26. a.) who is arguing against the Samaritan disbelief in a future state: "Moses also, in blessing Reuben, (τοὺς περὶ Ρουβὶμ) says, Let Reuben live and not die, thus blessing him who had died ever so long ago, that he might show that there is life after death, and the judgment of a second death unto condemnation. And on

this ground he lays two blessings upon him, meaning, 'let him live' in the resurrection, and 'let him not die' in the judgment, not speaking of death by liberation from the body, but of that by [final] condemnation." This, which is suggested by the Chaldee Paraphrase, "Let Reuben live in the life everlasting, and let him not die the second death," will explain St. Ephrem's meaning. The next quotation seems to mean, if the dead have no perception, are really no more, how comes the Apostle to speak of something which we can do, as done for them, and telling to their advantage? Of the drift of the last quotation there can be no doubt: all that we need call attention to is, its being quoted along with other proto-canonical Scriptures, in proof of a doctrine against which the heretic Acrius had raised doubts.

In vain, then, shall we expect to find in the Syrian Churches any countenance for the rejection of the deutero-canonical Scriptures. If men would keep to broad facts, and not fritter away their time (not to say their consciences) over minute objections, we have no hesitation in saying, that the testimony of the Church, as a whole, sets very strongly and decidedly in one direction from the first, and that direction is in favour of the Tridentine canon of Scripture. Much in the same way as the tendency of God's government, even in this world, is to favour virtue, and make the vicious miserable—notwithstanding some facts, which those who disrelish the idea of a superintending Providence, may magnify and distort, in order to distract those of a right mind from a belief therein—so is the tendency of the early Church, to say nothing of the later, to favour the Scriptures before us, whatever becomes of a few awkward appearances to the contrary. And it is a thing which cannot be too much insisted upon, that the evidence in favour of these books is upon the increase, while the awkward facts just mentioned are upon the decrease. The work we are reviewing offers some most remarkable additions to our resources upon either of these points, which we shall mention presently. Meantime, let us just sum up the evidence in favour of them already adduced, before we notice the increment to it with which our author supplies us, and before we go on to consider the evidence against them.

We have stated that they are quoted by almost all the Fathers—that they were, in all probability, a part of the

Jewish canon, till the Jews perceived that they were paving the way for Christianity, and dropped them—that they have not the evidence of single Fathers only, but of versions made for whole Churches, which (as Walton* very properly observed) is tantamount to the evidence of whole Churches in their favour; we have distinct evidence of their existence in Latin and Greek Bibles, from the first and strong probable evidence of their existence in a Jewish Syriac version, (the whole air of which version is not such as a Christian translator would have given to a version, either in regard to the idiom or the turn of certain phrases and expressions, these being such as no Christian would have given them,) we have the same internal evidence in their favour as for the other books, subject to the same drawbacks from *apparent* contradictions to previous or subsequent Scriptures; we have an incredible number of passages in which they anticipate, state at length, or pave the way for New Testament doctrines, or in which they involve and develop the statements of the other books of the Old Testament, or in which they are alluded to by the New Testament. And it might be added here, (though the professor meets the difficulty in another way, v. iii. p. 60.) that to object to these Scriptures as platonizing, is much the same thing as to object to the use of human language altogether. Some vehicle of revelation there must be: and therefore platonic language may as well be adopted as any other. If platonism be not Christianity, neither is Judaism; and yet the modes of expression, and even of thought, common to the latter, are made the vehicle of Christian revelation. In neither case will occasional resemblance prove an identity of system: such occasional resemblances of thought weigh for very little indeed, and those of language for far less. For this would only be to argue an identity of essence from a similarity of accidents.

* Prol. 196. His words are so remarkable as to be worth citing. ("Sensum verbi Dei) nemo melius explicare potest quam Ecclesia vera: cui sacrum hoc depositum Christus commisit: quæ per versiones varias genuinum ejus sensum quasi per manus traditum ab Apostolis, et ab Ecclesiarum rectoribus acceptum, fideliter posteris transmittit. Unde ejus vocem omnes sub pœnâ gravi audire tenentur, ut et ipsa sponso suo in omnibus auscultare debet. Si enim Commentaria virorum doctorum mul-conferunt ad Scripturæ intelligentiam, quæ idcirco in locis obscuris et dubiis omnes solent consulere: quanto magis conferunt Versiones antiquæ ubique receptæ, et ab Ecclesiâ approbatæ, quæ non unius vel plurium privatorum hominum, sed totius Ecclesiæ sensum et judicium nobis exhibent: præsertim cum multæ non nudæ sint versiones, sed in locis multis instar Paraphrasium, quæ loci sensum clarius explicant, ita ut pro pluribus commentariis versio unica inservire possit?"

But this evidence has, as we have said, a tendency to increase. It is well known that a council in Carthage under St. Augustine's influence, A.D. 397, sanctioned most, and probably all the books before us. This seems rather an important decision for a provincial council to come to. In those days men wanted *one* evidence, which we have, of the trustworthiness of the Church's decisions; and that evidence is the evidence afforded by a long series of successful conflicts and wise decisions against errors. Hence, if possible, they would be even more jealous than we are of the canon of Scripture, and more unwilling to make decisions about it without full authority to do so. Their reverence for the Church, on the other hand, was very great, which would produce a forwardness in rescinding its former decisions, and actually did produce an unwillingness to receive anything which looked like an addition to them, even when made by general councils. How then, it may be asked, does a provincial council, under a Father eminent for his reverence for Scripture and for tradition, come to have added to the Church's decrees a decision upon a point so very important? St. Augustine, surely, was no advocate for the rights of national Churches; nor was the African Church without domestic foes ready to carp at innovations. Professor Vincenzi has furnished us with a solution of these difficulties, by rendering it highly probable that this decree was a mere republication of a canon of the council of Nicæa. If this is so, there will be no difficulty in the matter: the whole Christian world revered that council; an African Church might safely republish its decrees without being suspected either of improving the canon of Scripture, or teaching the Church at large what to believe by a private tradition of its own. The words of the council are quoted by Signor Vincenzi (i. p. 176—8): "Furthermore, it hath seemed good, that beside the canonical Scriptures nothing be read in Church under the name of divine Scriptures. But the canonical Scriptures are Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Jesus son of Navè, the books of Judges and Ruth, the four books of Kings, the two books of Chronicles, Job, the Psalms of David, the five books of Solomon, the books of the twelve prophets, Isaias, Jeremias, Ezechiel, Daniel, Tobias, Judith, Esther, the two books of Esdras, the two books of the Maccabees." Then follow the books of the New Testament; at the end is

added: "Now let this be known unto our brother and fellow in the priesthood, Boniface, [not pope till A.D. 419.] and the other bishops in those parts, in confirmation of this canon, seeing we have received from our [or the] Fathers [a patribus] these as what are to be read in Churches." This canon, then, would be a repetition of that of another council in the time of Pope Siricius, A.D. 397; the 38th canon of which is upon the canonical Scriptures.

In the next page the professor notices a number of things which induce one to think that the Nicene council left more than the twenty canons now remaining, in the Greek copies of it. St. Jerome says, that he would put the book of Judith into his version, because the Council of Nicæa inserted it; therefore he knew of canons which are not in the present Greek. (*Præf. ad lib. Judith.*) St. Ambrose (*Epist. ad Vercellens. I. No. lxiii. § 64.*) mentions a canon of this same council against admitting to holy orders those who had been married twice, not contained in the present Greek text. The 48th canon of the council under Siricius, refers to the same authority as forbidding mass to be said after eating (*prandium*). Photius speaks of the acts of the council as consisting of three parts (*Cod. 88.*) Arabic authorities cited from Abraham Echellensis speak of forty books or canons. Bianchini* found in a MS. (B. thinks of the eighth century) at Rome a prohibition to read any but canonical Scripture in church, cited from Canon XXIV. of the Nicene Council (*Vindic. Can. Script. p. cccxi.*) The same Council of Carthage, as Bianchini noticed, in cap. iv. had declared its intention of beseeching Pope Boniface to let them have copies of the Nicene Council, and proceeding for the present with such copies as it had. In cap. v. Aurelius the bishop (St. Augustine) expresses his conviction of the necessity of sending the pope a full account of their proceedings. Cap. vii. expresses the assent

* Bianchini intended it seems to have discussed this question more fully. As it is, the note at the end of Can. 47, just quoted, is a plain anachronism, inasmuch as Boniface did not sit till after that time. Yet it attests a certain fact, viz. that they suspended their decree about the canon, till that of Nicæa was known. Harduin, *Concil. I. p. 968.* agrees with Bianchini, in thinking this Canon belonged to A. D. 419; perhaps was a repetition of it as our author suggests. See also Labbe ii. p. 1177. It is clear not only from the anachronism, but also from the next Canon 48, which speaks of Siricius as Pope, that there is some mistake: we have not access to Mansi. To the proofs of the existence of more Canons of Nicæa than we now have, should be added, the citation of one of its Canons, not in the Greek but in the Arabic, &c. *Hard. I. c. p. 469;* in the *Codex Can. Eccles. Afric. can. xviii.* This is a curious fact, even if that Codex may be of ever so little value.

of the council to all the decrees of the Council of Nicæa. Cap. ix. sets forth, that the council had guided its decisions by copies of the Nicene Council brought to them by Cœcilian their then bishop, who was at the Council of Nicæa, and yet declares their willingness to abide by the pope's copies, and reconsider matters on their arrival. Hence Bianchini thinks it pretty certain, upon putting together these statements with that of his MS., that the council only repeated, or rather defined more fully, the twenty-fourth canon of the first general council. Let it be observed how the evidence in this direction has kept increasing; it has a *tendency* to become demonstrative. It may be also observed, that a writer in the "Quarterly Review," (No. cliii. p. 64, upon Syriac MSS.) expects to find variations from the present Greek text of the councils, inasmuch as he hopes that the Syriac copies will give the Syrian account of what was said and done there. Whether this is a mere guess, from the fact that Abraham Echelensis published an Arabian account of the Council of Nicæa, or whether it rests on any (hitherto) slight inspection of the Syriac MS. we do not know: we shall see. Meanwhile, we mean to believe the Church whichever way these Syrians try to draw us, as they do not happen to be a "columna et firmamentum veritatis."

Of course it is quite possible that the external evidence for the Church's teaching on this point may seem to sway to and fro, just as that from science or chronology has done with regard to the Scriptures; but it is also possible that new facts may come to light tending to show that the Council of Nicæa agreed precisely with the Council of Trent upon this point: hitherto the tendency has been in this direction, and that is what we wish to draw notice to. Our author mentions other councils which confirm the decree of that of Carthage.—p. 184-5.

But it will be said, "in spite of all this arguing, there are some awkward facts which are not to be forgotten. No less a pope than St. Gregory the Great calls the books of Maccabees 'non canonicos,' (Mor. xi. § 34.) and though we are not so ignorant as to suppose that every word a pope ever says is held infallible, [this was written before he was pope,] still you must feel this an untoward passage. There was also a Council of Laodicea* in the

* This, we have been told, is quoted as proof in the Cambridge work, which illustrates the 39 articles from ancient sources.

fourth century, the canons whereof were confirmed by the sixth œcumenical council, of which canons the 60th contains a list of the books of Scripture, truly Protestant, unencumbered by your deutero-canonical books. Furthermore, St. Jerome, a favourite doctor of yours, and no friend to the venerable Vigilantius or Jovinian, &c., other founders of what you are pleased to style Protestant errors, an Italian by birth, and in favour with a pope, in correspondence with St. Austin, yet living in Palestine, so that all parts of the Christian world may be said to be represented by him, evinces an evident shyness for your popish canon, not to mention some stubborn expressions in your later ecclesiastical writers. What have you to say to all this?"

We will say boldly, that this evidence against these Scriptures (which is really nothing when weighed with the evidence for them,) has itself a tendency to vanish. Let us see then, like Joannes Gigantophontes in the ancient story, what we can make of these terrific monsters which threaten us with destruction. If we cannot slay them all, we will do our best at all events. Now St. Gregory was a great quoter of the rest of these Scriptures, and therefore his testimony will not prove enough for Protestant wants. We know also that St. Austin spoke of the books of Maccabees as books quos non Judæi, sed Ecclesia pro canonicis habet. (de C. D. xviii. 36.) St. Gregory then has to be reconciled with a preceding doctor whom he followed in many things, (see his Epistle to Eulogius, x. 39,) if he does not here agree with that doctor, and if in fact he has not the same distinction before his mind. Yet after all, we freely confess it is an awkward passage, but it is more awkward for Protestants to reconcile with St. Gregory's use of the other deutero-canonical Scriptures than for us to reconcile, isolated as it is, with the Church's usual teaching on the subject.

But the decree of a council is a more serious matter than a single passage in an author, even of the greatest estimation. The authority of the Council of Laodicea has been made to rest upon that of Trullo, which cannot be shown to be a general council, nor consequently shown to add much weight to that of Laodicea, the sixtieth canon of which omits the deutero-canonical books *except* Baruch. But it unfortunately happens that this sixtieth canon has every appearance of being a forgery. Professor Vincenzi

has done a great service in showing the strong evidence there is for assuming this to be so ; which, be it observed, will be a very marked case of the tendency such objections, as we are considering, have to vanish. They are like those quantities in algebraical geometry which approximate so closely to zero, that we may consider them as such for all practical purposes.

We shall not trouble our readers with a minute detail of the evidence, but content ourselves with a sketch of it, referring those who may wish for more accurate information to the book before us.—pp. 190—97.

Dionysius Exiguus, who lived at the close of the fifth century, and translated the councils into Latin, makes no mention of a sixtieth canon. In the next century, Martin, a Portuguese, who made a collection of councils, omits it also ; as also does John of Antioch who lived in the sixth century, and Isidorus Mercator in the eighth century, and Photius in the ninth, in their respective collections. Certain Syriac and Arabic MSS. collections in the Vatican, consulted by our author, equally ignore this canon. Besides other authorities leaning the same way, three ancient MSS. of councils omit the sixtieth canon. How then come Zonaras and Balsamon, collectors of the twelfth century, to put this canon in ? It contributes no little to the confirmation of the truth, (as was said of old,) to see clearly the origin of the error. The sixtieth canon occurs first in Zonaras according to our author (p. 195) ; and it is curious enough, that in another place Zonaras himself cites the fifty-ninth as deciding what books are to be read in churches, along with other authorities who give lists, e. g. the Pseudo-Athanasius. Here then is some reason for suspecting that Zonaras forged the list which is wanted in the aforesaid earlier authorities. Balsamon deserts Photius his usual guide here, and so one may suspect that he borrowed from Zonaras, the last editor of the councils before himself. They were both enemies of the Latin Church, which would be some kind of antecedent probability that they generated that, whereof there is no *à posteriori* proof of the existence of before their own time. "*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,*" is not a mode of arguing which will apply to times when written documents had long been common. We find something done at a certain time, and do not find it done before : we see two persons standing by, just the persons to have done it, and

from want of better evidence conclude that they did it. This, indeed, is not evidence enough to hang a man upon; but it would be enough for private individuals to rule their own conduct by. We might not like to hang a man for forgery upon such evidence if we were living in the times when that was the law; but, for all that, the deed he had forged would not be a very pleasant guarantee to us that we were entitled to such and such property. It had no proveable existence before, and if we were honest men, we should look on it as if it had no existence now. But men are not as wise and as honest, we are afraid, about things of the Church as about things of the world. The penalties for neglecting the right path in the one case are close at hand, while those for neglecting it in the other are far off: still these last are eternal.

The last *broad fact* we have to deal with, (and we wish most honestly to state that we do not consider every objection against, or every argument for, the Scriptures before us,) is the opposition made by St. Jerome to the reception of these books. Putting this opposition at its highest, all it will come to is this: that a single father, in spite of all the Church, and in spite of a decree of the Council of Nicæa, apparently known to him, from some cause or other, set his face against them, though he admitted that the Church everywhere used them. Now this, when put so, suggests two questions: 1. Why is St. Jerome, when giving an opinion against the rest of the Church, to go for so very much? 2. Is there really no way of explaining such a strange fact as this contempt for the Nicene decree and the practice of the whole Church? Rather than build an article of faith on such a strange fact, we should be prepared to admit a pretty torturing theory. If St. Jerome did not know the whole of the Nicene decree, then his opposition to the canon is of no more value than his opposition to the word *Hypostasis* (Epist. lib. i. 15.) as now applied to the Person of the Blessed Trinity; either objection was admissible enough before the Church had formed a definite opinion, either equally unimportant afterwards. But Professor Vincenzi has treated this subject as satisfactorily, we think, as he has that of the sixtieth canon of the Council of Laodicea; so we shall betake ourselves to him presently, after again reminding our readers that this will be another instance of the tendency of objections to vanish. As they vanish, of course

they do not leave things where they were, but add a positive testimony to the view the Church has taken of the matter: they go to strengthen our conviction of her supernatural wisdom, the substantial nature of what she rests on, and the unsubstantial character of what seems to oppose itself to her decisions.

Now, it so happens that there is a parallel and cognate case in which St. Jerome, if we go by isolated passages, seems to bid defiance to the whole Church. He seems as if he would throw the Septuagint entirely aside, whatever apostles, saints, and doctors choose to say. How much those who differ from the Church might make of this, if by any chance passages of the saint which led quite the other way had perished! It might have been said: "As for your proof of the canonicity of the Apocrypha from its being in the Septuagint, it is worth nothing. Jerome could not have been prepared to throw overboard with the Apocrypha, the Septuagint and every thing which bolstered it up, if the Church was your way of thinking in his day." But it happens that St. Jerome has defended himself against the charge of despising the Septuagint. (c. Ruff, p. 224 ed. Erasm.) and has inserted it along with his own translation in his commentaries, and is perpetually referring to it with the greatest deference. Yet his unguarded statements about it will almost cease to deserve being called unguarded, if we suppose him to be speaking with a definite object in view, viz. that of showing against the Jews that the doctrines of the New Testament admitted of proof from the Hebrew Scriptures. The New Testament itself addressed, as it was primarily, to Jews or those living amongst Jews, quotes directly from the Hebrew Scriptures in a majority of cases perhaps, which would be an authority for St. Jerome to go by, though it would not have sanctioned him had he rejected Ruth, Esther, the Canticles, or Nahum, which do not happen to be quoted in the New Testament.

The same theory (of St. Jerome having this definite object) which explains apparently unguarded statements in one case, will go a good way towards explaining them in the other, with which we are more immediately concerned. Professor Vincenzi indeed, however disinclined as all Catholics would be, to "accuse the Saint of any rashness," p. 38, yet cannot disguise from one that he feels these expressions rather unguarded: nor can we help allowing that

we feel with him; nor do we think ourselves obliged to keep from such admissions any more than to keep from smiling at some of St. Jerome's attempts at Hebrew analysis. Human virtue, as well as human knowledge, has points, in which it fails even with saints. St. Jerome's failings, as well as his extraordinary virtues and penances, may teach us humility: our knowledge of the latter will make us value his intercession, of which our consciousness of the former will not, we trust, at all tend to deprive us. Still we cannot but feel glad to be able to produce statements which qualify the harsher sounding passages to be found, we suppose, not only in our author, p. 35—8, but in most apologists for the Protestant Canon.

But to return to the former: after giving several passages, p. 38—40, in which St. Jerome speaks of the deuterocanonical Scriptures in the same terms of respect usual with most other Fathers, (which passages, however, are unclassified in the way we complained of above,) the Professor proceeds to contrast some passages, which a Protestant might have written, with their context, which a Protestant would not have written.

"With the *Hebrews* the book of Judith is read amongst the apocrypha,* and is looked upon as of less authority in confirming disputed points. This language the celebrated Doctor uses, not as expressing his own opinion, but that of the Jews, who rejected that book from their canon, and therefore he considers the task [of translating it] as beside his own purposes, and not satisfying his own object. He then proceeds as follows,—'But inasmuch as we have read that the Nicene Council reckoned this book to be in the number of the holy Scriptures, I have acceded to what you demand, not to say insist upon.' Then, after complaining of the interruption it would be to his studies, and stating that he should give the sense from the Chaldee text, St. Jerome proceeds, 'Take Judith, a widow, a pattern of chastity, and with praise beseeeming a triumph set forth her glories evermore. For it was not by women only but by men that He made this chastity capable of being imitated, who being the rewarder of chastity, gave her such virtue as should conquer one unconquered by all men, and overcome one hitherto insuperable.' Of Tobias he says,—'You insist on my translating into Latin a book written in Chaldee, which the Hebrews prune away from the catalogue of the divine Scriptures, and hand over to what they call hagiographa or apocrypha. I have satisfied your wish, but not what I am zealous of for myself. Arguments are also

* Others read hagiographa: see presently.

plied against us by the zeal of the Hebrews, and they charge us with making over to the ears of Latins a book not in their canon. But holding it better to put myself out of the good opinions of the Pharisees, and to be obedient to the commands of bishops, I have gone on as I have been able.' And again, (Ep. 120.) 'When we oppose to them, *Benedicit spiritus et animæ justorum Domino*, they do not admit it as Scripture, and say, It is not in the Hebrew.' "

Here St. Jerome is with the Catholic Church, and Protestants with his adversaries. Again, p. 43, Professor Vincenzi mentions that his objection to the history of Susanna seems based upon the fact that the words *πρίνον* and *σχίνον* names of two trees, sound alike in Greek, whereas no words for these trees of similar sound, can be adduced from the Hebrew: and from the fact, that the etymology of the Greek words also is alluded to. All St. Jerome says, is, "If this etymology could stand in the Hebrew, then we might admit the book as Scripture." This, which would be a strong objection in the eyes of Jews, if St. Jerome is contemplating them as we suppose, really deserves no better epithet than futile in the eyes of Christians. Imagine St. Jerome coolly giving up a book of the Canon, simply and solely because he could not see his way through a paronomasia,* which the Greek translator might have made to suit the Greek names he had given the trees as easily as not! However, in regard to the whole book, St. Jerome himself speaks of Africanus, who wrote on the Jewish side, as having had a learned epistle written against him by Origen; and complains of Ruffinus 'as a silly sycophant,' for accusing himself on account of his not answering what the Hebrews are wont to say against the stories of Susanna, and Bel and the Dragon. "*For I did not set forth, (he adds,) my own sentiments, but what they*

* Butler, (Analogy cap. 7.) has compared the difficulties in prophecy from our ignorance of history, to the difficulties in satirical writings from the same cause; in neither case do such difficulties prevent our seeing the general drift of the passage. To pursue this comparison: Voss's translation of Aristophanes, makes German paronomasiae, which are correlative to the Greek; so might the Greek translator of Susanna's history contrive to keep up the play on the words, by slightly altering the original idea, till it became correlative to the Greek words *σχίνος* and *πρίνος*, which are cognate with *χίλω* and *πρίλω*, "saw" and "slit." The professor gives some ingenious Chaldee parallels in vol. 3. p. 100. We would suggest that the Greek words which occur in Daniel, *συμφωνία* and *ψαλτήριον*, show that intercourse with Greeks was begun before that time. But we must leave this thought to others to follow out, and only add that we cannot think much of a mind which would settle now-a-days, *without reference to Jews*, that a book was not canonical by a trifling objection of this sort, to which, if we knew the whole of the case, there might be a most ample answer.

are in the habit of saying against us.....and inasmuch as I asserted that Porphyry had said much against this prophet.....he might as well accuse me for not having written in that short preface against the books of Porphyry."—p. 44, 45.

This last passage throws a light upon all the rest which cannot be fairly quoted, unless it is also quoted. St. Jerome, when pressed for his real reason, gives the very one which the other passages forcibly suggest, viz. that he wrote with reference to the Jews and with a desire to meet and refute them upon their own ground. Protestants, therefore, should admit either that St. Jerome is inconsistent and so of no great value to them in the controversy, or that he repented of his former language and wished to conform to the received opinions on the subject, or that he held throughout the same sentiments though at times he refrained from putting them forward from prudential motives. At all events, let them reflect what they would have felt if a single doctor had spoken in favour, say, of the Pope's supremacy, and all the others against it: let them do with Catholics, as (in this hypothetical case) they would be done by, and not make so much of this one or any other one doctor, when the leaning of the whole Church is plainly the other way.

We must quote one more passage from the work before us, and that will be from one which contains the concluding remarks upon St. Jerome.

"These Scriptures, though cut away by the Hebrews from their Canon, were read in all the Churches of Christ along with the other books, and that before his time, as the saint confesses, neither did any of the writers of his day nor of those who wrote just after his death, depreciate the divine authority of our books, or make the difference Jerome makes between the proto and deutero-canonical Scriptures, which our adversaries would have and actually state. And even if Jerome's bishops admitted his new version from the Hebrew, still they did not change the received list of divine books, or the ancient order in which they used to be read in the version of the seventy and the Latin, nor did they count any part of these as of less authority. And this we have good grounds for deciding from the letters of his friend Chromatius; from Augustine, who with the greatest veneration for his knowledge of the divine Scriptures and for his age, yet most stoutly maintained the divinity of these books before Jerome, and the heretics; from the council of Carthage, which received the whole of these Scriptures, with the suffrages of all and every of the bishops of Mauretania; from Pope

Innocent the first, who on this foot wrote to Exuperius of Toulouse, and settled the same canon of Scripture; from the bishops of the Spanish church, who seem to have been the first to receive the said Jerome's version, yet without making any revision (*animadversio*) of the Scriptures.....All this too happened in Jerome's life-time. From this then it is fair to conclude, that the saint formed a just opinion of the deuterocanonical books, and squared his sentiments on the subject to those of the Universal Church."

We might have indulged in many more quotations from the learned volumes before us, if we consulted our own fancy rather than our reader's patience. All we fear is, that we have not done them justice. Of the whole portion which treats of the evidence from authors after the five first centuries we have said hardly a syllable, although a great deal of much value is brought out in this chapter which treats of this evidence. pp. 198—226. So again the treatment of the parallelisms in the scriptures before us, in part ii. prop. 5, is a subject of no common interest. It is one among the many things which bear indirect witness to the Professor's wish to meet the difficulties of Anglicans: for the whole notion of parallelisms was, we believe, first and mainly worked out by two of their body, Drs. Louth and Jebb. But we must think of drawing this article to a close, and so refrain from panegyriizing many other parts of the work which struck us, and from commenting on the observations critical, historical, and theological, which are presented to us, upon the individual books of these scriptures.

We shall have fulfilled our promise at starting, as far as we are able at present to do so, if we add a few remarks upon the importance of having critical studies pursued by Catholics. In the greatest majority of cases, (we are afraid we must say it,) ignorance of such subjects in those who have really had fair opportunities, proceeds from the want of that anxiety for souls, which anxiety is often hinted at if not directly urged, as the excuse for neglecting all studies not absolutely enforced. Yet assuredly it must be allowed that there are a number of persons, who are capable of being, in some degree, influenced by arguments of a critical kind. You must know and enter into their system, in order to be able to answer their arguments directly: and indirectly, the possession of kindred knowledge always forms a point of attraction between those who possess it. Contemptible as knowledge is without goodness, and still

more in comparison of goodness, the sheer indolence which often prevents people from obtaining knowledge at a time when it is open to them to do so, cannot by any cleverness be shown to flow from goodness. The acquisition of solid critical knowledge really does require a great deal of irksome labour and consequent mental discipline, and though it is infinitely better to be able to pray well than to read with observation, there are people we fear who, with considerable opportunities, neglect the latter without thereby improving in the former. Diligence in study and an earnest desire to acquire all knowledge which may any way to contribute to attract or convert any class of men, are quite as imperative duties, it seems to us, in some states of life, as pains-taking exhortation, or unwearied ministration to penitents are to others.

If, moreover, a solid acquaintance with critical studies is necessary in order to combat those who either pursue them or are likely to be influenced by them; such knowledge is likely to be peculiarly useful in the hands of Catholics. Paradoxical as it will sound to some, we will hazard the assertion, that what is often called the spirit of dogmatism is absolutely necessary in order to make really solid advances in any branch of moral, metaphysical, or quasi-theological learning; such learning, for instance, as we are here speaking upon. Yet, surely, none but a Catholic can dogmatize with anything like consistency. He can stand and smile, so far as himself is concerned, at the fluctuations of the restless and ever-varying schools of criticism, because his faith is not dependant upon them, but upon the teaching of the Church. Yet this very independence may give him a greater power of handling critical questions with calmness, and sifting difficulties which cannot shake him, as they might a Protestant. He is bound in an age when criticism is in vogue among the learned, and through them influences the ignorant and even the poor, to arm himself against the misuse of it for the sake of others, provided he has time and opportunity for doing so. Nor can it be said with truth that it is of no good to himself: for while habits of accuracy and observation are more or less sure to follow upon such studies, the insight into the detail of scripture, (so to speak,) which they give, will be just as beneficial to a Catholic as it often is mischievous to a mere critic. The habits of reverence which the Catholic religion inspires,

alone enable the mind to inspect details without danger of becoming forgetful whose word is before it.

It may indeed be said that ecclesiastics in England have no time for such pursuits, and that therefore these observations are unmeaning. If it is true (as in most cases it perhaps is) that they have no time, or are occupied in other studies when they have, we of course can have no wish to quarrel with them. But we humbly suggest that where there is time for them, there must be also heart for them, and this must be acquired by diligence in early life, and a determination to get all knowledge then, which *may* turn to account afterwards. And who shall say what calls may be made upon him in after life in the present stirring of hearts towards the Church? Who shall say that the industry which diminished the number of the sins of a man's College life, might not also be the means of saving those souls by bringing them under the influence of the Sacraments and so of blotting out the remaining sins of his own which else would have been recorded against himself?

ART. V.—1. *Ausgewählte Werke von Heinrich Conscience, unter Mitwirkung der Verfasser, deutsch von Johann Wilhelm Wolf.* 12mo. I—IV. Bonn: 1846.

2.—*Flämische Still-leben; von Heinrich Conscience; aus dem Flämischen übersetzt, von Melchior Diepenbrock. Mit Holzschnitten.* 8vo. Regensburg: 1846.

3.—*Das Wunderjahr, (1566.) Historische Gemälde aus dem Sechszehnten Jahrhundert. Von Hendrik Conscience. Aus dem Flämischen treu übersetzt.* Regensburg: 1846.

4.—*Sketches from Flemish Life, in Three Tales, translated from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience, and illustrated with one hundred and thirty engravings on wood, from designs by Flemish artists.* London: 1846.

THE title prefixed to these pages, we make no doubt, will be a novelty to many of our readers, who are un-

prepared even for the existence of such a thing as an independent Flemish literature. We are so habituated to regard the Belgians as a purely practical people; to think of them as mere weavers or lace-makers; as carvers of wood or forgers of iron;—in a word, to identify them with manufactures and mechanical arts; that we find it difficult to imagine them rising above the concerns of every-day life, and deserting its active and engrossing duties for the dreamy speculations of literature, especially its more imaginative departments. In truth, little is known of them beyond the fact of their possessing a distinct and independent language, which is struggling to hold its ground among the people; but whether this language is represented in a distinct and independent national literature, few, we fancy, have taken the pains to reflect, much less to enquire.

At all events, the long list of works cited above, indicates a degree of literary activity in Belgium for which English readers generally are not likely to have been prepared. And yet these are but a few out of many works by a single writer, and that a very young man, only three or four years before the public.

The Flemish language is one of five dialects of German origin, which are spoken in the Netherlands. It is the prevailing language of the southern provinces, and is second in importance only to the Dutch, properly so called, from which it differs chiefly in its being more overlaid with words of a foreign origin, and in the substitution of nasal sounds for the guttural ones which characterize the Dutch dialect. Travelers in Belgium are apt to suppose that Flemish is the language universally spoken throughout that country. But the fact is, that Flemish is hardly found southward of Brussels; and it must be carefully distinguished from the Walloon, a spurious offshoot of French, which is spoken in Hennegau, Namur, Liege, and a part of Limburg. These rival dialects, though they are both found in the same province, and even in the same city, have never amalgamated in the slightest degree: the same antagonism existing between them which has subsisted from time immemorial between the two races which they represent.*

* It is remarkable too, that even in those parts of Belgium which were so long subject to foreign rule, both these dialects have equally maintained their ground. Thus the Flemish is still the language of the people, even to the very frontier of France, while the Walloon has held its place in Brabant, Hennegau, and

Few of the existing branches of the old Teutonic language can boast a higher antiquity than the Flemish. The songs of the prince-minstrel, Henry of Brabant, written about the middle of the thirteenth century, will bear a comparison with any of the existing remains of the minstrelsy of that age; and so well has the written dialect withstood the corrupting influence of time, that the very earliest fragments of the language which have been preserved, will be found easily intelligible at the present day. A wår-song, written on the defeat of the Normans in 885,* is substantially the same language which may be heard to this day in the street ballads of the southern cities and towns of Belgium.

But, although the Flemish writers are among the most ancient we possess, still many causes have combined to prevent Belgium from attaining to any considerable eminence in the literature of Europe. The literati of the Netherlands, in Holland, as well as in Belgium, retained for a longer period than their neighbours that prejudice in favour of the learned languages, and that distrust of the national dialect as a fitting medium for literary communication, which was the besetting sin of the northern nations during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The example of Erasmus, Lipsius, Grotius, and even Wytténbach, who all selected Latin as the language of their writings, was too generally imitated by writers of inferior note; and the number of foreigners resident in the universities of the Low Countries—as, for example, Vossius, Gronovius, Scaliger, Luzac, and Vorst—for whom, of course, this was a matter of necessity contributed to confirm and perpetuate the custom of writing in Latin, rather than in the native dialects.

The rapid advance, however, which took place in the language and literature of the Germans during the latter half of the last century, was not without its influence upon their neighbours in the Low Countries; and since the commencement of the present century, a new impulse has been given to the national spirit by the reaction consequent upon the subjection to the French domination. The most remarka-

especially in Liege, notwithstanding the close and intimate connection with Germany, and the influence of the German language and literature.

* A few verses of this interesting old relic, will be found in Roscoe's *Belgium*, p. 142.

ble leader of this national movement was one who is now a veteran in the cause, the learned and patriotic M. Willems. He commenced his career as a poet, and in the year 1811 obtained the prize at the national literary congress of Ghent. But his great merit in the eyes of his countrymen arises from his valuable contributions to the philology and the literary history of Belgium, both in itself, and in its relation to the kindred literature of Holland. Indeed, Willems is by some regarded as a martyr of his devotion to the cause of the Flemish language and literature. After the revolution of 1830, he was deprived for some years of an official appointment which he had previously held; and his removal was attributed by public report to the influence of a member of the government, with whom, before the revolution, he had maintained an animated controversy on the subject of the rights of the national language. His retirement, however, has not been without its advantages. He devoted his privacy to the publication of a most interesting collection of ancient popular ballads, accompanied by dissertations illustrative of their history, and since the year 1837 he has edited a quarterly journal devoted exclusively to subjects connected with the language, history, and antiquities of Belgium.

In his various efforts for the revival of the national literature, he has been warmly seconded by the Abbé David, professor of Flemish literature in the Catholic university of Louvain. This learned and zealous priest has collected around him a number of the young and enthusiastic members of the university, and has founded a national society, very analogous in its objects to our own Archæological and Celtic societies. He has also established, with the co-operation of his friend and pupil, the Abbé Bogaerts, a popular journal, similar in its object, though more varied in the subjects which it embraces, to the quarterly publication already referred to. It is upon the influence of a few journals such as these, and of a series of popular treatises, such as the *History of Belgium*, in which the Abbé David is also engaged, that the friends of native Belgian literature mainly rely for strengthening the feeling in favour of the national language, which had long ceased to be universal, especially among the younger generation.

But among all those who have joined hands for the restoration of the national language and the elevation of

the native literature, there is not one whose success can for a moment stand in comparison with that of the young but distinguished writer whose name stands at the head of this article—Hendrik Conscience. This remarkable young man, who, in the commencement of his career, served some years in the Belgian army as a volunteer, has devoted himself, since his return to private life, exclusively to literary pursuits. His earliest publication was a collection of poems (*Tafereelen**), which at once drew upon him the favourable notice of the public; but he seems not to have availed himself for several years of the popularity thus acquired, having applied himself for a considerable time to the pursuit of botany and horticulture, though he does not seem to have published anything upon the subject. Through the recommendation of an influential friend, he obtained the place of secretary to the Academy of Arts at Antwerp, and the time thus placed at his disposal has enabled him to give himself up without restraint to the course which talent, as well as disposition, seems to have marked out for him. It is upon his national tales and romances that his fame must rest.

Whatever may be the absolute value of these performances,—and it would not be generous to criticise too rigidly an infant literature—they at least entitle him to the credit not only of having founded a peculiar school, but even of having originated this species of composition among his countrymen. Before his time, historical romance was known in Belgium only through the medium of foreign publications; and the only pictures of life and manners accessible to the Flemish public, were those produced by the gross and seductive artists of France or of Germany. Above all, there was nothing, whether of native or of foreign manufacture, which would deserve the name of a national school of fiction. That school, so indispensable (at least, in these days of light-reading) for the very existence of a national literature, and for the formation of a national taste, it was reserved for Hendrik Conscience to establish.

Indeed, his first historical romance, “*The Year of Wonders*,” (1566.) has but little beyond a strong and ardent spirit of nationality and a vigorous descriptive style to

* Of this collection we can only speak by report, not having been able to procure a copy. The other works of the author are known mainly through the German translation.

recommend it. To delicate delineation of character, to profound philosophy, to tenderness, or pathos, or sentiment, it makes no pretension. The tale is founded upon the story of the national struggle against Spanish domination, the well known poetry of *Les Gueux*; and except a few scenes, which are overlaid rather than inwrought in the narrative, and one or two characters, palpably introduced for the purpose of effect, it is little more than a history of the popular uprising against the wanton cruelty and indignities, under which the hardy Flemings had for years been groaning. But there is a warmth and vigour in the style, a straightforward earnestness in the expression, a brilliancy in the description, and a fervid and indignant spirit of nationality pervading all, which went straight to the hearts of his countrymen, and in which all alike, and without exception, the illiterate and the learned, were capable of sympathizing. And although the general arrangement of the plot is defective, and the parts are loosely and imperfectly put together, yet there are individual sketches and descriptions which gave promise of powers fully equal to the reputation which he has since attained. The struggle between patriotism and religion in the character of young Lodewyk is depicted with great truthfulness and skill; the ruffian Valdez, though not an original, is yet a bold and vigorous conception; and we have seldom met a more charming picture than the aged and venerable Father Francis.

The *Wunderjahr* was followed by a more voluminous, and, in every way, more elaborate tale, "The Lion of Flanders." Like its predecessor, it is a purely historical romance, and, as the title will indicate, a romance illustrative of Flemish history. The story is founded upon the memorable war in the close of the thirteenth century, in which the cities of Flanders overthrew the armies of Philip the Fair, and shook off the oppressive yoke of France. The principal hero, from whom the story takes its name, is Robert, surnamed "The Lion of Flanders," son of the ill-fated Count Guy of Flanders. But the main interest of the tale rests partly upon the fortunes of Count Robert's daughter and her lover, Adolphus van Nieuwland; partly upon two humble heroes, Deconinck and Breydel, the great leaders of the citizen soldiery of Bruges, and the representatives of the Flemish burgher-class in the middle age. Upon these—especially the former—the author has

exerted all his skill; and it is not hard to see that his sympathies went hand in hand with his imagination in the execution of the sketch. Nothing could be more opposite than the two characters: one all impetuosity and ardour, the mere creature of impulse, in whom patriotism is an instinct, or, at all events, an engrossing and absorbing passion; the other, an impersonation of counsel and calmness—cold, calculating, and passionless, yet equally devoted to his country, and equally forgetful of self in this sacred cause. With these pictures before our eyes, we can well understand the enthusiasm with which this work was received by a people in whose mind the idea of nationality is so boldly and so deeply impressed, but who for years had found no voice to express, and no painter to clothe, it in the forms of life and reality.

But a still surer source of Conscience's popularity, a still more powerful instrument in the great literary revival which he seeks to effect, are the "Sketches of Flemish Life," to which of later years he has devoted his prolific pen. With some of these the charming little volume of translations published by the Messrs. Longman, has, perhaps, made our readers already familiar; but the volume contains only a few out of a large collection, if not all equal in merit, yet all in a greater or less degree characteristic both of the writer and of the people.

Demoralizing and every way prejudicial, as indiscriminate or excessive indulgence in what is technically called "light reading" unquestionably must be, yet we believe that the department of fiction is one which not even the severest moralist would venture to proscribe without mercy, and hand over to the exclusive use of those who would employ it for no higher purpose than the mere amusement of an idle hour, or even for more questionable and dangerous excitement. Among all the various classes of novels upon which, if treated by a skilful hand, we should be disposed to rely as instruments of good and as organs of useful and practical instruction, by far the most important is the Domestic Novel, whose interest scarcely extends beyond the quiet circle of the home fireside. To take our own novels as an example; we are sure there are few who will not agree with us in regarding our countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, as among the most powerfully instructive writers of the day; and though we never take up her works without deploring the utter avoidance of religious

teaching which she has seemingly prescribed to herself as a rule, yet we feel that it would be difficult to inculcate mere abstract morality, such as she *does* profess to teach, in a manner at once so interesting and so attractive. This class of novel is almost unknown outside of our own literature. If we except Madame Guizot's delightful little sketches, (which, however, are open to the same objection as those of Miss Edgeworth,) we know absolutely nothing in French literature of this character; German literature is almost equally barren; and the secret of Miss Bremer's success in her popular Swedish Tales, is the spirit and skill with which she has taken possession of this new and untried sphere, and the truthfulness with which she has depicted the quiet every-day life of her native land.

The Flemish novelist has wisely followed in the same track; though, at least in the works hitherto published, his pretensions are much less aspiring. None of the tales now before us aims at anything higher than a light and desultory sketch; but they exhibit a degree of vigour and truth which give promise of complete success, even in the highest departments of fiction. We shall give a few specimens of the author's style and manner.

The first of the three tales comprised in the pretty volume before us is entitled "Siska van Roosemael." It is a thoroughly Flemish story; and besides a great many excellent moral lessons incidentally conveyed, is intended to hold up to contempt that silly affectation of French manners and French frivolity which is fast undermining the good old habits of genuine Flemish life.

We shall commence with the opening paragraph, (which is unmistakably of native manufacture,) and allow the story to develop itself:

"Not many years ago, you might have seen in one of the streets behind the green church-yard of Antwerp, a famous old grocer's shop, which through many generations had descended from father to son, and always been conspicuous for good wares and low prices. The last proprietor of the shop was James Van Roosemael, son of Frank, son of Charles, son of Gaspard Van Roosemael, and had married Siska Pot, a descendant of the famous Peter Pot, whose name is still to be met in the two Peter-Pot-Streets.

This wedded pair, trained from early youth to a life of industry, and now unremittingly busied with their small trade, had never found time to take part in the progress of modern civilization; or in other words, to *Frenchify* themselves. Their dress, made of stout

cloth, was plain, and hardly ever changed its cut: they merely distinguished working dress, Sunday dress, and Easter dress. The latter was never taken from the cupboard, but on the great holidays, and when the Van Roosemaels took the Holy Communion, or were invited by friends as god-parents or marriage-guests. It was easily to be seen that the simple people of the old Flemish world in their quaint though valuable dress, looked rather strangely if compared with many a beau, who for a few francs had decked himself out in a fine showy dress, and would, in passing, regard the Van Roosemaels with disdain. But they did not mind it, and thought, 'Every man has his own point to gain—you the shadow, we the substance.' They were sufficiently uneducated not to know that gentlefolks do not dine at noon; and they therefore were vulgar enough to sit down to dinner when the clock struck twelve; yea, more, they never forgot to say grace both before and after dinner. But there were other imperfections with which they ought to be charged; for instance, they did not understand a word of French, and had never felt the want of this accomplishment; they were religious, industrious, humble, and above all peaceable. But the height of their stupidity was, that they in their Flemish simplicity considered it better every day to lay by an honest stiver, than by lies and fraud to amass such riches in a few years, that all the world should exclaim in astonishment, 'In what hole did the rat find it?' In a word, they were Flemish burghers of the old school."—pp. 1—4.

The object, then, of the tale is to tell, "how it is that the famous shop of a hundred years' standing is now closed. What mishap befel Van Roosemael's vats, boxes, flasks, pots, and pitchers, and transferred them to the broker's shop?"

All this, reader, and more, occurred through the blighting influence of the *Gallo-mania*—a silly desire to affect "the apish tricks of French politesse."

"The old Van Roosemael had a young daughter called Siska, after her mother, of the age of fifteen, tall and slender for her years, with handsome figure and features, fair hair and blue eyes—a genuine, charming Brabantish child. She had been educated at a common town school, knew her native language, besides arithmetic, and all that sort of work which a good burgher's wife ought to understand, if it be only to know something more about domestic management than her servant. Like her parents she was simple, pious, obedient, affectionate; not boisterous, idle, or self-willed, but in every way calculated to maintain, with the man she should marry, the honour and renown of the house of her ancestors, and to carry on the famous grocery shop."—pp. 4—5.

This daughter is, of course, the pride and the idol of her mother's heart; and, unhappily for the peace of all the parties, this motherly pride takes a wrong direction. The Roosemaels' near neighbour, a master shoemaker, named Spinael, is induced by the hope of making a rapid fortune to give up his quiet old-world shop, and to open a splendid new French *magazin*; and carrying out the change through all the details of life, he adopts the extreme of the French *mode*, appearing "in a paletot of chequered cloth, drab-coloured trousers, and white waistcoat, with a mosaic gold chain, to which a watch or eye-glass was supposed to be attached." His son, John, is metamorphosed into Monsieur Jules, and Theresa, his daughter, becomes Mademoiselle Hortense; both being sent abroad to acquire the "French polish," Jules to a Parisian *établissement*, and Hortense to a fashionable French *pension*. As for Spinael himself, he has his red whiskers died a beautiful black; his hair is artificially dressed like the wax figures in barbers' windows; he withdraws his name from the "confraternity of our Blessed Lady;" and pleads that it is "not to be expected of a man like him to follow the procession, taper in hand!"

Mademoiselle Hortense returns from the pension, all grace, and fashion, and elegance; and it soon becomes apparent to poor Dame Roosemael that, thanks to those French advantages, "her own Siska makes little show beside the dashing shoemaker's daughter." She resolves, and persuades her husband into the same resolution, to send Siska to the *pension*, first, however, asking the approval of the confidential friend and adviser of the family, Doctor Pelkmans, a genuine Fleming, but yet free from all unreasonable prejudice. The doctor remonstrates against the project of the pension, but, as might be supposed, without convincing the worthy dame.

"She did not give way, but exclaimed: 'You are exaggerating, doctor; I know well that you bear a great hatred to every thing French; but we are of the old world, friend. It wont do now-a-days.'

"'Mrs. Van Roosemael,' said the doctor, 'you wont understand me. It is not my intention to hinder any body from acquiring foreign languages: this you may see in the case of my own son Lewis, who is now at the university. Does he not understand French? I should say so; and a good deal better than the young ignoramuses who turn Therese Spinael's head, and dazzle your eyes

so very much. Do not look at me, madam, with such an air of defiance. Yes, they are ignoramuses ; for what does their knowledge consist in ? Some French sentences picked up in the street, which they often bungle lamentably enough. They do not know their native language ; and they are ignorant of the very names of the most useful sciences. All their learning consists in French wind ; in words and phrases which they now and then pick up in newspapers and novels. These they concoct into empty idle talk, and palm it on the uninformed for French cultivation. But you really make me quite angry ; we are wandering from the point. Let us come to an understanding. I will tell you, and mark my words ! There are no doubt good educational establishments, but there are far more bad than good ones. The good ones are those conducted by ladies, who, conscious of the holiness of their calling, have a better end in view, than to give to their charges a shining worldly varnish, at the expense of their piety and morals ; where the teachers assiduously co-operate and watch incessantly to guard against the poison of temptation, and to combat vanity and frivolity ; where there is a due appreciation of the good qualities that have their root in a patriotic sentiment, and a perception of the danger of giving up this pure ground to foreign influence ; in a word, where they do not wish to form fashionable ladies, but good and useful housewives. If you should now propose to send your Siska to such an establishment, I should be the last to object ; on the contrary, I should be very glad of it."

The father joins the doctor, but in the end, of course, the lady prevails, and Siska is sent to the French pension. And lo! here is the result. Mrs. Van Roosemael goes to the railway station to meet her daughter on her return.

"Ha! there the roaring train is coming up: from all sides the officials rush forward out of corners, nooks, and warehouses. The iron voice of the monster engine changed the silent station into a bustling field, and amid shouts and cries, the machine stops. Now that the happy moment of meeting approaches, the maternal heart beats louder. The old lady stands at the entrance of the terminus and scrutinizes the features of all the females as they pass by. Already the carriages are driving to the town; one after the other the heavy omnibuses join them, and in less than a few minutes the iron horse is stabled, the servants returned into their dens, the travellers vanished, and the silence of death restored. Mother Van Roosemael sees the gates close; deep sorrow is swelling her heart; a painful sigh escapes from her bosom; she has not seen her dear Siska: still she remains, as if a secret power fixed her to the gate; and long would she perhaps have remained there, lost in sad meditation, if she had not seen at a little distance a young lady standing near a cab, in the attitude of one who was waiting for somebody.

"Could she be her Siska? Impossible! She is a young lady of quality; her splendid silk gown leaves bare a great part of her neck; a gauze shawl, to be sure, seems intended to cover, but does not conceal it; at each movement long ringlets are dancing round her cheeks; from her costly bonnet a grand plume of feathers is waving; her hand holds a pretty little parasol; a score of boxes of various shapes and sizes, and two large trunks, are piled at her feet. That is not Siska!

"Such are the observations which Mother Van Roosemael is making, and the thought that creeps into her afflicted mind. Suddenly the young lady makes a sign of impatience in the direction of the matron, and, in doing so, shows her features more distinctly. Yes, it is Siska: and look! the old stiff mother jumps towards her like a young girl; tears gush from her eyes, a smile brightens her features, she opens her arms, and ejaculates with touching joy, 'Oh, Siska, my child!'

"But it seems that the young lady is ashamed of the name Siska, [she had become Mademoiselle Eudoxie at the pension, she blushes.] But the blush soon passes over, and she takes two steps up to her mother, who tries to throw both arms round the neck of her child. But see! the Frenchified daughter will not make a scene for the spectators; she seizes the hands of her mother, holds them, and by this means prevents the embrace. Then she says, 'Good-day, mamma; how do you do? and how is papa? Take care, you will tread upon my boxes. I have been waiting here for you the last half hour.'

"Under different circumstances, such frigid, heartless words might have passed unnoticed; but in the present moment they pierced like so many daggers, the loving heart of the mother. And was this, in truth, the language she was entitled to expect from her Siska after a separation of a whole year? Not a single kiss, not one pressure of the hand for her who, to comply with Siska's will, had for three long years lived in discord with her good husband?—for her who had founded all her hopes on the love of her only child? How must this formal behaviour have pained her! The poor old lady with both hands covered her eyes, and burst into bitter tears!"—*pp.* 58—61.

The poor girl's heart, however, is not yet quite dead. She could not bear the sight of her mother's tears. She throws her arms around her neck, and makes her once more happy by a warm and cordial embrace. But, alas! her better feelings are not proof against the petty vanity which every step in her French training had tended to foster. She was evidently ashamed of her unfashionable companion, though that companion was her mother.

"At the milkmarket, a young gentleman accosted her with

smiling face, and with such an air of intimacy, that one might have thought they were brother and sister. Mrs. Van Roosemael opened her eyes as wide as possible, to see if she could recognise the young man; in vain—she never had seen him before. But he was not at all disconcerted by the piercing glance of the mother, but stepped close up to Siska, and said, with pinched lips, in French, 'Ah! bon jour, Mademoiselle Eudoxie! So you have left the pension? Antwerp will now have the felicity of possessing so bewitching a creature within its walls! Verily, a precious gain for us poor young men, who are bemoaning the scarcity of such a union of attractions!' On this, Siska, casting a loving glance upon him from beneath her eyelashes, and at the same time assuming an appearance of confusion, replied, 'You are in jest, Mr. George! But how is your sister Clotilda?' 'Oh, very well indeed,' said the young gentleman with a great deal of indifference; then, with an ironical expression in his features, and pointing to the old lady, he said, 'Is this your servant?'

"This question made Siska colour all over. She was ashamed of her good mother, the Frenchified doll! Her confusion lasted some time; and at last, with great embarrassment and unwillingness, she replied, 'No; she is my mother!'

"'Ah! indeed!' the young man exclaimed! and, turning to the mother, he bowed stiffly, and said, 'Will you permit me to make you my compliments, Madame Van Rosmal! You have got a charming daughter!'

"The old lady did not understand him, but she saw clearly enough what was going on, and that she was the subject of his impudent mockery. She nevertheless returned his bow by a movement of her head. The young man took his leave, with these words to Siska, 'Poor woman! she is quite right in sheltering you under her wide cloak. There are so many of us who have a great mind to steal you. *Au revoir, Mademoiselle Eudoxie.*'—pp. 65—67.

From the moment of her return, the young lady sets about a thorough reform of the old-fashioned Flemish household; and it will hardly be matter of surprise that she succeeds. What could be better than the following?

"How could she dine before three o'clock? Had she the stomach of a peasant? At this declaration the father grew angry, the mother grieved, because all their lifetime they had dined at this their wonted hour, and were afraid of a change which would entirely upset their arrangements for the day. Siska became sulky, and looked sour; but there was no help for it. Her father showed himself inexorable on this matter. Siska wept until her eyes were red; this, too, was of no avail, although the fond mother, from mere pity, now supported her. Then Siska began to swoon; she fell into violent hysterics, and behaved as though about to leave the world.

A Frenchified physician, expert in the capricious maladies of highly-educated ladies, knew how to narrate so many horrors, caused by exciting the weak nerves of the female sex, that the frightened parents at last resolved to change their hour of dining. Often did they now endure craving hunger, as, regularly rising at four or five o'clock in the morning, they had to pass so many hours, whilst the lazy, comfort-loving Siska, never made her appearance before nine o'clock.

"And then the kitchen—what miserable cookery! Nothing but potatoes, and cabbage, and beef boiled or roast: always the same. Siska, of late, feels so very weak, so very poorly! She must have a pigeon or a roast fowl; such things will be a relish, and agree better with her. Her pockets are always full of peppermint and lemon lozenges; and not without reason, for the poor child has got so many different aches—stomach-ache, heart-ache, head-ache, nervous-ache, ache everywhere. Alas, poor Siska!"—*pp. 75, 76.*

The six o'clock morning mass then became too much for her delicate nerves; the high mass was too tedious, and caused her cold feet upon the stone pavement; till, at last, her devotions are restricted to the mid-day mass, where she has full opportunity of studying the toilette of her neighbours, and of displaying her own.

The next step in the reform is to make her mother presentable to her genteel acquaintances.

"And see! she has forced her mother to exchange her laced cap for a silk bonnet, and to wear lace-boots, otherwise she must decline showing herself anywhere with her in public. But how unhappy Mother Van Roosemael looks in her new head-dress! It frets her ears perpetually, for she is not accustomed to the rustling of the stiff bonnet lining; and more than this, she can scarce advance three steps without making movements with her lace-boots like one entangled in a noose, so averse are the laces to make acquaintance with her feet. Poor woman! her neighbours laugh while she is perspiring from vexation, and for very shame could sink into the earth. But forget not the beautiful source of her patience; it is the mother's love enduring all things for her child."—*pp. 77, 78.*

But the great stronghold of old-world ideas is still to be stormed: the old shop is as old and as old-fashioned as ever. How can the fine lady endure such an odious concern? She assails it in every way; but the old man is proof against all her efforts. The old place had too many holds upon his affections to be abandoned even for the sake of his darling daughter. Who will not enter into these simple feelings?

"Behind the counter Van Roosemael had grown up ; yonder the chair stood upon which his mother had nursed him ; that gaily-painted jar, and that japanned box, he had smiled at before he could speak. There was no crack, no mark, which did not awaken some fond juvenile recollections. With regard to that broken china pot, his father had given it to him a day before his death, with so striking an admonition on economy, that it was even now indelibly impressed on his memory. The black spots on that green cask yonder came from his own little hands, because that was the cask from which his mother had frequently given him a piece of sugar ; and the child, therefore, had been in the habit of patting and caressing it. Yonder, on that table, the initials 'J. S.' are cut ; they mean John and Siska, and are in commemoration of his first and only love. In short, this shop was the place of his birth—his world ; everything in it was a part of himself, of his very life."—*pp.* 79, 80.

But the well-known proverb was doomed to fulfilment. After a long series of attacks and resistance, the point was carried at last. The fatal permission was uttered by the brave-hearted old man ; but the sacrifice of all his cherished associations cost him dearly. He began "to pine away ; became pale and weak, and was apparently tottering into his grave under some unknown disease. Siska often shook like a willow when the flashing eye of her old father caught her own, but he did not speak, the broken-hearted man ; he stared motionless at the workmen who were busy knocking the old shop down. All his dearest recollections he saw destroyed ; and in proportion as they were vanishing under the breath of the painter, his breath and his life grew shorter. The simple shop was very soon transformed into a magnificent warehouse : everything glittered with golden ornaments ; the counter was ornamented with little angels that ground coffee, smoked cigars, or weighed tobacco ; the window-panes were as large as mirrors, and covered with French inscriptions, lighted with gas lamps. A shopman and an assistant stood behind the counter with folded arms ; and Siska, or rather Mademoiselle Eudoxie van Rosmal, was sitting on a little elevation near the window, and read French novels."

Meanwhile, the affairs of their neighbours, the Spinaels, had been utterly destroyed. The old man had been ruined, insulted, and at last deserted by his French-trained children ; and, in the end, had been driven to seek the charitable assistance of his old friend Van Roosemael, whom he had despised in the days of his new-fledged splendour.

The recollection of all this misery, occasioned by the very course which he now saw taken by his infatuated daughter, was constantly present to his mind; he sickened, and pined away; and at last the wretched girl is startled from her dream of vanity and extravagance by the fearful announcement, "Your father is dying, degenerate child, and you have murdered him."

The conclusion of the tale may be readily imagined; but it would not be easy to do justice to the simple pathos of the author's narrative—Siska's despairing grief, her self-reproaches, her self-torturings—the father's tenderness, and sorrow, and gentle pity for his erring but repentant child. We can only make room for the closing paragraphs.

"The shop of a hundred years standing is now shut up. Mother and daughter lead a life of solitude and repentance; with horror they think of the cause of their misery, and to the litany they add the significant prayer 'from the French degeneracy, deliver us O Lord.'

"'I venture to hope, indulgent reader,' adds Hendrik Conscience in conclusion, 'that this true narrative may have engaged your attention; and you are perhaps anxious to see Siska?'

"Well, then, if such be your desire, go on a Friday morning, at about six o'clock, or perhaps a little later, to the church of the Dominicans; open the door on the right, and walk through the old churchyard as far as the Mount Calvary and the vaults where are represented the torments of the souls in purgatory. There you will see a young woman kneeling, wrapped in a dark cloak, and her face covered by a veil. If you look attentively, you will observe the beads of a rosary gliding through her fingers, and now and then hear a sigh rising from under the veil as from a contrite spirit. She kneels, however, motionless, and, in the twilight of the chapel, will appear to you like a statue.

"If, then, you see her rising and pressing a fervent kiss upon the hand of the beseeching image of a tormented sinner that is placed there, and slowly leaving the vaults without having observed you, then you may boldly assert that you saw Siska Van Roosemael."

Another of the sketches, "A Painter's Progress," displays perhaps still more clearly the versatility of the author's powers. The story is so extremely slight, that we scarcely think it necessary to detail it; but it is made the thread on which to hang an infinite variety of pathos, humour, and philosophy; and it possesses an entirely independent interest as being founded upon the actual history of an eminent Belgian artist still living. To enable the

reader to understand the following extract, it will be enough to say that Frank, the young aspirant after fame, is the child of humble parents, who, by a series of lucky adventures, described with great cleverness and humour, have contrived to place him at the Academy; and after his successful career in that institution, have made an effort, at almost incredible personal sacrifices, to establish him as a painter in his native city. For a time, the generosity of a kind patron enables him to struggle on against poverty and the thousand difficulties which beset the opening of a young artist's career; but unhappily he is prevailed upon, against his better judgment, to send an imperfect and ill-executed picture to the exhibition, and his first failure becomes almost an insuperable obstacle to his after success with the public. He struggles on, nevertheless; but, while fortune is still adverse, his father by an unlucky accident is so disabled as to be incapacitated from following his trade, and to complete his misery, his patron, Baron de Pret, suddenly dies. At this point we shall allow the author to tell his own story; and though the extract must be a long one, we are sure it will need no apology.

"At the funeral of the Baron, an humble vehicle followed the procession afar off. Arrived at the burial ground, three persons alighted from the poor conveyance. They turned into a by-lane near the cemetery, and did not show themselves during the ceremony. But when all was over, and the splendid carriages were returning in speed with all the mourners to the town, three persons were seen entering the churchyard with slow steps. It was Frank, his aged grandmother leaning on his arm, and supported by his mother on the other side. Nobody saw them, all was still in the cemetery, and the greatest silence prevailed around.

"Do you mark them all three; their eyes red with tears, their breath choked by the agony of grief, approaching a mound of newly dug up earth. There rests the man who did good by stealth. Oh, say not that virtue is not rewarded, not honoured! The tears of these people weigh thousands in the scales of the heavenly Judge.

"Look! the women are kneeling on the mound. They clasp their hands and bend their heads over the grave—their lips move. Is theirs a set speech, are their words studied, measured, written down, in order that they may remember them? Oh! no! They know only one prayer, which the Lord himself has taught them: they say the Lord's Prayer over and over again. Their voices become clearer whilst they pray—'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors! Holy Mary, Mother of the Lord, pray for us miserable sinners, now

and in the hour of death. Amen.' Their sobs, their tears, their sighs tell the rest:—'Sleep in peace, kind-hearted friend! We plant no flowers on thy grave; they are not everlasting as the memory of thy countless charities. May thy soul receive in the bosom of thy Maker a reward which the world cannot give!'

"And why does not Frank also kneel on the ground? Why? He is absorbed in grief, he feels no life in him, he has forgotten where he is. Look! there he stands like a statue, his head dropping on his breast, and his hand pressed to his forehead. How the streaming tears sparkle which burst from his eyes! Unfortunate youth! who could describe the mortal despair which weighs on thy bursting heart!

"Awake! seest thou not that the cold ground will injure the health of thy grandmother? Remove her from the grave, else the evening will perhaps still find her kneeling and weeping here. Take courage! return to your home.

"On the following day, Frank said, in a sorrowful tone to his parents, 'We are unfortunate and poor—I am the cause of your sorrow, I know I am! But let me now put a question to you, and answer it candidly! Can we still hold out for three months without earning any money?'

"This question remained long unanswered. The mother went up to the invalid husband, and after a long serious conversation with him, said, 'Three months with the utmost stretch, but no longer!'

"'Well then,' replied Frank, 'I shall make a last attempt. One picture I will paint still, only one, and if I do not sell it soon, then I shall turn sign painter!'

"It gave him evident pain to utter this last word; there was a spasm in his throat, yet he soon composed himself, and asked once more whether they would let him work for three months without trouble or molestation. This his parents again readily promised him. Frank then went to Mr. Wrappers, and received the last twenty-five francs which his generous patron had still left for him. With part of this money he purchased colours, and on the following day he shut himself up in the loft where he used to work, and sketched the first outline of the picture which he intended to execute.

"It was the churchyard of Hemixem, with a newly thrown-up grave, on which two females were kneeling in prayer; behind them stood a young man weeping and absorbed in the deepest grief, on the side were the walls of the chapel, and in the back-ground a rich landscape. During two months and a half Frank worked without intermission; he went out to the churchyard in order to draw from nature, and made his mother and grandmother sit to him for models.

"Never, perhaps, had an artist worked with more enthusiasm, with more love and industry at a picture. His soul was full of his

subject, and during all the time he was employed in his work, his head burnt feverishly. Could this picture turn out ill? No; it must necessarily bear the stamp of inspiration. And so it was.

"Frank got on credit an appropriate frame for the exhibition. But this time another thought struck him; he sent his picture to Germany to the exhibition at Cologne. Will he be more successful there? Yet the picture was gone, and staid away without any news of it whatever.

"Poverty, greater than they had ever felt, now broke in upon the longing family. They ate black bread, and were as if crushed by the awaking to the dreadful reality. The good old grandmother showed the greatest courage; she carried quietly her best habiliments and her few little trinkets to the pawnbroker's, and consoled the others. But matters could not thus last long. The clothes of Frank and of the mother must at last also be pawned; even the prize medals and other honourable decorations went to the baker as pledges for a little bread.

"They had already run up an account with the butcher and the grocer—the baker would let them have no more—none would trust the *wretched artist*, as Frank was nicknamed in the neighbourhood; the weekly house-rent was unpaid during a whole month, and the landlord had even thrice sent the bailiff to exact payment.

"One afternoon, in the month of September, the destitution of these people had reached its height. None of them had tasted a morsel since the preceding evening. The bailiff had just left them, with the warning that he would return at six o'clock, and that if they did not then pay their rent, they would be turned into the street.

"Grandmother held Frank's hand in hers, and sought to console him; the mother shed silent tears; the father, who still wore his arm in a sling, sat at the chimney, and stared gloomily into the chamber. All at once he burst into a flood of tears, and sobbed aloud.

"Frank had never seen his father weep; this was the first time in his life: it struck him like a thunderbolt; a shriek of terror burst from him, and he fell on his knees before his father: 'Father,' he cried, 'father, you weep! You! Oh! be at ease; to-morrow I shall turn sign-painter, then I shall at least earn sixpence a-day.'

"The workman raised his son from the floor, and pressed him with his left arm to his heart. 'Frank, my boy,' he said, 'I don't lay any blame on you; but we are so wretched. I weep, because I am in despair that I cannot work. We are starving, and craving hunger is gnawing at our hearts. Who will give us to eat before night falls in? Where shall we go to when they turn us out to-morrow? Is it not sufficient to turn my brain, or to make me—'

"Frank pressed him forcibly to his bosom, and cut short his awful speech by a tender embrace.

"Whilst father and son were thus clasped in each other's arms

the door opened, and a man with a leather bag strapped over his shoulder, stretched out his hand with a letter in it. With a sudden start, Frank disengaged himself from the arms of his father, and attempted to seize the letter; but the postman drew it back, and said drily, 'A letter from Germany, two francs.'

"Two francs! Where is such a treasure secreted in this poor dwelling? Two francs from people who are starving! Who could describe the sorrows and the tortures of this family? The letter contains perhaps what may put an end to their distress; perhaps it would dry up their tears, satisfy their hunger, and protect them from ejection. And alas! whilst they are staring with beating heart at the letter, and long so ardently to open it, the postman is turning to go off with it and to rob them of all their hopes. It is as if the ground was burning beneath their feet; they stamp the floor from impatience, and tear their hair.

"Now the mother kneels down before the postman; she raises imploringly her hands! Ha! he weeps, his heart is not of stone. 'Here! (he hands the letter to Frank) take it, I am a poor man too, but I can't stand this any longer.' Frank opens the letter slowly with a trembling hand, cautiously undoing each and every fold: but scarcely had he cast his eyes upon the contents, when the muscles of his face began to tremble convulsively, he grows deadly pale, and a strange scream escapes his breast. He supports himself on the table, and the letter drops from his hands on the floor. The room rings with lamentations; the grandmother raises her hands to heaven; the mother sinks backward from her chair, as if paralyzed. Frank was struggling to speak. It was evident he wanted to say something, but he could not make it pass his trembling lips. At last his speech burst forth—'Grandmother, mother, father, *I am a painter! Five hundred francs for my picture!*'

"The four happy beings lay in one another's arms, amid mutual kissing, hugging, and patting, and the room was filled with confused cries of joy. After the first outbursts of delight, the two women expressed some curiosity to know the contents of the letter. Frank, who knew French pretty well, interpreted the letter to them."—pp. 158—168.

This letter (from the Secretary of the Art-Union of Cologne) was to the effect that Frank's picture had been universally admired and commended at the exhibition, and had been purchased at the artist's own price, five hundred francs, by a Cologne connoisseur, who wished to order a second to match the first, at the same price already paid.

"Hurrah!" cried Frank a second time. 'Now I am a painter, grandmother; now I am a painter.'

"Yes, my child," replied she, with a look of pride. 'Did I not tell it to you. Now we are so rich, that there will be no end to our

money; let them say now, as long as they like, 'The wretched Artist.' You see after all the Lord is kind to us, and we had already endured enough. I shall go nine days more to pray before our Blessed Lady, to thank her for her intercession. And now, Frank, my boy, let us merrily take our share of what the Lord has sent us. I dare say we shall now get a can of strong ale, and a pound or two of spare-rib. Yes, let us feast now; The postman, bless him as a good fellow, shall also have his share in our jollification.'"—pp. 169—170.

It is pleasing to perceive in this and the other tales, that the author is not ashamed to introduce scenes and incidents illustrative of the profoundly religious habits of the people of Belgium. To those who know that delightful country, it is hardly necessary to say that any pictures of Flemish life omitting this strongly characteristic feature, would be unfaithful and imperfect; but there is something in the manner in which Hendrik Conscience introduces this interesting national trait which shows that he fully understands and sympathises with the feelings which he describes. His allusions to the sacraments, the public offices of the Church, the pious or charitable confraternities, the processions, the prayers before the image of our Blessed Lady, and the thousand other little practices of devotion familiar among a Catholic people, are always made, not only reverently and respectfully, but in a manly and cordial spirit which proclaims that he is not ashamed of the simple piety of his people, and that he scorns to insult their sincerity by that deprecatory tone of explanation and apology which even our sternest Catholics do not deem it beneath them to adopt. His tales cannot, in any ordinary sense of the word, be called religious,* but their general effect is to produce a religious impression. His religious allusions are neither frequent nor obtrusive, but where they come, they come as a matter of course. The daily attendance at mass, the habitual frequentation of the sacraments, are perfectly natural in the characters among whom he deals. If a mother be overtaken by sorrow or by danger, she goes, as a matter of course, to pray before the image of the *Mater Dolorosa*; if her prayer be heard, she offers a Novena in thanksgiving for the successful mediation. And, even in an artistic point of view, is he not right in this? How would it be possible to devise a more

* Indeed a few of them are perhaps deficient in this particular.

touching conclusion than that which we have already quoted from his tale of Siska van Roosemael? And we wish it were in our power to make room for the concluding paragraphs of "The Modern Niobe" [Das Neue Niobe], which breathe a spirit equally tender and impressive.*

May we ever hope to welcome tales like these in our own neglected language? The "Sketches of Flemish Life" have had a double charm for us from the strong analogy which subsists between the condition of the language and literature of our own country and those of Belgium; and we have willingly overlooked, for the sake of this association, many a minor point of exception, to which in rigid criticism we should have adverted. With how much more of affectionate indulgence should we regard a similar effort, could we find some Irish Hendrik Conscience with courage and skill to undertake it!

ART. VI.—*Pictures from Italy.* By CHARLES DICKENS.
London: 1846.

WE have experienced more unmixed pain in the perusal of this little volume than of any other, large or small, that has fallen into our hands for many years—with the exception perhaps of the fourth volume of Moore's *History of Ireland*. We have met with books more flippant, more insolent, more blasphemous; with as much false colouring and childish reasoning. We knew their authors, however, and from them hoped for nothing better: from the buffoon we expected only a broad grin, a bark from the dog, a stench from the common sewer. But that a production like this, exhibiting, from beginning to end, such extreme narrowness, littleness, one-sidedness of mind; so much cockney

* See the *Ausgewählte Werke*, vol. i. *Abendstunden*, p. 124. We are very sorry also to pass by a most charming story, called by the odd name of *Rickettack*, but overflowing with simple and natural beauty.

trifling and sneering on topics regarded by a hundred and fifty millions of Christians as of a solemn and sacred character—that such a production should have come to us, under the sanction of a name so honoured by us, and, as we fondly thought, so deserving of honour, has confounded and shocked us more than we can express.

We did not expect from Mr. Dickens the opinions and the language of a zealous and well-informed Catholic. Nursed as he has been in an uncatholic land, among uncatholic people, in the hot atmosphere of an anti-Catholic literature, himself a Protestant of the liberal school in politics—that is of the school whose *religious* creed and sentiments are farthest removed from ours—we did not expect that he would entertain, and not entertaining, that he would express the feelings of awe and veneration with which a devout Catholic would contemplate the tombs, and the relics, and the shrines of a thousand martyrs and saints; would behold the spiritual ruler, and father, and pastor, and bishop of the whole Catholic world; would linger upon the associations awakened by the sight of that man in whom Catholic unity is centered, and whence its mysterious all-pervading, all-subduing influence emanates. But we did expect, at least we had a right to expect, that if Mr. Dickens's taste had been offended by the ceremonies, the institutions, the aspect of religious edifices, or the deportment of persons clothed with high ecclesiastical authority in Italy; and if his deliberate judgment led him to adopt a tone of large and sweeping censure—we had a right to expect that topics so grave in the eyes of the great majority of Christian men, should have been handled in a grave manner; that appeals should have been made to the reasoning rather than to the risible faculty; that what was really praiseworthy should have been praised, and that in what was thought deserving of censure, the reader's mind should not have been left altogether without the materials of sober judgment and rational conviction.

The first thing that would strike an impartial reader of this book—a reader fully prepared to adopt whatever views, favourable or unfavourable, might be borne out by unexceptionable testimony—is, that it is the work of a light-headed, giggling person, rambling about in quest of mere amusement and excitement, accustomed to view and capable of understanding only a certain ridiculous aspect which his own fancy creates in every thing about him; to whom

laughing is living, and to tickle and be tickled by wit's feather the highest enjoyment of human existence. Mr. Dickens may have been blessed with a reasoning faculty not contemptible. We are quite sure that nature had bestowed upon him a kind heart and a disposition that did not incline him to utter offensive things for the mere pleasure of offending. But as a man living always among frivolous people becomes himself frivolous; and as long and close confinement weakens strong minds and turns strong heads; so have the pursuits in which his genius has hitherto developed itself, utterly absorbed his faculties and rendered them impotent for vigorous exertion in any other walk. From early manhood he has grown up among strange and out of the way sort of beings—seraphs, devils, and odd fellows. Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prigg, Pinch, Pecksniff, Pickwick, Old Weller, and Old Wardle, and old Chuzzlewit, and old Nickleby, and old Arthur Gride, and the old rogue Fagin—these are the people with whom his whole life has passed; with whom he has laughed and wept, and eaten and drank, and talked the winter night and the live-long summer day. With life or language beyond theirs he was little familiar. It was all a world of fancy—loud laughter and loud weeping, agony and rapture, love and murder, wreathed roses and knotted scorpions, Hebe and Beelzebub, now Satan astride on earth, and now groups of ethereal beings sprinkling its surface with ambrosia. This is the sort of world in which he has lived so long, in which his mind and heart have been educated. Of the influences of such a training his *Pictures of Italy* exhibit abundant evidences in every page. We have said that we did not expect such a book from his pen—for we thought that so good and kind-hearted a person, as we took him to be from his previous writings, would have felt the necessity of approaching his new theme in a spirit very different from that in which his works of fiction were composed. Our expectations have been utterly disappointed. He is still the novelist, the satirist, the caricaturist; and the *Pictures of Italy* are a little fragment of a novel—a very poor and third-rate novel—a small Cruikshank, like the rest, and nothing more.

It is no excuse to say, as Mr. Dickens says, that in treating of the ceremonies of the Holy Week, "he merely treats of their *effect*, and does not challenge the good and learned Dr. Wiseman's *interpretation* of them." Their effect on

whom? On the mind of an Irish or English Catholic—of an Italian Catholic—of an Oxford Protestant—of any Protestant with an ordinary Christian feeling? No, but their effect on the fancy of a single English Protestant satirist whose whole life has been consumed in making out grotesque analogies and comparisons, and picking out from all things, great and small, under the sun, something to play with and compress or expand into the most ludicrous proportions—until his soul has become a mere fairy trickster, a little laughing echo! He may tell us that he has a right to indulge his own humour, and to view things in the light that affords himself most amusement. Be it so. But he has no right to publish his little rambling nonsense and call it a picture. He has no right to publish in the face of Christendom the puerile and contemptible mad-cap freaks of his own goblin imagination, in contemplating sights and scenes which all Christendom has agreed to admire, if not to reverence. Dean Swift had a right to publish his "Tale of a Tub," but he could not have seriously called it a History of England.

Mr. Dickens's book is, in truth, no more a picture of Italy than the atrabilious malignities of Junius are a history of his own times—no more than the lives of Cromwell or Marat are pictures of the life of a true Christian—no more than a description of the character of Saint Paul by a Turkish eunuch would fully lay open the heart and soul of the great apostle. And then the miserable catchpenny on the title-page—"The vignette illustrations on wood by Samuel Palmer;" that is, three paltry wood-cuts at the beginning of the book and one at the end! These sketches should have been published in *Punch*, "by *Punch's* dog," and should never have appeared under the sanction of any other name than that of the puppy with the feather in his cap. They bring to our minds the image of a nautilus crossing the Atlantic, Tom Thumb on the Alps, a mouse in the Coliseum, a gnat on the Pyramids.

Mr. Dickens, in his preface, expresses a hope that he will not be "misunderstood by professors of the Roman Catholic faith (or *Romish*, as he politely phrases it farther on) on account of anything contained in these pages. He has done his best, in one of his former productions, to do justice to them, and he trusts, in this, they will do justice to him." That is to say, in his story of Barnaby Rudge, he gives a vivid sketch of the Gordon riots, putting in pro-

minent places the character of a sturdy, highminded Catholic gentleman, and that of a mean, vindictive Protestant villain. The theme was interesting and untrodden ground, capable of furnishing excellent materials for a new novel; and having undertaken to write upon it, he conformed to the growing spirit of the age, and told a great deal of warning and unpalatable truth. His narrative is much more like history, in the first and most important ingredient thereof, than Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, or Robertson's *View of Europe*, or many portions of Hume's *England*; and therefore, notwithstanding certain important—and, considering the nature of his work, perhaps unavoidable—omissions, we thank him for it. For his recent libel on the Catholic religion we thank him not.

The time was when a liberal in politics, an advocate for Catholic emancipation, might have ridiculed and reviled the Catholic religion in the most offensive style, with impunity. In the brave men who risked place, the good will of their co-religionists, and the friendship of the titled and powerful, in defence of a prostrate people from whom no substantial return could be expected, everything was overlooked or pardoned. As the hedge-schoolmaster of the day for his learning, so the emancipator for his zeal in the cause of emancipation, became a "chartered libertine" in the eyes of the poor and persecuted people of Ireland. But, to borrow the phrase of one of the ablest men of this class, "the lapse of time and O'Connell" has wrought mighty changes. The Catholic body is no longer an object of mere pity, to be legislated upon or written upon like a small herd of uninstructed slaves, too much inured to the lash to heed harsh words, possessing everything at the mercy of their masters, and breathing the air of heaven only by sufferance. We remember the time, when, if the orange squire spoke kindly to the parish priest only once in the quarter of a year, or invited him to dine only once in six years, it was looked upon by the Catholic peasant as a miracle of generosity and condescension, the fire-side mystery of many a winter's night. Hence, the tone of so many Catholic apologists of that period—so deprecating, so submissive, so whining. Being now no longer slaves, we have outgrown the vices of slavery, and disused its language. One civil word will be no longer accepted by us as a license or an atonement for twenty words of slander. We let much pass of old because we could not help

it. We dared not speak out, or, speaking out, we could not obtain a hearing, or, being heard, we were sure to be misrepresented, and thereby to witness our efforts only aggravating the evils we meant to remedy. But gone, and for ever, is the dark time when the Protestant bishop of Norwich detained Alban Butler's library because it consisted chiefly of Catholic books; or when Father O'Leary found it necessary to obtain permission from the Protestant bishop of Cork to publish a defence of the divinity of Christ and of the immortality of the soul, against an infidel work of the day. We are anxious, sincerely and heartily anxious, that old wounds should be healed, old wrongs forgiven, old social enmities should give way to social kindness. From the commencement of our career as journalists, we have laboured in our little sphere to popularize the language of charity and meekness, as one of the most effective means of diffusing their spirit in the hearts of men. But religious questions are the most momentous in which the human mind or heart can be engaged. They bear upon our state of being after we have passed from the present scene, and for ever. Therefore it is that, rightly and justly, by them are kindled the most ardent zeal, the deepest and most enduring emotions. We cannot have it otherwise, and, if we could, we ought not. We desire not to see the stream of Catholic feeling more bitter, but we dare not wish it less strong. We desire not that the fire of zeal should send forth a malignant glare, but we dare not wish its heat less glowing, its light less intense. When kind words are said of us, when kind deeds are done towards us, we are glad, not so much for our own sake as for the sake of those from whom the kindness comes.

All this we have said elsewhere and often. It sounds flat and common-place in our ears. But the generation is not yet passed away of those who think they confer a special favour upon us by treating us with occasional civility and common justice; and that they are thereby entitled to violate the rules of decency and of truth in our regard on all other occasions. We are not sorry that the little volume before us has presented an occasion of again repeating that the day when this might have been is past; that we scorn the liar and his lie, though he speak some truth; that we reject the gift of the gilt horns, followed by the tainted carcass.

Everything Catholic, everything connected with the Catholic religion, is unpleasant to Mr. Dickens's eyes, is held up by him to ridicule, or contempt, or abomination. The secular clergy—the friars—the monks—the jesuits—the cardinals—the pope at High Mass in St. Peter's—the pope washing the feet of the twelve pilgrims—the pope carried in solemn procession—the pope imparting his solemn benediction—their head-dress—their vestments—their every-day clothing—their walking—their sitting—their standing—their silence—their speaking—their gestures—their looks—their chanting of the sacred service, and their performance of the sacred ceremonies; the churches—the altars—the shrines—the relics—the oblations of the faithful—the charitable institutions—the confraternities for burying the dead and for other works of godlike mercy and charity; the posture of the faithful at their devotions—the time of their devotions—their mingling of practices of Christian piety with their ordinary occupations—their manner of kneeling, and the order in which they kneel; the pictures and statues of saints in the highway, in churches, and in streets—the tombs of the martyrs—monasteries and nunneries, with all that belongs to them—the confessional—the signing with the cross—representations of the instruments and circumstances of the passion of our Lord—the alms boxes for the poor or for the support of divine worship: he ridicules them all, and spits on them. Whenever he speaks of any of these things, his mouth stretches from ear to ear. He finds nothing to praise, nothing to say one kind word of, nothing to kindle a generous enthusiasm. There is not a single noble sentiment in his book, from the first catchpenny wood cut to the last, on any Catholic theme whatever; cold, little, heartless throughout, a bombastic proser or a humourless jester, he resembles nothing so much as a beardless vignette of Momus carved on a block of dirty ice.

On the images and statues of the ever blessed and holy Mother of God, and on the devotion of the Italian people to her, he is in a special degree blasphemously and freezingly sportive. He begins with what he calls "the centre puppet of the Virgin Mary," in the Lyons Cathedral. Then he has a picture at Avignon of people on their knees, "with their legs sticking out behind them *like boot trees*," round a sick person whom the picture is designed to represent as being cured by the Blessed Virgin, who is painted

above "on a kind of blue divan." At Genoa he witnessed "a festa day in honour of the Virgin's Mother, when the young men of the neighbourhood, having worn green wreaths of the vine in some procession or other, bathed in them, by scores. It looked very odd and pretty. Though he is bound to confess (not knowing of the festa at that time) that he thought and was *quite satisfied*, they wore them *as horses do*—to keep the flies off." He elsewhere informs us of a custom of making "a vow to the Madonna to wear nothing but blue for a year or two. Which is supposed to give great delight above; blue being (*as is well known*) the Madonna's favourite colour." In another place he tells us of "a shabby postillion who pauses for a moment in his animated conversation, to touch his hat" [God bless him for doing so] "*to a blunt-nosed little Virgin* hardly less shabby than himself, enshrined in a plaster Punch's show outside the town." One time he saw a good old lady "who crossed herself very devoutly and went down at full length on her face before a figure in a fancy petticoat and a gilt crown." God bless the good old lady also, and God bless all who so honour the Mother of God even in their own simple style, and God will bless them—for who ever honoured or loved her as He honours and loves her?

Now we should never dream of censuring Mr. Dickens for expressing his condemnation of any picture or statue calculated to excite ludicrous ideas *in the minds of those for whom they were intended*. But it is not as works of art, as specimens of sculpture or painting or engraving that these images are set up, but as helps to devotion—as speaking expositions of sacred truths or mementos of holy persons—as books which all may understand without an alphabet and which are specially needful to those who can read no other. They are not designed for the eye or the heart of travelling connoisseurs or London Calvinists, but for those of the uneducated peasant of Italy. If they teach and move and edify him, their end is attained, and this is enough. The beauty of sounds, forms, colours, in a word, of every object of sense called beautiful, is, in very many if not in most cases, relative and variable, because, according to the now generally admitted theory, depending on association of ideas, which of course varies according to class, country or age. The little Madonnas with gaudy drapery and tinsel crowns and rudely chiseled fea-

tures, *are* beautiful to the simple people on whose untutored sense the delicate lines and hues and proportions of more exquisite workmanship would produce a cold and feeble effect. No doubt it would be desirable that things were so managed as in satisfying the wants of the uninstructed to leave nothing to offend the taste of the fastidious. But, in God's name, how is this possible where there is not, as there is in England, a plethora of wealth? How is this possible in a country where the images of the Redeemer and his Saints, the symbols of man's redemption and the memorials of God's merciful works in past or later times, are on every hill, valley, and highway, on every wall and in every closet? Good or even tolerable pictures and statues are not gathered like berries from the hedge rows—they cost money. The Italian peasants cannot afford to purchase costly statues, and if they could afford, perhaps would not prefer them. But, as matters stand, we are glad that they so generally possess such incentives to devotion as are within their reach to procure, and within the range of their sympathies to appreciate. Mr. Dickens would, we suppose, have all the books that are used in the humbler sort of schools banished with their (to him) uncouth engravings, and discoloured paper, and coarse type, and have substituted, in their stead, the glossy foolscap, and gilt lettering, and cerulean cloth cover of his own volume. Has he not sense enough to see that, as there must be inequality of wealth and rank in society, that as the lower classes use clothing and food of an inferior description, and can have no better and are content; so they will have shrines and pictures and statues of lesser value, and be content with them too?

But, granting that Mr. Dickens's censures were merited—we cannot grant, even for argument's sake, that the *manner* in which he expresses his opinions is justifiable on any ground—still did he not find, in his long ramble through a land, by universal admission, so rich in all the forms of sculptured and pictured beauty, something to dwell upon with satisfaction, to remember with pleasure, to mention with praise—even modified praise—faint praise—English praise—cockney praise—Protestant praise—any kind of praise! Was every picture a daub, every statue a distortion? Was there nothing else to be met with but bits of tin, brass, and gold leaf?

Mr. Dickens pursues the clerical and religious bodies

everywhere with the most vindictive feeling. His utter hatred and loathing of them breaks out on all occasions. He vilifies and rails at them with the fury of an excited maniac.

Their countenances are to him indicative of "sloth, deceit, and intellectual torpor."—(p. 56.)

Their "face, eyes, forehead, behaviour, discourse," are an abomination to him.—(57.)

They "skulk through the streets or drone away their lives."—(Ib.)

They "pry into the secrets of families *for the purpose of* establishing a baleful ascendancy over their weaker members."—(Ib.)

They "are influenced by a fierce *desire* to make converts, and once made, *to let them go to ruin soul and body.*"—(Ib.)

"The Jesuits go slinking about, in pairs, *like black cats.*"—(Ib.)

They chaunt the divine office everywhere "in a low, dull, drawling, melancholy tone."—(93.)

On his way to Nice he falls in with a good friar, whose every word and action he turns into ridicule. He travels with another to Parma, whom he ridicules in the same way. (78, 85.)

The friars, whom he saw in S. Peter's at Rome, had "coarse, heavy faces, with a half miserable, half ridiculous, dogged, stupid, monotonous stare at all the glory and splendour around them." (171.)

Defects in painting he ascribes to the painters having been so much in the hands of priests and monks. He "settled with himself" that, in certain pictures, it was the "vanity and ignorance" of the monks who employed the artists, and who would be Apostles on canvass, at all events," that caused the defects of which he complains. (210.)

The friar whom he met on his way to Nice, is on another occasion recognized by him in a procession, "and *looked his part* to admiration." (80.)

In another procession, in Rome, he saw "the good-looking priests carrying their lighted tapers, *so as to throw the light with a good effect upon their faces.*" (220.)

The members of the pious confraternity for burying the dead, "mingle something of pride with their humility;" for they "are dressed in a loose garment covering their

whole person, and wear a hood concealing the face, with breathing holes and apertures for the eyes. They are very ugly customers, and look like Ghoules or Demons, bearing off the body for themselves." (56.)

Now we appeal to our readers, we care not of what sect or sect of a sect, whether this mode of forming at first sight, and without any apparent evidence whatever, most injurious and debasing impressions of such influential bodies of men, and then the publication in the most offensive language of these impressions—we appeal to our readers whether such conduct is consistent with the lowest feelings of Christian charity, with the common principles of morals, with the common decencies of life, by which men are bound towards their fellow men, in other countries and other creeds as well as to those of their own. Sneers, and sarcasms, and gross insinuations glance out from every page; yet not one fact, not a single particle of evidence of any kind, is brought forward, or alluded to as producible, to justify this tirade of invective. Mr. Dickens lived among the people, and conversed with the people, with whom the priests and the monks and the rest constantly mingled, to whom their conduct and their character must have been familiarly known. His book shows that he is no friend to the priestly order. He had ample means of collecting the local scandal against the clergy and the monks, and he was evidently nothing loath to collect it. Yet he does not record one *fact*, nor does he state that he had one fact to record, to the dishonour of a single priest, or monk, or friar, or Jesuit, or nun, in all Italy. Of those who watch by the sick bed, who inhale every day the breath of pestilence; of those who live among the poor, who teach them, who console them, who watch over their footsteps, who are loved by them, and deserve to be loved by them, as true Christian pastors; of the spotless lives that are consumed in works of mercy; of the charitable institutions where ignorance is instructed, and the sufferings of the body, as well as the miseries of the soul, are relieved;* of the monuments of faith and love that are scattered everywhere; of the deeds of faith and love that are performed everywhere, he saw nothing, or if he saw a little, it was but to make that little the butt of his cold,

* See the articles on "The Charitable Institutions of Italy," *Dublin Review*, vol. vi. p. 111. vol. xiv. p. 97. vol. xv. p. 29.

harsh, dry laughter, his little jibes, and his low buffoonery. The evil which he utters of them is the evil of his own fancy. If he sees a clergyman walking in a grave manner, as became him, in a public procession, straightway he accuses him of "looking his part." If he sees a young priest holding his taper as he ought to hold it in a procession, he at once concludes that it is for the purpose of showing to advantage the beauty of his face! He accuses that most Christian institution, the confraternity for the burial of the dead, of pride; and has no other earthly ground for so grave an imputation except that they wear a long dress which conceals their whole person. Good God! if every man were to judge his neighbour thus, and to publish his opinions to the world, society would not hold together for a single week; men of ordinary delicacy of feeling would be compelled to fly from their fellows, and hide themselves in lonely places, where no human eye could see and scan them; there could be no community except of hardened profligates, in whom all shame was lost. "John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man that is a glutton and a wine-drinker, a friend of publicans and sinners. And wisdom is justified by her children."

To call to mind from time to time, and meditate on the passion of our Lord, has been always recommended in every Christian community as a powerful means of kindling divine love in the soul, of drawing away the heart from an excess of worldly affections, of impressing upon it a deep and practical feeling of the guilt of mortal sin and the punishment it deserves. As close attention is the most difficult of mental operations, especially if the objects thereof be distant, and can be made present only by the help of imagination, and do not affect our present interests, and are not favourable to the indulgence of our passions; hence the Catholic Church has ever sanctioned and encouraged among the faithful the use of those symbols of our Redeemer's sufferings, which, according to a universal and admitted law of our nature, are calculated to recall and rivet our attention to this subject. In Catholic countries these symbols are not confined to books, or to private houses, or churches, but are constantly presented to the traveller's eye on the public highways. Hear now the

flippant, mocking, heartless tone in which Mr. Dickens speaks of this practice :

"The roadside crosses in this part of Italy are numerous and curious. There is seldom a figure on the cross, though there is sometimes a face; but they are remarkable for being garnished with little models in wood, of every possible object that can be connected with the Saviour's death. The cock that crowed when Peter had denied his master thrice, is usually *perched on the tip-top*; and an ornithological phenomenon he generally is. Under him, is the inscription. Then, hung on the cross-beam, are the spear, the reed with the sponge of vinegar and water at the end, the coat without seam for which the soldiers cast lots, the dice-box with which they threw for it, the hammer that drove in the nails, the pincers that pulled them out, the ladder which was set against the cross, the crown of thorns, the instrument of flagellation, the lantern with which Mary went to the tomb, *I suppose*, and the sword with which Peter smote the servant of the high priest—a *perfect toy-shop of little objects*, repeated at every four or five miles along the highway." (156.)

Hear, again, how in the same tone he speaks of the paintings in one of the churches of Rome which represent the sufferings of the early martyrs :

"These paintings represent the martyrdoms of Saints and early Christians, and such a panorama of horror and butchery, no man could imagine in his sleep, *though he were to eat a whole pig raw for supper*. Grey-bearded men being boiled, fried, grilled, crimped, singed, eaten by wild beasts, worried by dogs, burned alive, torn asunder by horses, chopped up small with hatchets; women having their breasts torn with iron pincers, their tongues cut out, their ears screwed off, their jaws broken, their bodies stretched upon the rack, or skinned upon the stake, or crackled up and melted in the fire; these are among the mildest subjects. So insisted on and laboured at besides, *that every sufferer gives you the same occasion for wonder, as poor old Duncan awoke in Lady Mackbeth, when she marvelled at his having so much blood in him*." (195.)

Through the catacombs where the relics of these martyrs lie, he passes on in nearly the same heartless and snarling mood. Of the friar who conducted him through these still monuments of the glory of the name of Christ, he had no kindlier thought than a horrible conjecturing of what would become of him, "if, in a sudden fit of madness, he (the friar) should dash the torches out, or if he should be seized with a fit." (108.)

The spirit in which Mr. Dickens was prepared to feel

and judge of everything, may be seen from the inconceivably mean and frigid images which the sight of some of the most striking works of nature or art constantly suggested. The expulsion from paradise, the deluge, the last judgment itself, apart from the feeling of personal dread, could hardly impress an elevated sentiment on such a mind.

The dome of Saint Peter's seemed during the illumination on Easter Sunday "*transparent as an egg-shell*."—(p. 230.)

Persons walking up the sides of Mount Vesuvius looked "as if they were toiling to the summit of an *antediluvian twelfth cake*!"—(p. 249.)

In his visit to the monastery of the Benedictines on Monte Cassino—possessing one of the richest and most beautiful churches in all Italy; its name hallowed in the minds of learned men of every creed from its association with the names of the mighty giants of patristic, historical, and classical literature, the Maurist monks; with an organ famous for the curiosity of its mechanism; with a magnificent library; with every thing to excite the enthusiasm of the Christian and the scholar—in his visit to this classic ground, all that he sees with a friendly eye is an old croaking raven which had been taught to utter some articulate sounds in Tuscan.

"How like a Jesuit the raven looks," writes Mr. Dickens. "There never was a sly and stealthy fellow so at home as is this raven, standing now at the refectory door, with his head on one side, and pretending to glance another way, while he is scrutinizing the visitors keenly, and listening with fixed attention. What a dull-headed monk the porter becomes in comparison." (261.)

He then proceeds to ridicule the poor friars, and says that the "peasants have a miserable appearance, and (as usual) are densely ignorant, and all beg." As to their begging, be sure they found a different reception in Monte Cassino from what *Oliver Twist* met with, "when he asked for more," in one of the charitable institutions of golden England. As to their ignorance, Mr. Dickens, we take it, formed his opinion (as usual) from their *faces*—he manifestly took no further trouble, and understood no more of the state of knowledge or ignorance of the poor people than did the raven, who, we doubt not, knew them better and bore towards them a more human feeling than the great

London Satirist. But we are forgetting that we commenced to exhibit a few specimens of Mr. Dickens's imagery.

Of pictures of the seven dolours of the Mother of God, in which, according to the Scripture image, ("And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed," Luke ii. 35.) the dolours are represented under the type of swords piercing her heart; he says that "the breasts are *stuck full of swords*, arranged in a half circle *like a modern fan!*"—(p. 200.)

The interior of Saint Peter's during a high mass "looked in his eyes *like a stupendous bon-bon!*" and the singers who assisted at the sacred ceremonies "were in a crib of wire-work *like a large meat-safe!*"—(p. 170.)

The church of the Annunciata in Genoa, the splendour of which, according to himself, can hardly be exaggerated, was to him "*like a great enamelled snuff-box.*"—(p. 64.)

The great Roman amphitheatre at Verona was, in his eyes, "*like the inside of a prodigious hat of plaited straw*, with an enormously broad brim and plaited crown."—(p. 123.)

Students from seminaries in Rome who go to Saint Peter's, "kneel down in single file, one behind the other, with a tall grim master in a black gown, bringing up the rear; *like a pack of cards arranged to be tumbled down at a touch, with a disproportionately large knave of clubs at the end.*"—(p. 192.)

But the most extraordinary, the most incredible and inexplicable part of the volume, is that in which the picture of the ceremonies of Holy Week and Easter Day is given. It far surpasses any thing of the sort we ever heard or read. The antediluvian twelfth cake volcano, the snuff-box church, the straw hat amphitheatre, are tolerable when placed beside the descriptions, and impressions, and imagery of this section of the book. We can give no conception of it by abridging or picking out extracts. Let it suffice to say, that if you can conceive a combination of the mean, the tawdry, the dull, the profane, the hypocritical, the little, the ludicrous, you will have Mr. Dickens's idea of that series of ceremonies which one of the greatest of living writers, a Calvinist, (as we infer from his works,) and having as little sympathy as Mr. Dickens himself with "Romanism," has characterized as "the most august and affecting which is known among

men.”* The eloquent essayist speaks, and we wish to be understood as speaking, of the ceremonies themselves and not of the scenes which take place among the spectators of them. For the gross and scandalous conduct of those who frequent the churches as they would a pantomime, who go there as if to desecrate the place, who stare and loll, and laugh, and grin and talk—for all this we have no other account to offer than what is at once suggested by the simple fact which Mr. Dickens himself states, namely, that “three-fourths of the great crowd in the Sistine chapel were English,” and that “the restlessness of the youth of England was extreme.” (171, 219.) We have it on the authority of several eye witnesses, some of whom have resided for many years in Rome, and all of whom are above all suspicion of deceiving, or being deceived, that the profanities which occur in Saint Peter’s and elsewhere during the ceremonies, exist exclusively among the strangers from England, France, and Germany. Mr. Dickens, though he describes the abuses to which we allude, and mentions, as we have seen, the preponderance of English among the crowds, cautiously abstains from putting these two facts in juxta-position.†

In running over the pages of Mr. Dickens’s book to verify the two last references, our eye lit upon the following sentence. Speaking of the closing amusements of the carnival in Rome, he says, that it was “no less remarkable for the unbroken good humour of all concerned, down

* Mr. Macaulay, (as we judge from internal evidence,) in a beautiful article on the “Life and Writings of Addison,” in the *Edinburgh Review*, Number 157, July 1843.

† We extract the following specimen, (which, we are assured, is by no means an exaggeration,) for our untravelled readers. Mr. Dickens is describing that part of the ceremony where the pope serves at table, in person, thirteen pilgrims.

“The body of the room was full of male strangers, the crowd immense, the heat very great, and the pressure sometimes frightful. It was at its height, when the stream came pouring in from the feet-washing, and then there were such shrieks and outcries, &c. The ladies were particularly ferocious in their struggles for places. One lady of my acquaintance, was seized round the waist in the ladies’ box, by a strong matron, and hoisted out her of place; and there was another lady in a back row of the same box, who improved her position by sticking a large pin into the ladies before her.

“The gentlemen about me were remarkably anxious to see what was on the table; and one Englishman seemed to have embarked the whole energy of his nature, in the determination to discover whether there was any mustard. ‘By Jupiter there’s vinegar!’ I heard him say to his friend after he had stood on tiptoe for an immense time, and had been crushed and beaten on all sides, ‘And there’s oil! I saw them distinctly in cruets.’ Can any gentleman in front there, see mustard on the table? Sir, will you oblige me, *Do you see a Mustard pot?*” (222.)

to the very lowest, (and among those who scaled the carriages were many of the commonest men and boys,) than for its *innocent vivacity*. For, *odd* [what a term!] as it may seem to say so of a sport so full of thoughtlessness and personal display, IT IS AS FREE FROM ANY TAINT OF IMMODESTY AS ANY GENERAL MINGLING OF THE TWO SEXES CAN POSSIBLY BE; and there seems to prevail during its progress a feeling of general, almost childish, simplicity and confidence." (108.)

We leave this statement—it is the testimony of an enemy—to speak for itself.

A great deal yet occurs to us to say. Our sole design has been to exhibit to readers of ordinary common sense, and taste, and Christian feeling, and moral principle, the spirit and style of this book. For such readers, anything in the form of elaborate refutation would be quite superfluous; and from this therefore, we have intentionally abstained. Nevertheless we had, before commencing the present article, proposed to introduce at the close of it eight or ten pages of dissertation on certain topics, on which, it occurred to us during the perusal of Mr. Dickens's work, a few remarks would be just now neither unseasonable nor unacceptable. But we cannot proceed farther. We beg that our readers will understand us as speaking *literally and without exaggeration* when we say that, as we advanced in our review, we became gradually more and more stupefied. We tried every means to shake off the sensation of drowsiness and mental inanition which we found creeping on us. We broke off in the middle of sentences—walked out in the open air—spent an hour in learned reading, an hour in light reading. Every effort has proved unavailing. The weight deadened, and the mist thickened. It is only after having formed a prompt and decided resolution to break off, that we feel our natural elasticity returning. Had we been aware of this effect of a close revision of Mr. Dickens's book, and could we have calculated on a similar effect of a more hasty perusal on the general reader, a great deal of sterile and disagreeable labour would have been saved to us. In any case, we should never have thought of commencing even this short article but for the extraordinary and, we believe, merited celebrity of Mr. Dickens as a writer of fiction. Anything from the pen of an author, one of whose works passed through twenty editions in a year or two, would, we doubted

not, find numerous readers, who, having been deceived by dull and clumsy impostors, would not be likely to resist the lures of their own popular magician.

ART. VII.—1. *A Manual of Instruction on Plain Chant, or Gregorian Music, with the Chants as used in Rome, for High Mass, Vespers, &c.* By the REV. JAMES JONES. London, Dolman, 1845.

2.—*A Choir-Manual, in three parts, containing, Part 1. A Grammar of Modern and Gregorian Music. Part 2. Psalms, Hymns, and Antiphons, for Vespers of all the Holidays, Festivals, Common of Saints, and Sundays. Part 3. Masses, Lamentations, &c., in Gregorian Music.* Dublin: 1844.

3.—*Graduale Romanum*, 12mo. Leodii, Kersten, 1842.

4.—*Vesperale, sive Antiphonale Romanum*, 12mo. Leodii, Kersten, 1842.

THESE publications, the product of foreign as well as of native soil, are sufficiently indicative of the taste which is springing up both abroad and at home for the older and simpler style of Church-music. The Belgian contributions to this important cause are mere reprints, on a small and convenient scale, of the large graduals and antiphonals which are in use in some of our churches. The work of Mr. Jones is of a more original kind; and when we say that it appears under the sanction of the whole Catholic episcopate of England, some members of which are so well qualified by personal knowledge and experience to speak to its merits, we shall be at once dispensed from offering a farther word in its commendation. The “Choir-Manual” is one of the most valuable compendiums of Gregorian Music with which we are acquainted. It contains not only a Grammar of Music, simple, practical, and solid, but also a compendious Gradual and Vespéral;—that is, a collection of Music for High Mass, Vespers, the Lenten Offices, and other Church Ser-

vices, which, though not extending literally to *all* the days of the year, yet leaves comparatively little to be supplied, and is as nearly complete in both departments as it would be possible for the work to be made, without placing it, both in size and in price, beyond the reach of those for whom it was intended. The preliminary instructions are extremely clear, methodical, and comprehensive, and bespeak an orderly and philosophical mind; and what pleases us most of all—there breathes throughout, a love of the noble old music of the Church, and a cordial appreciation of its simple and majestic beauty, which it is cheering to meet among those who, like the reputed author of this excellent manual, are now in a position to propagate and diffuse such sentiments among the youthful clergy of Ireland. The fact is, that, both in the English and Irish, as well as Belgian, branches of the Church, simultaneous movements have arisen in behalf of the more Catholic style of music. More than one of our bishops is known to desire the restoration of the older and simpler mode, with such occasional diversification only as the recurrence of festive seasons may legitimately suggest and will properly warrant; while in Belgium the venerable archbishop of Malines, ever alive to the best interests of the Church in which he holds so high a position, has made the reformation of the chant the subject of a recent charge to his diocese, and, as any one who has lately visited Belgium can testify, has already effected very striking improvements in this part of the external worship of the Church. We hope it will be considered no disrespect to so favoured a country to add, that these improvements do not come before they were needed. We are not disposed, as the sequel will show, to exact more in this department than may reasonably be required, or to make light of the difficulties by which the pious wishes of ecclesiastical superiors are often met, and even thwarted; yet say we must, that the ordinary Church-music of Belgium three or four years ago certainly appeared, even to those who were not inclined to be censorious, to have reached the ultimate point of levity and secularity. It is the fashion, we know, in certain quarters to institute comparisons between English and foreign Catholicism, to the clear disadvantage of the former; and among other results of the present Catholic system in England, to inveigh especially against the actual state of our Church-music. We are far

from denying that there is much ground for these unfavourable observations; rather, it will enter into our present plan to justify not a few of them. But this we will say,—that the lightest strains by which the ear was ever offended in the chapels of London (and this is saying a great deal) were even severe when compared with what in 1841 might be heard any evening of the week at the “*Salut*” in the churches of Belgium. Not airs from the opera were they, but souvenirs of the ballet; variations upon quadrilles, polkas, or “galopes;” relieved, we acknowledge, of the very grave objection, which lies even yet against the music of some of the London churches, on account of the presence of hired females; yet, still, in themselves even more exceptionable than the ordinary run of modern compositions. This light and voluptuous style has been happily for the most part superseded; though there is still vast room for improvement, yet much has been actually done; and both in the episcopal seminaries of the metropolitan see of Malines, and in the university of Louvain, a school of chanting is in process of rapid formation, the influence of which cannot but be powerfully felt as time advances.

It is far from our desire, even were it within the compass of our ability, to discuss either scientifically or technically the respective merits of the plain and figured music of the Church. Our object rather is to make a few general observations upon the subject, and those quite as much of an ethical as of an artistical kind. We hold that there are certain broad and obvious principles of taste, as well as of moral and religious propriety, in respect of this question of ecclesiastical music, which do not require, either towards their comprehension, or their elucidation, any very extensive research or recondite knowledge; but only such powers of judgment as are implied in the union of a keenly sensitive and personal appreciation of the use of music as a vehicle of the language, and adjunct of the ceremonial, of the Church, with that amount of ecclesiastical feeling and experience which every devoted and moderately informed Catholic may be supposed to bring with him to the consideration of such a subject. To undertake the work of a critic without these requisites would be the real presumption, not to lay claim to them as a preliminary step to such an undertaking.

The great advantages of the simpler and more ecclesias-

tical style of music seem to be these: First, it is the best possible safeguard against vain-glorious display, and its host of attendant evils. We are far from wishing to deny the possibility of uniting even pre-eminent genius and skill in the execution of the more artificial music with modesty, gentleness, and simplicity of character; but we must, with equal decision, avow our belief of an all but necessary connexion between exhibitory singing and the *temptations*, at least, to an unchristian state of mind, sinful everywhere, but in that Adorable Presence, which the service of the Mass presupposes, absolutely sacrilegious. We speak with a degree of strength which to many a reader will assume, as we fear, the semblance of exaggeration. And yet, if serious and thoughtful persons will but turn their mind for an instant to profanations of God's house and worship, which, up to a late period, were familiar to the attendants at many of the London chapels, we can hardly suppose that such language will seem overstrained. It is within the memory even of the younger amongst us, that the Church has been the scene, and the celebration of the blessed Eucharist the occasion, of the performances of opera-singers, fresh from the excitements, and the vulgarities, and the indecencies of the stage and the green-room. Catholics they might be, or not, as it happened; but, at any rate, they were Catholics of a profession which the Church all but anathematizes, and whose loose and irreligious ways and demeanour were often matter of public notoriety. Such were the persons from whose "unclean lips"—those lips which, but a few hours before, had given utterance to the language, it might be, of profanity, and certainly of voluptuousness—devout Christians were doomed, Sunday after Sunday, to hear the most holy of Names minced with the insinuating effeminacy, or trilled out with the tutored grace, of the theatre or the concert-room. What wonder that, under such circumstances, congregations should have mistaken themselves for audiences—that eyes, averted from the altar, should have been fastened on the orchestra—that the sight of some public favourite should have provoked the almost audible murmur of expectation, and the conclusion of some familiar piece have been followed by every token of applause which did not flagrantly violate the sanctity of the place? In fact, almost shocking as is the mere juxtaposition of such ideas, it is notorious that by many a loungeur and connoisseur, the

High Mass at certain places was looked upon as a kind of Sunday opera.

Exhibitions of this outrageous kind have, through the zeal of the respected prelate who now administers the London district, become comparatively rare: in their fullest extent, we may even say, have been wholly checked.* But the evil, it is evident, will never be completely eradicated till hired (especially female) singers and solo pieces are rigidly excluded from the service of the Church. The former of these drawbacks upon a reverent and edifying celebration of divine worship is, as we are well aware, less easy of removal than the latter. We trust the time is coming when every church and chapel will have its regular, and, if it be possible, stationary choir. From such an establishment females should be strictly debarred, and their place supplied by boys from the church or chapel school.† The choral body should obviously consist, not merely of Catholics, but of Catholics regular at their duties. That office, which in cathedrals and collegiate establishments is commonly discharged by ecclesiastics or those who are destined to be such, should by no means, where things are necessarily done with less strict propriety, be entrusted to any except devout and well-conducted persons. But, in sketching this picture of a more perfect state of things, we do not wish to underrate the hindrances in the way of its speedy accomplishment—hindrances of which we may hereafter speak more in detail. As to the music in use, there need certainly be no strict and scrupulous limitation to the plain chant; but, at least, there should be a determined and undeviating exclusion of all such pieces as give scope for theatrical display, or *undue prominence to individuals*. And in *this* province of the choral arrangements we can really see no difficulties whatever in the way of an immediate and complete reformation. Authorities are known to desire it, and as to the prejudices of the public, we should be for making short work with them, in a matter like that before us, of plain Christian propriety.

* It is now about four months since we saw with great satisfaction in the public papers, that a performance which the friends of a deceased musician were prepared to get up at his funeral, was prevented by authority.

† This point is urged with great force and judgment, by the author of the *Choir-Manual*, in his excellent Preface, pp. xix, xx.

An intermediate arrangement is that which obtains in some chapels with good effect, of a choir formed out of the regular members of the congregation. Still we own to a strong personal dislike of female voices in a choir.

Another and rather obvious argument in favour of the simpler music is, the opportunity which it gives for embracing the greatest number in the direct act of choral worship. There are, we are well aware, two different and naturally conflicting, though not necessarily contradictory, schools of opinion on the subject of ecclesiastical music, with one of which the observation we have just made may appear directly to clash. That we may not seem unfair towards the one of these theories, we shall attempt to state it to the best advantage, and that not merely out of candour, but under the influence of a real sympathy. It is said then, and with much truth, that musical power and skill are gifts of God, which we are bound, in the very first place, to employ in His service, and in framing, as it were, a glorious and graceful coronet to His honour. The same piety, it is said, which forbids us to offer Him the blind and the lame in sacrifice, should dispose us to render Him this peculiar homage of the voice, which He has given us to praise Him withal, and of the spirit of song which He has infused within us, in the utmost perfection of which both the one and the other are capable: for it were a shame and a sin to waste upon the corrupt and thankless world those gifts of nature and accomplishments of art which Holy Scripture itself, in the example of Beseleel, warrants us in regarding as the fruits, with all else that is glorious, beautiful, and of good report, of God's munificent and all-creative Spirit.* And does not the Church herself bear us out in this view of our great Benefactor's claims upon us? Does she not, by the multiplicity and exactness of her ceremonial provisions, do all which lies in her power to secure the *perfection* of that offering of devotion which she asks at our hands? Does she not demand of us our richest and our best, nor dispense with such costlier sacrifices except on the plea of necessity, or in favour of some paramount obligation? Does she not even seem harsh towards natural and unavoidable defects and infirmities, that so she may secure the excellence of the offering which she claims of us; providing that the very persons of her priests shall be not merely sound and whole, but even beautiful, the rather to remind us of the faultless integrity and consummate grace which befit each concomitant and appurtenance of God's all-glorious House?

* Vid. Exod. xxxi.

A view so religious and so just shall meet, we can assure its advocates, with nothing but favour and acceptance from us. We will not only bear with it, but embrace it; we desire to give it a place, and an important one, in the question with which we are now dealing. It is, in fact, the very ground on which we avow ourselves intolerant of antiquarian theories and exclusive predilections. It seems quite undeniable that music *has* such an use in the Church as this account presupposes. And it is also certain that here, as in other instances of the same kind, the view taken of such questions in the patristic or the middle ages can be no fair guide for us who are called on to deal with a different state of circumstances, for the very reason that the science of music has been steadily and rapidly on the advance since those times; and the very perfection at which God has willed that it should arrive, is a token of the claim which He prefers for the first fruits of the harvest.

These are extensive admissions; but not more extensive than we can fully and freely afford.

So far, then, as this particular estimate of the use of music in the Church may be quoted in objection to the more indiscriminate admission of voices, for which we are disposed to plead, our answer is a ready and obvious one.

What the demands of religion oblige, is not an absolute, but an actually attainable perfection. In the larger number of religious establishments, elaborate and scientific music is evidently impracticable; there are not funds for it, and if there were, it would not be their most natural and legitimate subject of application. The question, then, arises—shall we, in such circumstances, propose a different aim, or abandon the use of music in the service of the Church altogether? Now, were the question proposed between a simple low mass and such performances as in past times have brought so much scandal upon our Catholic worship, we should have no difficulty, as a matter of private feeling, in closing with the former of these alternatives. But it is because this does not appear to be the only question, that we are desirous of hazarding such suggestions on the matter, as, whether available or not, at any rate do not either, on the one hand, presume the necessity of falling back upon the simplest mode of divine worship, nor, on the other, interfere with the carrying out, under favourable circumstances, of a more artificial idea of

Church music than can ordinarily find the proper scope for exercise.

We repeat, therefore, that, in the actual state at least of the Church in England what we need, as a general rule, are the means, not of fine singing, but of full singing. Trained choirs, of course, there must be; but, as well for convenience sake as for those moral and religious reasons to which we have recently adverted, it is surely desirable that the *staple* of the music which is used should be of the simpler and easier kind. And though, as we have all along said, we are not for rigidly confining the limits of Church-music within the somewhat scanty range of plain chant, yet that traditional medium of the Church's sacred words does undoubtedly seem to present the most obvious opportunity of giving solemnity to the offices of divine worship, where the means and appliances of a more ornate style are not easily at command.

We have, besides, a very strong opinion that the sort of Church-music which is popular in Italy, is by no means adapted to the genius of our own country. We are a simple and homely people, who like plain things in a plain manner. It is part, too, of our downright and business-like character to wish for a share in what we feel to be public property. To such an extent, nay, and to such a fault, does this active and encroaching turn carry us, especially in sacred matters, that we verily believe it will be some time before a religious service of pure contemplation like the Mass, will gain a firm hold upon the affections of the great body of Englishmen (which, by the way, is one of the many reasons for rejoicing that what is called "the Catholic movement," is gradual rather than abrupt). There are excellent persons around, who, when they become Catholics, (as they will,) may be sensible at times, and for a time, of a personal loss in the want of those joyous hymns, united responses, and other *social* acts of worship, for which the service of the Church of England, radical as are its defects, and miserable as its ordinary exhibition, undoubtedly provides, and in a still greater degree, of course, the religious observances of the dissenters. Now, it is as palpable a mistake as can well be committed, to suppose that the Catholic worship is otherwise than, in its place and measure, social and congregational. Who can acquiesce even for an instant in such a notion of it, who has shared (for instance, at some of our colleges)

in its fervent litanies and in its exulting hymns? But the tendency of the Italian taste is, doubtless, towards *refinement* rather than *fulness* in the musical department of religious worship; it proceeds upon what we must call a one-sided view of the object of Church ceremonial; it is sensitive, as appears to us, to a fault, on the score of correctness, and is apt to purchase this advantage at the cost of that *heartiness* which is surely the first of all requisites in every religious act. "Credidi; propter quod locutus sum." Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth must needs speak. When the psalmist "kept silence from good words," his "sorrow was renewed."

It will be said, and we grant it, that the plain chant requires a certain knowledge of music, and so must needs be confined almost entirely to the official part of the choral establishment. The question, we know, is one of degree; and all music, however simple, presupposes certain requisites in a congregation, which are, as a matter of course, not universal. But the plain chant is actually the easiest of all music; being properly sung in unison and not in parts, it involves the least possible trial of ear, and requires the least possible compass or flexibility of voice. Hence it admits of being performed by a choir which would be quite unequal to the execution of figured or concerted pieces.*

But we have not exhausted our list of the advantages to which, as it seems to us, the pure ecclesiastical music is so directly subservient. Alone does it render due honour to the sacred subject with which it has to deal. Ordinary music uses the language with which it is engaged, as the mere tool of its purposes, playing with it in the way best fitted to give effect to itself; but the tones of the Church almost seem to withdraw themselves before the words upon which they are employed, as if conscious of their own feebleness, and only intent on throwing out their unspeakably wondrous and awful theme into the greatest possible prominence. We have heard it objected to the Ecclesiastical Chant that it is monotonous and inexpressive; this,

* One great reason (besides, of course, the direction of the Council of Trent) for cultivating the Plain Chant as a part of the necessary education at diocesan seminaries, is, that no other music can be so serviceable on the mission. And therefore, even though the abundant resources of musical talent in a college should allow the occasional execution of other styles, the plain chant is rightly made the basis and more ordinary rule of the choral service, as well for intrinsic reasons as from the importance of giving an interest and impulse to the study.

as we apprehend, is the result of its very principle; it is modest and reverent, as knowing the poverty of human instruments in divine works, and so does not attempt what it cannot accomplish. Of those tremendous words with which it has to deal, (to use the somewhat paradoxical eulogy,) "none but themselves can be the parallel." How can *their* meaning be illustrated, or their force heightened by the compositions of a sinner? So seem to have felt the Saints of old, and to have concluded accordingly that the simplest vehicle of sacred words must needs be the most suitable, and that, in one sense, the most inexpressive notes are the most touchingly expressive. They feared to make the sound a foil to the sense. And, disposed as we are under actual circumstances, to allow for some encroachment upon the severest rule of ecclesiastical music, we cannot but apprehend that in the degree in which it suffers violation will be the *danger*, (we do not say the effect,) of overlaying those sterling treasures with tinsel ornament, or at any rate, of doing them injustice by a paltry however beautiful setting. Or, as we have entered on a train of similes, we will follow it up. We suppose then that the ancients may have been deterred from investing the solemn words of the Church in too artificial a dress by somewhat of the feeling which prevails against the decoration of the exterior of ecclesiastical buildings with masses of ivy. Fair is that green mantle to look upon; originating perhaps in a harmless fancy, or even in a reverent intention; but its subject speedily becomes its victim; it clasps till it hugs, and hugs till it annihilates; not concealing only but corroding the sacred materials to which it is applied, by its well-meant but misplaced caresses.

Indeed, the liberties which some modern composers feel themselves able to take with the very formulæ of the Faith itself, are proof positive of the thoroughly inadequate notions of reverence with which they seem to approach their sacred and most responsible task. We have heard of compositions in use at Rome, (we think Alfieri refers to them,) in which the solemn words of the Nicene Creed, "genitum non factum," were so shuffled about between the different parts, that at length it seemed an equal chance whether they conveyed Catholicism or Arianism to the mind even of an attentive listener. The German composers too require much looking after; it is by no means

uncommon with them to make the words of the Credo or Gloria square with the conveniences of their composition, and should it suit the occasion, even to omit without scruple single words and sometimes whole passages; for what care they about the labours of councils, the struggles of theologians, or the testimony of martyrs? We have no wish to charge these gentlemen with intentional disrespect to the Church, but the facts show the great danger of entering upon works in the Church's service, otherwise than in a devotional spirit, and illustrate the difference between the use of music as a handmaid to religion, and its abuse as a tyrant over it. It may indeed be said, that since every word of the mass must be said by the celebrant, such omissions are in fact of secondary importance. And so far we will grant, that our holy Faith is happily proof against such losses or such liberties. But since the people, especially those of them who make use of the Missal, are not ignorant of what goes on at solemn functions, it is a thing *pessimi exempli*, that their ears should be familiarized to mutilated forms of those portions of the office of the Church, which they are rightly taught to regard as inviolable. There are petty offences in the same department, which do not call for such serious animadversion, but which, looking to the importance of accuracy in the use of church words, can hardly be felt as inconsiderable; such, we mean, as the method adopted in some of the chants for our Blessed Lady's Litany, of bracketting together three invocations so as to make them fit in with one petition; or again, of repeating the second "Agnus Dei," in order to suit the measure of a double chant. It is doubtful whether some of these variations do not go the length of forfeiting the indulgence attached to the right use of such devotions; but an objection more serious in our eyes, is the precedent which they create for infringing forms of prayer, whose very structure, for aught we know, may have something sacred about it. At all events it can never be well to depart from the exact line of the Church, without obvious necessity or formal dispensation. As a matter of taste too, we believe that the simplest and most beautiful chants to which this Litany is set, are those which require the least deviation from the letter, or to speak more correctly, none at all.

As we have here accidentally dropped the word "taste,"

we shall make a slight digression on the meaning of that much abused and much misunderstood term.

We hold *taste* to be the instinct or habit, or more truly the instinct following upon habit, whereby we are enabled to discern and detect what is most proper and congruous in each province of art. We say this, because it is sometimes objected, very superficially, to certain older styles of ecclesiastical music, that they are defective in "taste." Inconsistent with the more modern and artificial notions of music they may be, yet none the less for this reason in the truest taste, because founded in the greatest possible congruity between the subject to be illustrated and the mode of illustration. Our antiquaries and ecclesiologists go much further, and would repudiate any other standard of taste than that to which the older modes are conformed. Fearful, however, even to excess, of any approach to pedantry, and jealous upon principle of all rigorous and inflexible systems whether in art or in things more important, we can afford to allow far more to the moderns, than some of those with whom we cordially share the dislike of all trickery in art, while venturing however to dissent in some important particulars from their acknowledged principles; we can, as we say, allow ourselves to sympathise far more than they with the modern school, even so far as to admit that certain of its notions of taste may in their way and in their place be perfectly correct. But when it is attempted to apply these notions to inappropriate subjects then indeed we must protest against any such tyranny, and fall back, as we have done, upon a definition of taste, which none will dispute except in defence of a paradox. Perfectly secure in these convictions, we take on ourselves to say, that the music which dates and derives its name from St. Gregory the Great, is not only the best in moral and religious tendency, but the finest in taste; taking, that is into account, the subject to which it is applied and the idea upon which it is founded. And here we will enunciate an axiom on the same subject, the force of which we sincerely wish that all Catholics may come to appreciate, and that is, that good taste is a thing more closely allied to good morals and true religion than every man is at first aware. The practice indeed of divorcing taste from ethics and religion is perhaps one of the most fatal, from which our age, prolific as it is in false notions, has suffered; indeed it is hard to know which loses most by the separa-

tion, religion and morals, which are deprived of all their grace and sweetness; or art and literature, which are relegated to the base and miserable world from which the Church has reclaimed them. Let Catholics then never for one moment abandon to the world the empire of taste; it is their own of right and by long possession, and such portions of that territory as the world enjoys, she holds as a tenant and not as a lord of the soil. To apply this principle to the case before us. The reason of employing music in the service of the Church, is either a religious reason or it is none. Except the sound subserve the meaning, it is better away. If our view be a correct one, that style of music will be the most religious which deals most reverently with its subject, and gives the least scope for the play of irreligious dispositions. Being the most suitable to its subject, it will also be in the truest taste, according to the only view of taste which a Christian can recognize, and according to a view of it in which all enlightened philosophers from Aristotle and Cicero downwards have ever agreed.*

It is not unlikely, however, that popular opinion may be brought in to the settlement of the question; and it will be attempted to scare us not only from Plain Chant, but from all music except that of the style of Haydn and Mozart, by the vision of forsaken benches and a dissatisfied laity. We yield to none in respect for the lay people, and in the anxiety for crowded churches and sympathizing congregations. Moreover, as the tenour of our remarks will have shewn, we are disposed to carry the principles of conciliation and concession to an extent which many excellent Catholics of the present time are disposed to brand with the name of truckling to the world. We avow ourselves

* It is quite possible, however, that the older music may have undergone serious changes in its descent to our own time, and that some of that which now goes by the name of Plain Chant may even be vicious, or defective, *as music*. The differences which actually prevail in the tones to which portions of the Mass or Vespers are set in different editions of the Gradual and Antiphonal are evidently in favour of this suspicion. Musicians tell us that the rises and falls in some of these pieces are flagrantly irregular; certainly they are even to untutored, although correct ears, remarkably displeasing. These are niceties with which it does not fall under our design to meddle. Our present observations are grounded upon such pieces of plain chant as the Proper Prefaces, the Pater Noster, the Veni Creator, or that most exquisite work, the authorized music of the "Exultet" or "Benediction of the Paschal Candle" on Holy Saturday. This last appears to us almost as like a direct gift from heaven as the words themselves to which it is applied. The Psalm tones, again, we earnestly hope will never be invaded or put aside for any of the mawkish substitutes which prevail in the Protestant cathedrals.

in principle thorough-going Jesuits; disposed with them and with the great Apostle who lives among us in their Order more than in any single society upon earth, (though, of course, in their Order only as it exemplifies what may be called the concentrated essence of Catholicism,) to be, in the fullest sense of that highly unpopular phrase, "all things to all men that we may save all." And as in all other instances, so among the rest in this of music, we certainly regard it as the bounden duty of every wise and charitable priest on whom devolves the charge of a church or chapel, to consider well within himself, how much he may safely and properly yield with the view of sweetening to the taste of children—for weak Christians are but children at best—that chalice of discipline which is painful to flesh and blood at best, by so ordering the worship of Almighty God as that the Church shall be to every one, what it is surely meant to be, the most blessed of retreats from the stormy and feverish world, and the ceremonies of our holy religion the climax of all that on earth is the most soothing to the mind and transporting to the imagination. And if good and wise priests there be, men of strictness, of prayer, and of meditation, austere with themselves while most gentle to all others, of unworldly hearts, though for their wisdom branded as worldly by the ignorant or narrow-minded, models of patience and assiduity in the Confessional, though trained by early habits of devotion and obedience to undergo even gigantic labours of charity without prejudice to the cultivation of their own interior life; if priests like these there be, who, in the exercise of their conscientious judgment, shall see fit to mete out in the public services of religion the acknowledged treasures of the musical art with a less grudging hand than might seem to us desirable, who are we that we should bind their liberty?*

* Catholic England, indeed we may say Christendom, is looking forward with lively interest to the opening, in due time, of noble ecclesiastical structures, which are promised us in London and elsewhere, such as the church of St. Georges in the Fields, and that which is disclosing its beauteous form, emblem of Her under whose patronage it will be dedicated, among the habitations of the brute cattle, "because there was no room for it" in the broad street, and among the lordly palaces of that all but heathen city, which God grant! it may help to reclaim—the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm Street. We earnestly hope that in every new church and chapel, good use may be made of the advantageous position of a *fresh* establishment, towards guarding against evils which are always much more easily anticipated than checked.

While we are on the subject of the church in Farm Street, which, with all other similar undertakings, has our best wishes and fervent prayers, we will ven-

But with the feelings of a congregation as a sole or ultimate rule of action, a priest of God has nothing whatever to do. He is the guide of his people in the church, not their tool or their slave; their slave though indeed he be, for Christ's sake, in point of devotion to their interests and accessibility to their approaches. But should he take our own view of the intimate connexion, if not between certain styles of music, at least between certain points in the ordering of the musical department of religious worship, on the one hand, and the very foundation of religion and morality on the other, he will see his church deserted before he will yield one iota of principle with the view of filling it. As well might he submit to the dictation, or supposed prejudice, of his flock, as to the subjects of his preaching, or the regulation of the public functions of the Church, as in the essential character of the choral arrangements. Let him be well assured that they who will withdraw from his ministrations through dissatisfaction on points like these, are not worth his care to retain. If disorderly and rebellious subjects choose to excommunicate themselves instead of leaving the Church to do it, it is no affair of hers; they are the sufferers; she even the gainer. We devoutly hope that the days are passing away when Catholics will allow themselves to consult the humours, expressed or supposed, of the most clamorous portion of the community, to the great discouragement of the meek and obedient; when the worse members of the Church, or, more monstrous still! those who are not its members at all, shall be suffered to give, or to change, the tone and conduct of religion in its public manifestations. Such things there must have been in times gone by, or we should never, surely, have heard of choirs turned into orchestras, or masses into operas; we should never have heard of the gratification of *Protestants!* (and they, of course, the least religious portion) being made the object of ecclesiastical arrangements, or the criterion of their success.

We do not hazard the opinion as the mere random shot of conjecture, but pronounce it as the result of a sufficient experience, when we say, that the Church, like other governments, is ever in the end most loved where she is at

ture to express a hope that the altar will be kept clear of all collateral or superimposing accommodations for lay people, be they who they may. We are not aware of the necessity which can possibly justify any breach of ecclesiastical decorum in this respect.

the beginning most firm. The transient popularity which is procured by unbecoming concession, is a poor substitute indeed for the deep reverence and affection which follow upon steadiness and consistency; as is the talkative applause of the noisy many for the heartfelt loyalty of the devoted few. It is remarkable that St. Paul, (exemplifying one of those paradoxes which are ever rife in a mysterious and divine economy,) while he could say that he made himself all to all, could also say that he did all "for the sake of *the elect*." The Church has never prospered where, in any of her departments, or local manifestations, she has sacrificed the feelings of the devout few to the clamours of the forward many. This is but in other words to say that she has failed of her ends wherever she has neglected her characteristic principles; and made the favour of men her motive which is in truth but the accidental and purely occasional accompaniment of her faithful administration of those unchangeable gifts which are entrusted to her keeping. That human favour is no criterion to her disadvantage, we know as well from her own marvellous history, as, yet more, from the example of Him whose growth in all goodness it attended, and in some sort, as a voice from heaven, attested; but as He passed from the retreat of His boyhood and youth, the scene, be it said with all reverence, of His sacred noviciate, into the conflict with the world which He came to subdue, His divine mission was stripped of this fleeting and precarious token, and when His humiliation and sorrow were consummated, the world and the worldly had gone from Him, leaving it to a few obscure friends to bathe in their tears the foot of His cross, and to lay Him with duteous solicitude in the tomb.*

* We have been anxious all the while to keep out of sight considerations of expediency in what we regard as a simple question of right and wrong. But it is strictly in keeping with these few last observations to draw attention to the *certain* fact, that among minor causes which have operated to the prejudice of the English Catholic Church in quarters to which it looks with interest at the present crisis, none has been more powerful in the way of scandal, than the abuses (rather of past than present time) to which we have adverted in this article. In desiring the removal of all such just causes of offence, we shall not be supposed to recognise the extremely shallow reasoning of the persons who argue and act as if *any* such subjects of objection could be more than pure accidents, utterly irrelevant to the great question with which they have to deal; or even to admit that such pleas are, in many cases, more than the pretexes, or popular explanations, of conduct, the true *reasons* of which lie deeper. But this is the affair of the parties themselves; our business as Catholics, is to remove, as far as may be, even *pleas* for schism, quite insufficient though they be, as indeed what plea can be otherwise! towards the justification of the act.

ART. VII.—*Histoire de D. Mabillon et de la congregation de Saint-Maur, par M. Emile Chavin de Malan. Paris: 1843.*

WHO has not heard of the Benedictines of St. Maur? What scholar has not benefited by their labours? Pass we into any public library we will, from the Bodleian to the Vatican, the fruits of their industry and learning are piled up on every side around us, and from their honoured resting places command our reverence and admiration. Amid the countless works of minor worth and varied excellence which the teeming intellect of later times has produced, their majestic tomes stand forth, like the monuments of Roman or Egyptian greatness, the evidence of a zeal and intelligence which later times may envy or admire, but can scarcely hope to imitate—the fruit of that spirit of patient labour and persevering industry to which Europe was before indebted for the preservation of whatever is most valuable in its literature, whether sacred or profane—the parting gift of the monastic institutions of the middle ages ere they made way for the innovating and encroaching spirit of these in which we live at present. Surely the labours of such men, and the benefits they have conferred upon the literary world, as well as on the Church of which they were such distinguished members, require some more deserving tribute than the memory of an honoured name. It is fit that the recollection of what they did and of the singleness of heart, and disinterestedness of purpose, and indefatigable perseverance of exertion with which they worked in the vineyard of the Lord, should be preserved, were it but to urge some fainting labourer in the same field to the imitation of their example. It is fortunate that this duty, in the present instance, has devolved on one, whose learning and piety, and kindred spirit are a sufficient guarantee for its adequate fulfilment. M. De Malan, though a layman, has already proved how carefully he appreciates, and how worthily he estimates the services of those whose virtues he has recorded in the pages that are open before us.

The great Benedictine Order, that for so many generations of men, and in so many various forms of society, had flourished with such honour and usefulness, was re-

duced in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to a state of lamentable inefficiency and decay. After a long and glorious career of a thousand years, and after having produced some of the greatest men that ever adorned our nature, it was only natural, perhaps, to expect some symptoms of exhaustion and old age. Yet it was not age alone that contributed to its weakness and decline. The venerable institute had in it elements of strength that would have ensured its continued and vigorous existence for many an age to come, if it had not been assailed by violence from without, and undermined by insidious and mercenary children from within. In France and Germany the abbots of the Benedictine, and indeed of almost all other orders, suffered considerably from the disorders of the so-called Reformation; but they suffered much more from the abuse which was so general in those times of giving away the abbays as it was technically called "in Commendam."

By this system the revenues of the monasteries were squandered in worldliness, and often in dissipation, by the titular abbots, who not only did not reside in, but very frequently were not even acquainted with the monastery whose spiritual guidance was entrusted to them. Whether the buildings were in a condition of sufficient repair; whether the duties prescribed by rule were observed; whether monastic discipline was practised, were points about which, generally speaking, they gave themselves very little trouble. It was their interest to get as much out of their abbacy as was possible. They left the few half-starved members of the community to find their way to perfection and to heaven in the best manner they could. In France this evil prevailed to a most enormous extent. The very prelates of the Council of Trent touched it with but a gentle hand, fearing lest the too speedy and violent correction might endanger the very existence of the monastic institute. Many holy and zealous men of the Benedictine Order itself, conscious of the discredit and danger to the institute, from this cause, made several efforts to rescue it from the one, and guard against the probability of the other; and the reforms of Bursfeld in Germany, of Valladolid in Spain, of Monte Cassino in Italy, and the Congregation of Feuillans in France, were specially undertaken for this purpose. Of this nature also was the Congregation to which principally our observations are intended to refer—the reformed Benedictine monastery of

St. Maur. This reformation was commenced by Dom. Benard, who died in 1620, and was completed by his successor, D. Gregory Tarrisé. It was approved by Gregory XV. in a solemn brief dated the 17th of May, 1621; and was intended by him and by its authors to include, besides the revival of religious fervour, the more diligent and profound study of all departments of ecclesiastical learning, especially that of history. It was sought to make its members, not only men of prayer but also men of learning, and to render the followers of St. Benedict in the 16th and 17th, what they were in the 8th and 9th, the guides and teachers of the world. With what success they laboured, and how well and signally they realized these noble aspirations, may be seen by contemplating the character of one individual alone. That individual is Mabillon.

Saint-Pierre-Mont, a small and insignificant village about two leagues from Mouson on the Meuse, was the birthplace of Mabillon, on the 23rd of November, 1632. From his very birth, the monuments of monastic splendour and the practices of the monastic life were familiar to him, for his native village had the abbey of Bellevall on one side, and the celebrated Chartreuse of Mont-Dieu on the other; and was not very distant from either. His father, Stephen Mabillon, was of humble extraction and humbler circumstances. He lived long enough to see the celebrity of his son, for his life was prolonged to the unusual and patriarchal term of 116 years. The first principles of his religious instruction he derived from the lips of his kind and affectionate mother, and in his old age was frequently heard to express his most grateful recollection of them. He learnt his rudiments from an uncle, who was the priest of a neighbouring parish, and who when he had made some progress, sent him to continue his studies in the public schools of Reims. Here he had the good fortune, owing probably to his uncle's introduction, to find a sincere and efficient friend in the person of M. Boucher, who held some office in the city, and who consented to receive him as a boarder in his house during the progress of his studies. He spent some years, attending the lectures that were given at the college, and turning to good account the opportunities of acquiring knowledge that were afforded him. His masters liked him for his attention and intelligence; and he was a favourite with his schoolfellows on account of his obliging and affectionate disposition.

Though but in the third class, he was chosen to present a complimentary address to the Archbishop of Nemours on his first visit to Reims, and the discourse he delivered upon this occasion, was very generally applauded. But many a boy, who made fine speeches, and created quite as great a sensation, during his school or his college course, has made but a poor figure in the world afterwards. And he had too much good sense and solid piety to be puffed up with his own intellectual superiority, or to trust too much to that opinion of his abilities, by which so much of precocious genius has been destroyed. The oak in the first stage of its growth, may seem in vain to rival the luxuriance of the osier, or to hope for a destiny as honourable. But while a basket is the humble destination of the one, the other in the fulness of time, becomes the pride and beauty of the ocean. We are far indeed from undervaluing or despising the promise of future intellectual distinction, but we should beware of estimating it at more than its true value. At best, it is but a fair ground of hope, and an honourable incentive to exertion.

The talents and piety of the young Mabillon attracted, as we have said above, the attention of his superiors, and his own inclinations leading him to the sacred ministry, the ecclesiastical authorities of Reims wished to secure his future services for their own diocese. He received the tonsure in January, 1651, and shortly after was admitted into the clerical seminary, founded at Reims by the Cardinal of Lorraine, after his return from the Council of Trent, on the model of that which St. Charles Borromeo had just recently established in Milan. The after life of the subject of our notice, proves how deeply and fully he imbibed the spirit of study and of prayer which such establishments were intended to infuse. Reims is an interesting and venerable city even at this day. It was still more so in the days of Mabillon. It was full of old historical monuments, connected with the former condition of the country, of fine architectural remains of the gothic architecture of the middle ages. The surrounding neighbourhood also possessed many objects of attraction to the christian and religious visitor. Thither on the days of recreation was he accustomed to repair, and spend many hours, and derive much gratification from the contemplation of these venerable memorials of other times. One subject of interest in the city deserves especial mention because it

was to decide the character of his after life. This was the Benedictine abbey of Saint Remy. As a specimen of architecture it is inferior to several in the city, but its dark aisles, and time-honoured windows, possessed a great charm for him. There was there also the tomb that contained within it the mortal relics of him whose hand poured the waters of baptism on the head of Clovis, and whose virtues won to the Church of God those mailed warriors that would have spurned any mere human influence. There too was kept with scrupulous care, the cruet of consecrated oil, that in the days of their regal inauguration, was poured upon the successors of Clovis. There too, as the evening sun darted its rays through the stained windows and poured its flood of many coloured radiance upon the pavement, he heard the solemn words of the liturgy chanted, not as he was wont to hear them, by a few aged monks, whose faltering voices were but faintly heard beyond the choir, and whose hurried repetition showed that though their lips were occupied in God's work, their hearts and their affections often were elsewhere; but he heard them chanted by a full and earnest band of holy men, whose full voices blending in harmonious unison, and eyes directed with holy fervour heavenward, and faces beaming with rapturous zeal, indicated, if any exterior expression could indicate, that from the fulness of the heart the mouth was speaking. These were the new monks of the Reform of St. Maur, that had been recently introduced, and had resumed the ancient observances of the institute. Their piety and fervour, their mode of life and spiritual advantages, made a deep impression upon the heart of Mabillon. Each time he visited the old abbey of St. Remy, he felt that there alone he could be happy. There was the place of his rest, and there was to be his habitation for ever. Feeling this strong inclination to enter the Reformed Benedictine Institute, he made application to the proper authorities, and after some delay was admitted a postulant of the order on the 29th of August, 1653. He received the habit in the September following, and after the lapse and probation of a year, was admitted to his solemn religious profession. His conduct during his novitiate was so edifying, that, contrary to the usual practice, it was resolved to leave him for some time at the abbey of Saint Remy, to be for the other novices an example and an encouragement. But his zeal was near leading him

too far. So great and incessant were his exertions, that his health began to give way. He became subject to violent headaches, which prevented him from using any application, and almost from reading the divine office. Fears were even entertained that his health was irrecoverably gone, and as a last resource after many others had failed, he was recommended a total cessation from business of every kind, and a long continued residence in the country. It was hoped that the repose, pure air, and tranquillity of some retired country district, would once more restore him to his health, and secure his services for religion.

With low spirits and desponding heart Mabillon took his leave of the old abbey church of St. Remy, and of those dear friends whose home was there; and set out upon his journey to the monastery of Notre-Dame de Nogent, near Coucy. It was situated in a retired country place, and though once a monastery of some note, little more than the ruins of its former splendour now remained. Great part of the buildings had fallen down, and a few old monks were the only surviving representatives of a once numerous community. But it was situated in the midst of a delightful country, on the banks of a charming river, as most of our old monasteries are. The pure air and agreeable relaxation soon began to exercise a visible and salutary influence on his health. He spent a considerable portion of each day in making excursions in the environs, whenever an object or a locality possessed a religious or an historical interest. The walls of the old abbey in which he resided, possessed too for him an interest the most fascinating. With all the zeal of a poet and an antiquary, he made himself acquainted with the legendary chronicles of the neighbourhood; and every niche and window, every crumbling pillar and ruined aisle, became for him the scene of some historical reminiscence. It is recorded of him that he spent almost an entire night making excavations in the church to discover the tomb of a certain abbot Gilbert, with whose chronicles he had made acquaintance in the course of his researches.

In the year 1657, his health being sufficiently restored, he was called to Soissons for the purpose of receiving Holy Orders, and was ordained a deacon in the following year. His thirst for study being well known, it was deemed prudent to gratify his inclinations in that respect, and he was ordered by his superiors to repair to the celebrated abbey of

Corbie in the diocese of Amiens. To one of his tastes no residence could be more agreeable. Though shorn of much of its former splendour, it was still a place of considerable learning and renown, and possessed a library, the scattered fragments of which are at present amongst the choicest treasures of several of the public libraries of Europe. Mabillon had here many opportunities of gratifying his ardour for study, and ample and valuable materials for the prosecution of his historical researches. With a considerate solicitude lest his studies should again affect his health, he was entrusted with the office of Bursar of the community. This, however irksome it may have been to his literary ardour, was an effectual preventive of excessive application. Even with this drawback he was contented and happy. He was promoted to the order of priesthood in 1660, and had no other desire than to spend the remainder of his days in quiet tranquillity, and devote himself uninterruptedly to the exercises of study and prayer. But God had other objects in view for him, and in Midsummer 1663, he was removed to the equally celebrated abbey of St. Denis, to assist Dom. Claude Chantelou in the new edition of the works of St. Bernard, which he was preparing for the press. The prior of the monastery knowing his taste for ecclesiastical and historical antiquities, entrusted him with the care of the museum, which at that period contained some exceedingly interesting and valuable memorials of the Church and monarchy of France, which have since been unfortunately dispersed. It will be perceived that every incident of his life was ordained by providence to nourish and develope, and mature, those tastes and pursuits which were to be subsequently productive of such advantages to the Church. After a residence of one year at Saint Denis, he removed by the advice of his superiors to that with which his name is indissolubly connected, and which was the scene of his long and well-merited celebrity, the monastery of Saint Germain-des-Près, in the city of Paris.

The abbey of Saint Germain-des-Près, was the principal house of the Maurist reformed institute. Dom. Tarris, the superior, was directing his most unremitting zeal and attention to the revival of ecclesiastical studies. The celebrated Dom. D'Achery was already engaged in the publication of his collection of original and unpublished docu-

ments, known by the name of the *Spicilegium*,* when Mabillon became an inmate of the community. The enlightened and judicious discernment of Tarrisé wished to collect in the capital, all those whose talents promised to forward the object he had in view, and he appointed Mabillon to assist D'Achery in the arrangement of his documents.

"He discharged himself of this duty," says M. De Malan, "with zeal, and always treated his master with the utmost respect and attention. Poor old D'Achery was feeble and infirm, and his assistant wished to leave him all the honour, and take upon himself all the labour. It was a similar feeling that made him, upon a later occasion, put D'Achery's name before his own in the title-page of all the volumes of his great work, the '*Acta*.' He never did anything of consequence without taking his advice, and seldom passed a day without going several times to see him. He said mass for him every morning in the infirmary, to which D'Achery was confined for a long time by his infirmities, wrote his letters, and executed his commissions with all the simplicity and docility of a child. He continued at the same time to assist Claude Chantelou in his edition of the Works of St. Bernard, and published, almost without interruption, three editions of this Father. They will be for years to come models of learning and critical skill.† The learned Bona, at that period General of the Reformed Institute of Cîteaux, wrote to Mabillon to encourage him to a continuation of those literary labours, which promised to be of such service to the Church."—Page 266.

From the very commencement of their literary exertions, the superiors contemplated a new and comprehensive history of the Benedictine order. This was a work, that to be properly executed, required great research, and great resources. It was to be in reality a history of Europe for a thousand years; and a history, not of that busy bustling life which men lead in camps, in courts, in crowded cities; not a record of blood shed and empires overthrown, and sceptres lost and won, as the world's histories have so often been, but a record of that inward private life which the busy world takes no heed of, which is hidden with Christ in God; which has its own trials and

* *Veterum Scriptorum Spicilegium*; Paris, 1655 to 1667. 13 vols. in 4to.

† *Sancta Bernardi abbatis primi Clarevallensis opera omnia post Horstium denuo recognita*; Paris 1667, 2 vols. folio. Mabillon gave two editions of St. Bernard. The second in 2 vols. folio, Paris 1690, is the best of the two. The best edition of this father, is that of Paris 1835, in 2 vols. 4to.

combats, and long-continued struggles, but which although confined to the secrecy of the individual heart, are not therefore the less desperately contested, and sometimes not the less hardly won: a record of what generous men, in dark and perilous times, did to advance the interests of religion, and the salvation of others, when barefaced vice and savage power were enthroned in the high places of the world; yes, and a record too, of those other but less spiritual achievements, which the followers of Benedict accomplished for knowledge, for civilization, for the social interests of humanity. An undertaking of this character, so minute, so comprehensive, required much and most persevering industry. It was one which only the most cordial co-operation of the several houses and members could possibly bring to a successful issue; but it was one, however, for which the very constitution of the Benedictine order afforded peculiar facilities. Materials were to be collected in every part of Europe. The dusty shelves of old convent libraries were to be examined, and whatever original and valuable documents they contained, to be transcribed and transmitted to Paris. A great mass of valuable materials had in this manner, and after some time been collected, and Mabillon was appointed to reduce them to order, and prepare them for the purpose for which they were intended. No duty could be more agreeable to his tastes, or more in harmony with his previous studies, and he devoted himself to his appointed task with the most self-devoted energy, and the most unflinching resolution. His application was prodigious, and his industry almost incredible. Though his health was delicate, he rose every morning at two o'clock, and with the exception of the time he spent at mass and prayer, allowed himself no cessation until dinner. The afternoon was also thus employed, and his studies were often prolonged to a late hour at night. The result of his labours appeared in due time. The first volume in 1668, the last in 1701. The entire work contains nine large folio volumes, and forms perhaps one of the most splendid historical collections ever made by the zeal and perseverance of one single individual.*

* "Acta Sanctorum Ordinis S. Benedicti, in Sæculorum classes distributa," in folio, Paris, 1668—1701. Nine Volumes. This work, although reprinted in Venice some time afterwards, is not easily to be met with. It is most valuable for those who devote themselves to scientific historical investigation. The prefaces of the several volumes, have been printed separately in one vol. 4to. Rouen, 1732.

In the execution of this work, Mabillon felt himself bound to omit from the list of the saints of the Benedictine order, some names that had been inserted therein by the traditionary veneration of particular places or communities, but which did not seem to him on examination deserving of that honour. Some he supposed had no claim to be considered members of the Benedictine family; others perhaps in his opinion never had an existence. This exclusion raised up, as may be imagined, many enemies for the author, and much opposition to his work. A formal complaint was laid before the general Chapter of the Order, on the appearance of the first volume, and the author was exposed to much annoyance, and put to considerable trouble in the vindication of his opinions. Each contested point required a long dissertation for its elucidation or defence. His meekness and forbearance presented a striking contrast to the bitterness which some of his opponents infused into the discussion of the subject, and not less perhaps than the solidity of his arguments, inclined the scales of judgment in his favour. After some short delay he was directed by his superiors, to resume and continue without interruption the labours which he had interrupted for a moment.

The abbey of St. Germain was at this time the centre of intellectual activity in Paris. The most distinguished men in some of the highest walks of literature, were wont to assemble occasionally within its walls, and encourage each other to new and renewed exertions. Their periodical meetings were held in the room of D'Achery, and were by no means confined to members of the Benedictine order, nor even to individuals of the clerical profession. Any one who had achieved a name in the history of intellectual exertion, or who could bring with him any contribution to increase the literary resources of his country, was ever sure of welcome. There of an afternoon were to be met engaged in friendly conversation, or discussing some point of interest to the scholar or the philosopher, Du Cange, Baluze, D'Herbelot, Boileau, and others of similar taste, and perhaps not inferior reputation. Fleury too would find his way betimes to the abbey of St. Germain, to confer on the subjects of his history, with heads more learned than his own; and Bossuet often came to compare notes, and to employ the services of Mabillon in the examination of questions of ancient discipline, that had a reference to the

controversies of the day. He wished to have him by his side during the meetings of the clergy, in which he took so conspicuous a position; but Mabillon had no relish for the tumult and turmoil of a popular assembly. He went there but seldom, and stayed but a short time, for his heart was in his books and in his cloister, and he loved to be back again among them. He had also the honour of reckoning the great archbishop of Cambray among the number of his friends. In fact, there was scarce an individual of any celebrity in France that did not solicit the honour of his acquaintance, or the favour of his correspondence; for in an age when great literary undertakings were matters of not unfrequent occurrence, his labours were a subject of general admiration.

The superiors of the Maurists were of opinion that, after all their enquiries and researches, many valuable documents lay unknown in the several continental monasteries, and it was resolved to send Mabillon on a journey of discovery to the convents of the Low Countries. He took leave of his friends of St. Germain, and set out on foot with one companion, Dom. Claude Estiennot, a young religious inflamed with a kindred spirit to his own. When he got outside the walls of Paris, he began the service which the Church recommends for the commencement of a journey. Each day he adhered as far as he possibly could to the canonical hours of office, made his spiritual lecture in the Holy Scripture or the Imitation, and during the heat and sultry oppressiveness of noon the two wayfarers may often have been seen, under the shade of some spreading tree, discoursing on subjects of religious or literary interest. In the convents, especially of his own order, along his route he was received with the utmost politeness and attention. Hospitality has ever been an honourable characteristic of the members of the cloister: who could have claimed it with more justice than the illustrious visitor who now presented himself for admittance? During his stay in any convent he endeavoured, as far as the object of his journey would permit, to conform himself to the common exercises of the community. When circumstances compelled him to lodge in inns or hotels, he endeavoured by his regularity and deportment to edify those who happened to be in his company. He went to the nearest church to pray and read his office, and always had a kind word and religious present for the little chil-

dren with whom he came in contact. In this manner the travellers sanctified their journey; and after an absence of some months returned to their cells and studies again. The fruits of their researches made their appearance in due time in the shape of four volumes octavo, and contained a collection of documents* of every kind, and all of considerable importance.

The Benedictines were very desirous that the works of the Fathers of the Church should be made known to the world. For more than a century, and in many an angry contest on religious subjects, it was usual to make a reference to their words and an appeal to their authority, very often by those who had never looked into their pages. Even for those who had done their best to discover the truth, there were many difficulties. Many of the editions of the Fathers were imperfect, many of little authority, many full of typographical, and often of editorial blunders. A new and correct edition, at least of the principal Fathers, was a work of the utmost value and importance. The Maurists had begun with St. Bernard. They now determined to continue the undertaking, and commenced without delay, undeterred by the magnitude of the labour, the works of St. Augustine. If this was a work of great necessity and of great magnitude, it was also, from the peculiar circumstances of the Church of France, one of great difficulty. It was no easy matter so to give the text of an author, on which the eyes of all were directed, and in which all had so great and absorbing an interest, without giving offence to some. The Jansenist controversy was then in its most violent crisis, and men's minds were agitated with various and contradictory opinions. A particular reading of a text, or the partial wording of a commentary, or the one-sided suggestion of a note, may give the learned Bishop of Hippo a meaning decisive of the point at issue, and raise up for the unlucky editor a host of bitter enemies. But the Maurists, though aware of these difficulties, were not deterred from their undertaking. The origin of their great edition of St. Augustine is related in the following passage of our author:

"Dom. Claude Martin, who was elected assistant superior general in 1668, proved himself the great promoter of the studies of the

* *Vetera Analecta*. Paris, 1675 to 1685. 4 vols. 8vo. A second edition was published in 1723, by the Academician La Barre, in one volume folio.

congregation. The several monasteries in which he lived before his election, and in which he filled several offices, were indebted to him for many valuable accessions to their libraries. Conversing one day in a friendly way with Dom. Luke D'Achery, the latter casually mentioned a plan which five or six persons of his acquaintance had formed of editing the works of St. Augustine. In pursuit of that object they had come very often to compare and examine the MSS. of the library of St. Germain-des-Près, which the generous librarian had placed with all his heart at their disposal. But, whether afraid of the magnitude of the undertaking, or engaged in other and more pressing duties, they had, after six months of study, abandoned it altogether. Dom. Claude Martin, whose mind was naturally led to great enterprises, saw at once the value of such a project, and its utility to the Church. He asked D'Achery whether their own congregation did not possess sufficient resources to enable it to do what these had left undone. 'It is a work of great labour and fearful enterprise,' said the other, 'but still it may be done by comparing the MSS. of this Father which are in our libraries, and entrusting the management of it to some learned religious, who will not be dismayed by the difficulties he has to encounter.' This was enough to determine Claude Martin, who never shrunk from any toil in the service of God and his holy Church. The affair was proposed in chapter and approved, and Martin was charged with its execution. Wherever manuscripts were found, they were compared and forwarded to Paris, and M. Delfau was called to superintend the progress of publication. To Dom. Peter Coustant the critical analysis of the writings ascribed to the saint was allotted. D. Guenié drew up the general table, which is a master-piece of its kind; and D. Nicholas Goyot inspected the printing, and corrected the proofs. The work was going on prosperously until Delfau was banished from Paris by a 'lettre de cachet,' and died suddenly at Landavenec in Lower Brittany, whither he had been ordered to repair. D. T. Blampin, who was appointed in his place, had been previously professor of theology at St. Germain."—Page 313.

The publication of the first volume was the occasion of a loud and intemperate storm of opposition. Pamphlets with names, and pamphlets without names, issued week after week from the press, finding fault with the labours of the Maurists, accusing them of unfaithfulness and incorrectness in the rendering of the text, and often of something worse in the substance of the doctrinal dissertations. We are far from saying that, in a work of such magnitude, errors and faults may not be occasionally found, and where so many individuals were employed, occasional diversities of opinion; but this was in the ordinary course of things to be expected. Taking it as a whole, it was creditable to

their industry, zeal, learning, piety, and indomitable perseverance. It was only a high sense of religious duty that could have enabled them to persevere, and sustained them against every opposition. Notwithstanding the voice of faction, and the murmur of interested opposition, public opinion and the most enlightened of the clergy were in their favour. The work was carried on with vigour, and in the course of nine years from the commencement of the work, the eleventh and concluding volume made its appearance, with a beautiful preliminary dissertation from the pen of Mabillon. Well may the Maurist monks be proud of such a magnificent contribution to the patristic literature of the Church, as this edition of the writings of one of its greatest and most eloquent Fathers—the incomparable Augustine.* A few days after its publication, Mabillon, dressed in his best clothes, set out for Versailles, to present to his majesty the concluding volumes of the work. He was presented to the king by Le Tellier, archbishop of Reims and premier peer of France. On arriving at the hall of audience, they found his majesty in conversation with Bossuet. "I have the honour," said Le Tellier, "of presenting to your majesty the most learned man in your dominions." The bishop of Meaux, who knew the worth

* S. Augustini Opera. Paris 1687. Eleven volumes folio. Mabillon had prepared the public for this edition, by his "Préface dedicatoire des Œuvres de Saint Augustin," in 4to. 1679.

The following list will give some idea of the prodigious activity and zeal of the Maurists, in the department of Patristic literature, without taking into account the numerous other works in History and Theology, in which they were at the same time engaged. We give here the dates and editors of the principal editions. It is not necessary to say that all the editors were Maurists.

1675	Anselm,	one vol. folio.	Editor.	Dom. Gerberon.
1679	Aurelius Cassiodorus,	2 fol.	"	Dom. Garet.
1686	Ambrose, ...	2 fol.	"	Dom. Du Frische.
1693	Hilary, ...	1 fol.	"	Dom. Coustant.
1693	Jerom, ...	5 fol.	"	Dom. Martinay.
1698	Athanasius, ...	3 fol.	"	Dom. Montfaucon.
1699	Gregory of Tours,	1 fol.	"	Dom. Ruinart.
1705	Gregory the Great,	4 fol.	"	Dom. D. de Saint Marthe.
1706	Collectio Patrum Græc,	2 fol.	"	Dom. Montfaucon.
1710	Ireneus of Lyons,	1 fol.	"	Dom. Massuet.
1710	Lactantius, ...	1 oct.	"	Dom. Nourry.
1713	Hexapla of Origen,	2 fol.	"	Dom. Montfaucon.
1718	Chrysostom, ...	13 fol.	"	Dom. Montfaucon.
1720	Cyril of Jerusalem, ...	1 fol.	"	Dom. Touttée.
1721	Basil, ...	3 fol.	"	Dom. Garnier.
1733	Origen, ...	4 fol.	"	Dom. De la Rue.

[This list is taken from M. Maran; but it is not to be taken as complete. It omits the works of St. Cyprian, St. Leo the Great, the *Epistolæ Romanorum Pontificum* by Dom. Coustant, and several other editions. Ed. D. R.]

of Mabillon, and had for him the most sincere regard and affection, added, "Sire, the archbishop should also have said,—and the most humble." Never was the compliment more richly deserved, or more elegantly applied. With all the learning that he unquestionably possessed, no one could have a more humble opinion of his own abilities or acquirements, or was more willing to do justice to the abilities of others. A stranger one day waited on Du Cange, of whom we have already made mention. The latter, not able to give him the information he required, referred him to Mabillon. The latter, on learning the object of his visit, said, "I recommend you to apply to Du Cange. No one is more competent to give you the information you require." "Why," replied the gentleman, "it is M. Du Cange that has referred me to you." "Well," said Mabillon, "Du Cange is certainly competent to be my master. But, if you wish to honour me with your visits, I shall feel much pleasure in communicating to you the little knowledge I possess."

In the prosecution of his researches, Mabillon had occasion to consult a vast number of original documents. He wished not to take his knowledge at second-hand from any previous writer, but to see and examine for himself. Among the ancient documents that came under his inspection, the most trustworthy, and consequently the most valuable, were the charters that had from time to time been granted by kings and other persons in authority. From their very character they were deserving of the most implicit reliance, to a greater degree than even medals or historians; for medals may be coined from vanity or ostentation, and historians, however well-disposed, may be led astray by rumour, or not possess sufficient opportunities of information. The only difficulty to be encountered by the historical enquirer is to ascertain if the charter be genuine. Its authenticity once established, its testimony may be without hesitation relied on. The oldest charter known to be in existence, is one of the Emperor Galba. The oldest of the French kings is one of the first Childebert, given in 558 to the monastery of St. Germain-des-Près. It was only in the seventh century that the custom of issuing charters was adopted by the sovereigns of England. The greater part of the deeds of those early times, and down even to the 10th and 11th centuries, were deposited for greater security in the archives of some neighbouring

church or monastery. Frequently, three or four authentic copies were distributed in various places of those whose contents were of a more than usually important nature. Thus, several copies were made and signed of the celebrated charter by which Charlemagne invested the pope with the temporal sovereignty of the Roman territory. Two of these copies were left in Italy. The others were brought to France. But, unfortunately, in those times when detection was not so easy as it would be in our days, vanity or self-interest led persons to forge new or alter those already existing. Hence, it was not in every case easy to find out at first sight, and without the application of some fixed standard, whether the document exhibited was genuine. To the discovery of this standard, and the elucidation of the principles by which it was to be regulated, the subject of our notice applied himself. Something had already been done in this department by the Jesuit Papebroch. But from the experience which he had, and from the extent of his mediæval information, no one then living was so capable of executing it with success as the individual to whom it was now committed; and the great work which contains the result of his labours is generally considered a masterpiece of its kind, and the foundation of modern historical science. It was published in 1681 under the auspices of Colbert,* and consists of six books. The first treats of the antiquity and form of charters. They were usually written on two or three sheets of parchment, sewed together; sometimes, however, on one. The more voluminous ones were written on Egyptian papyrus. Black ink was commonly used. But kings often used to give charters in letters of gold. Purple ink was employed by the Greek emperors in their signatures. The characters were Roman until the eleventh century. The charters of the two first dynasties of France were written in a character different from that which was used in books; but, subsequently, they were the same. In his second book, he goes into minute details relating to the bad spelling and barbarous diction, that is almost always found in them, in the forms of speech and technical expressions, the style of sealing, and subscribing, and witnessing, by which the

* *De re Diplomaticâ Libri Sex.* Paris 1681. In Folio Majori. A supplement was published in Paris in 1704. The best edition is that of Naples, 2 vols. folio, maj.

ages of the several documents may be almost confidently ascertained. The other books are devoted to proofs and illustrations of the principles he has laid down, and of the manner in which they are to be applied. In the examination of his subject, Mabillon had occasion to make frequent reference to Papebroch, and refute the opinions on which he so confidently relied. The following letter of the Jesuit to Mabillon will show how successfully and completely the refutation was accomplished. It is not less creditable to him by whom it was written than to him to whom it was directed.

"I have to tell you, that the only pleasure I now feel in having written on this subject, is that, by so doing, I have given occasion to the composition of so valuable a work. At first indeed, on reading your book, it gave me some pain to see myself so refuted, as that I had nothing to say in reply; but, by degrees, the utility and beauty of your valuable work completely got the better of my infirmity. Rejoiced to see the truth in so clear a light, I called my companion, who was near me, to share in my admiration, which I could scarcely contain. On this account have no difficulty in saying, on every occasion that you may find it necessary to do so, and publicly, that I am perfectly of your opinion."—Page 342.

This work, like the others, was the occasion of some angry controversy. The Jesuit Germon took up the gauntlet for his brother, and impugned several of the principles of interpretation in the treatise of Mabillon. But the author said nothing. His friends replied to the attack; not that they attached much importance to the literary character of Germon, but because they deemed his principles, if fully carried out, subversive of the truth of other and more important books than the charters of the middle ages.

Having done so much for the cause of sacred and profane literature in the journeys which he had already made, it was deemed advisable by his superiors to send him forth again. In those days the original materials from which history should ever be written were not so convenient to the writer's hand, as, generally speaking, they have become in our own. There are few documents of any value that have not been collected into some of the museums with which the capitals of most of the European kingdoms have been enriched. The establishments and convents, to the industry of whose inhabitants they were in most instances indebted for existence, still flourished, and the

libraries to which they belonged had not yet been dispersed. But the greater portion of the literary wealth which these establishments contained, was known to the proprietors alone; and the scholar who sought to make them available to his purpose, or conducive to the public good, had not only to become master of their contents, but previously to discover their existence. If we take into account the difficulty of communication between one place and another, and the unwillingness on the part of those who had the care of the several archives to permit their contents to be thus thoroughly explored, we may have some idea of the nature and number of the obstacles that arrested the progress of knowledge. No one could be found whose learning, character, and well-merited reputation, were better calculated to surmount this barrier and secure admission to the very sanctuary of information than the learned Benedictine; and both in his journey to Burgundy and Germany in the summer of 1682, and in that to Italy in 1685, he was everywhere received with the utmost kindness and attention. Every library and archive was thrown open to him, and all vied with one another as to who would place the most valuable and the most numerous monuments at his command. It was no vulgar curiosity that led Mabillon to visit the wonders of other lands. If he had consulted his own tastes, he never would have left his monastery of Germain-des-Près, for beyond his study and his stall he sought no object of curiosity. He was twenty years in Paris before he went to see Versailles; and a capitulary of Charlemagne, or an old worm-eaten charter of the Merovingian kings, had more interest and attraction in his eyes than the splendour of Versailles or the beauty of the Trianon. He was a bookworm of the most perfect genus; one that combined with the devoted passion of an antiquary the high intelligence and power of combination, that made him see the real value of each production, and make it available for the proper purpose. If anything could bring him without a murmur or repugnance from the study, where his books were piled around him, it was the humble stall in the abbey church, where, at the ordinary hours of office, he came to take his place among his brethren.

On his return from Germany in 1682, he had the affliction to learn that his munificent patron and kind friend, the great Colbert, had died in his absence. But he had

still a kind and zealous friend in Le Tellier, the archbishop of Reims. At his suggestion Mabillon was sent to Italy, and while making researches in the department of ecclesiastical history, he was empowered to purchase any work he might think worthy of a place in the Royal Library of Paris. He commenced his journey in company with Dom. Michael Germain in the beginning of April 1685. Lyons, Milan, Venice, Loretto, afforded him abundant subjects of literary and religious interest; and crossing the Appennines, he entered Rome on the morning of Friday the 15th of June. He travelled all night, in order by his early arrival to disconcert the arrangements of his friends, who were prepared to give him a public reception. It is not necessary for us here to say what objects of curiosity were likely to obtain or to merit his attention. The libraries, public and private, in that great city, were able to repay him amply for his trouble and labour. He made the usual tour of Italy, and after an absence of a year, returned to his monastery in July, 1686. The fruit of his researches was soon presented to the world by the publication of the *Museum Italicum*,* the first volume of which made its appearance in the beginning of the following year; and the second some time after. The most valuable document in this collection was the ancient Sacramentary, written in the seventh century, and taken from the monastery of Bobbio.

But the homage of the learned, and the respect of the literary world, were not to be his only reward. A more public mark of respect was paid to him about this time; for Louis XIV. by a special mark of his royal favour, named him an honorary member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. He had already done enough to merit that honour; but at the first public assembly of the members that was held after his nomination, he contributed a paper, equally valuable and interesting, on the ancient sepulchres of the French monarchs. He sometimes attended the meetings, and gave to its proceedings the sanction of his name and the encouragement of his example. A stranger, on seeing a shy, modest, and very unpretending individual, on whom the eyes of all were directed, while his own were for the most part fixed upon

* *Museum Italicum*. Paris 1687—1689. 2 vols. 4to. Reprinted in 4to. in 1724.

the ground, would be often tempted to inquire who he was, and give a start of pleasure and surprise on being told that that unpretending and humble man was Mabillon.

We have already, in a former number of this Review, made mention of his controversy with the Trappist De Rancé, on the subject of monastic studies, and do not find it necessary to add any thing to the observations we made upon that occasion. A more serious discussion, was that which followed his letter of "Eusebius the Roman," in which in the character of a third person he criticised the practices of some of the functionaries of the eternal city, with respect to the bodies dug up from time to time in the catacombs, and generally ascribed to the martyrs.* It is the generally received opinion, that these catacombs were the burial-places of the early Christians; and were consecrated by the remains of many of the first champions of the faith, as often as the sanguinary and persevering cruelty of their persecutors permitted these remains to be collected from the place of execution. In some cases the names of the illustrious sufferers were inscribed upon the slab which closed up the place of sepulture, and have been discovered there in after times, when the attention of the Christian world was directed to the subterranean recesses. It is thus that the bodily remains of many an individual whose name and undaunted witnessing of the faith of Christ, were mentioned with honour in the chronicles of the Church, have been identified, and proposed for the veneration of the faithful. Several of these bodies are found undistinguished by any other mark, than the palm branch or olive wreath, fit emblem of the victory they have won; or the fish, the conventional type of their Christian profession. In some cases, instruments of torture and small vases that once contained blood, have been discovered with the bones, and leave but little, if any doubt, as to the kind of death the individual endured. But whatever certainty there may be in many instances, as to the sanctity of the deceased, it is probable that in some cases the proofs may not be altogether satisfactory, in others be altogether wanting; whatever was the fervour of the primitive believers it may be very legitimately assumed, that all were not saints, and therefore that all were not entitled to veneration. In the

* Eusebii Romani ad Theophilum Gallum Epistola de Cultæ Sanctorum ignorantum. Paris 1698, 4to. one vol.

classification of their remains, as well as in their discovery, it is evident that great caution must be observed. During his residence in Rome, Mabillon had occasion to notice, what he considered, an over eagerness to admit the authenticity of certain relics without sufficient examination; and to reprehend and point out for correction what he considered to be an abuse, he wrote his book of Eusebius the Roman. His motive was good. Some abuses there may have been among the agents employed in the exploration, and great care and caution were absolutely necessary. But in dealing with these abuses, Mabillon touched them with too rough a hand. Some of his expressions were considered personal, and a formal complaint was made to the authorities. It was even proposed to have his book placed on the Roman Index. However, his friends in Rome were not inactive; the objectionable passages being explained, and altered in a second edition, the supreme Pontiff expressed himself satisfied.

It is strange that the same individual who could thus boldly question the authenticity of the Roman relics, was induced some short time after to employ his pen in defence of a much more disputed object of veneration, the "Holy Tear of Vendôme." This holy tear, the legend states, was shed by the Saviour at the tomb of Lazarus. Collected with a precious care by the industry of some ministering angel, it was delivered, enclosed in a small vial, to Magdalen, as a memorial of the ineffable love of him who wept over her brother's tomb. A party of crusaders brought it from the East, and deposited it in the church of Frisingen, their native city. In the middle of the 11th century it was given by Nitker, Bishop of Frisingen, to Agnes, Countess of Anjou, on her marriage with the emperor, Henry the 3rd of Germany, and was placed by her in her new convent of Vendôme. Lewis, Comte of Vendôme, taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, made a vow, while in captivity, to the "Holy tear," and was liberated. In gratitude for his deliverance, he was wont to liberate each Palm Sunday one prisoner of those that were confined in the dungeons of the city; and this custom was preserved even to the time of the French Revolution. The Benedictines of Vendôme, to whose guardianship this relic was entrusted, ever strenuously maintained its genuineness and authenticity. These were formally attacked by Thiers, a celebrated polemical writer of the 17th century, and were

defended by Mabillon in a work published in 1700.* The latter professes his belief in the truth of the tradition which his order preserved concerning the origin and supernatural transmission of this object of veneration.

About the period of the publication of this letter, he had the misfortune and affliction of being made the victim of calumny, and calumny of a kind the most injurious to his reputation. Some evil-minded persons spread a report that he had repaired to Holland, and abandoned the Catholic faith. This report originated in Germany, and was thence carried to England. It is scarcely necessary to say, with what rejoicing the news of such an event was hailed by one party, and with what heart-rending affliction it was heard by those few, who in these kingdoms, remained faithful to that creed of which he was so distinguished a member. The manner in which the intelligence, after travelling from Germany to England, reached at length the ears of him whom it most concerned, is affectingly related in the following extract of the letter which in his own defence, and for their information, he wrote to the Catholics of England.

"I feel myself called upon, my very dear brethren, to undeceive you with respect to a horrible calumny, designed by the father of lies to blacken my reputation among you, and with the object of disturbing and shaking your faith, if such a thing were possible. It was only yesterday I heard the news, through some of our English Benedictine fathers, who arrived late in the evening at our abbey of St. Germain-des-Près, and asked with much eagerness to see me on some business, they said, of the greatest possible importance. I went to them immediately; and they said at once, that it was quite enough for them to see me, and that they were now satisfied. There seemed to be some mystery which I did not understand; but at length they made known this mystery of iniquity, and informed me that a report, most hurtful to my reputation, was circulated all over England, and published in all the newspapers—namely, that I had retired to Holland, and had renounced (I shudder to speak of it) the Catholic Church; that the Catholics of this country were extremely alarmed thereat, and that on every possible occasion it was thrown in their teeth by their opponents. I leave you to think, my dear brethren, how horror-struck I must have been at so shocking a calumny, and how affected I was at the trouble and solicitude which you felt and expressed thereat."

* Lettre d'un Bénédictin à M. l'évêque de Blois touchant le discernement des anciennes Reliques, au sujet d'une dissertation de Thiers contre la Sainte Larme de Vendôme. Paris 1700, 1 vol. 12mo.

Mabillon always felt the kindest interest in the Catholics of England, and watched with a most unremitting attention the struggles of religion against the tyranny of the civil power. He was on terms of friendly intimacy with several of the missionaries, and preserved their letters with a species of holy reverence. After the Revolution of 1688, he expressed the warmest sympathy in the reverses and misfortunes of the unfortunate house of Stuart, and had the honour of a personal acquaintance with the dethroned monarch.

At the present day when so many salutary and important reformatations have been effected in the prison discipline, to which criminals are subjected, and when a more humane spirit is abroad, than that which in former times darkly brooded over the felon's hapless cell, we contemplate with pleasure any indication of its coming. The mild and compassionate heart of the subject of our notice, was drawn to the consideration of this subject, more especially with respect to the prisons connected with the ecclesiastical tribunals. He felt that much of the severity that was there universally practised, not only was unnecessary, but was even calculated to defeat its own object; that terror may arrest the progress of crime for a moment, but never could become the principle of effectual and sincere conversion; and that the principle of a new life was to be excited in the heart by a far different influence than that of the dread of punishment. The following extract from his work* on Prison Reformation, contains the clear and distinct development of the mode of correction which has been of late so generally adopted. It is the concluding paragraph, and shows the humane and Christian view which he took of the subject.

"To return to the subject of the prison of St. John Climacus, of which I have already spoken, a similar institution could without difficulty be established for the correction of penitents. It should contain a number of cells like those of the Chartreux, with a workshop attached, in which the person could practise some useful labour. There may be also attached to each cell a small garden, to which they were to get admittance at certain hours for the purposes of air and exercise. They should also assist at divine service: at first in a closed tribune, separated from the others, but, after some time, and after having given some marks of repentance and conver-

* *Reflections sur les Prisons des Ordres Religieux.*

sion, they could be admitted to the choir in common with the others. Their food also should be coarse in quality, and limited in quantity, and their fasts be pretty frequent in number. They should frequently get religious instruction; and the superior of the institution, or his deputy, should take care to see and speak to each individual in private, and console and encourage him from time to time. Strangers should never be admitted, and perfect seclusion should be preserved. If such an institution were once established, so far from its being horrible and insupportable, I am convinced that the most of the inmates would suffer little from their confinement, even though it should be for life. I have no doubt but that all that I have said will seem to many a plan of a 'new world.' But let them say and think what they will, it will be very easy for persons, if they be so disposed, to make the prison system more endurable and more useful than it is at the present."

However Utopian such a change may have seemed in the beginning of the last century, it has been reserved for us to see it in great measure adopted. The prison life of this country has not received as much of a religious character as would be desirable, but still with all its disadvantages, it is a vast and salutary improvement of that which Mabillon found so defective. Let us hope that the more Christian spirit of modern criminal jurisprudence, may supply what is still wanting, and enable religion to take its victims under her protecting care.

At the close of the century Mabillon felt himself getting old. His celebrated controversy with De Rancé, and the many literary labours in which he had been engaged, had exhausted his strength considerably, and in his increasing infirmities, he thought he felt a warning from above to put his house in order, and prepare for his dread accounting-day. He wished to retire altogether from literary exertion, and devote himself to the exercises of the religious life. But Bossuet and several other distinguished prelates would not suffer that such talents should be lost to the world. They proposed to him to undertake an edition of the works of St. Cyprian, but this purpose he abandoned on finding that it was already occupied by another. His friends recommended him to undertake the history of the Order of St. Benedict, and complete his services to religion by such a splendid tribute of zeal and erudition. In his "*Acta Sanctorum*" he had collected many of the materials and treated much of the subject matter of such a production, but much still remained to be done; and the

work was still to be treated in a regular and historical manner. Mabillon, accustomed as he was to great productions, and inured to severe and unintermitting labour, was frightened by the magnitude of the proposal. He was then an old man, and in the ordinary course of things could not possibly live to finish it. But his friends continued to urge him to the task. No man living was more qualified for the performance. If he refused, or delayed, it never would be adequately done. Renaudot and Baluze added the weight of their entreaty and recommendation, and on the 14th of July, 1693, and in the 61st year of his age, Mabillon undertook a labour which in other and ordinary cases, would require a life for its performance.

Accompanied by Ruinart, he made several excursions to the great monasteries of France, to examine, as was his wont, the original documents of the Order; among the rest he passed several days at Clairvaux. Many of his hours of relaxation from study he spent in prayer at the shrine of St. Bernard. He told his companion that one great object which he earnestly sought of God through the intercession of the holy Doctor was, that his life and strength might be spared him for the completion of the work upon which he was engaged. What he could not accomplish by personal inspection, he sought to attain by an extensive correspondence; and after a delay of ten years, the first volume appeared in 1703, and its appearance only increased the public anxiety for more. Clement XI. requested him to continue his great design, and communicated his approbation. Four volumes appeared successively. The last from the pen of Mabillon, terminated at the death of St. Bernard.* Was it that the strength

* *Annales ordinis Sancti Benedicti.* Paris 1703—1739. 6 vols. folio. Mabillon wrote but four. The two last are by D. Massuet and D. Martene. The annals have been reprinted at Lucca with considerable additions and improvements.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mabillon was also the author of the following;

1. *Gallie ad Hispaniam lugubre nuntium ab mortem Reginæ Galliarum Annæ Austriacæ*, 1. vol. 4to.
2. *Dissertatio de pane Eucharistico Azymo et fermentato*, 1674.
3. *Animadversiones in Vindicias Rempenses*, one vol. 8vo. 1677.
4. *Methode pour apprendre l'histoire*.
5. *De Liturgia Gallicana libri 3.* 1685.
6. *Reponse des Religieux Bénédictins a un écrit des Chanoines Reguliers touchant la préséance dans les états*, 1687., with a defence of same published in the same year.
7. *Traité où l'on réfute la nouvelle explication que quelques auteurs donnent aux mots de Messe et de Communion qui se trouvent dans la regle de St. Benoît*, 1689.

that enabled him to continue it even thus far, was the fruit of that humble and fervent prayer which he uttered in the church of Clairvaux, before the shrine of Bernard?

We have been occupied hitherto almost exclusively with the literary character of Mabillon. However edifying and instructive this may be, it may not be uninteresting, and it will be equally instructive, to sketch a few traits of his private character. He never lost a friend; and though he had to differ from many on important subjects, and even express these differences in book and pamphlet before the public, he never made an enemy. Those members of the community with whom he was engaged for many years, in the composition and publication of his several works, loved and revered him with a more than filial love; and outside the walls of his convent, those who had the honour of his friendship, and among these were Colbert, Bos-suet, Thomassin, Le Tellier, continued faithful to the end. From the silly contests for precedence, and rival claims of excellence, and bitter and often implacable jealousies of one another, which so often darken the character of literary men, and whatever their merit may be, often render them objects of ridicule to the world, it is pleasing to turn to the contemplation of the Christian and the scholar, who filled Europe with the fame of his erudition, and still thought himself the least of his humble brethren. In the majestic simplicity of the great Benedictine, the reader will seek in vain for any traces of that lurking vanity, which seeks compliments while it seems to repel them, and caters for praise which it professes to disregard. If a word were spoken in praise of his writings or his exertions, he would say with one of his sweet smiles, "God only can tell what they are worth. You are very probably prejudiced in my favour, but you can at least pray to God, that he may render me in reality what you think I already am." So far from making any display of what he knew, he was most anxious to conceal it; and often was known to listen for a considerable time together to persons who thought they were giving him information. As a religious he had the highest esteem for the virtue of holy poverty. Colbert would have placed his name upon

8. *Traité des Etudes Monastiques*, 1691, one vol. 4to., with defence of same one vol. 1691.

9. *La Mort Chrétienne*, one vol. 12mo. 1702.

the list of Royal Pensioners for an annuity of 2,000 livres, but he declined the honour, and only asked that the kindness which was intended for him, should be extended to his congregation. On another occasion, a nobleman who wished to show his sense for the labours in which he was engaged, offered to settle a pension on him and his associate Ruinart. Mabillon gave the letter that contained the offer to his companion saying, "What do you think of this? You may act as you think proper, but you know already what I am disposed to do." "It would be strange indeed," he would often repeat in the words of Saint Augustine, "if I who am a poor man, and the son of parents still poorer, should hope to find in religion what I should never have expected in the world." His life was one continued unbroken course of mortification and self-denial. Whatever his zeal for study was, or his taste for the labours to which his life was devoted, he must have had his moments of natural despondency and dejection; but whatever his feelings at the moment may be, he never discontinued these labours for an instant. He endeavoured to make atonements for his daily failings and imperfections by some self-imposed penalty, and he never omitted any of those little practices of humiliation and penance which his rule prescribed. Towards the close of his life, the delicacy of his health, his advanced age, and the severity of his labours, induced the superiors to grant him several indulgences, such as to have a fire in his room and to discontinue his fasting; but he submitted with much difficulty, for fear, he would say, of disedifying his brethren. He always read something in the Holy Scriptures or the Fathers every day, and was accustomed to make extracts in a small note book for his more attentive perusal, of any passage that particularly struck him. He preserved through life the same fresh and simple-minded devotion which he had imbibed during his noviciate. He went each morning after getting up, to make his rounds at the several altars in the convent church, and never went to study without having previously committed himself and the object of his study to God in prayer. It was his Spirit, thus humbly and sincerely invoked, that sustained him through many an hour of trial, and gave a blessing, aye, even an hundred-fold, to his exertions.

In the year 1707, Mabillon had reached the 75th year of his age. On the first of December in that year, he got up

very early in the morning, as he was accustomed to do, and after his usual devotions, said mass in the convent church. It was the last time that he was ever to officiate at an altar, where for forty years, he had so frequently offered the holy sacrifice. After breakfast he went to take a walk and pay a visit to the abbey of Chelles, but had not gone far when he felt himself ill and was obliged to return. His disease was an internal one, of a most painful and excruciating nature, but he bore all his sufferings with the meek patience and uncomplaining resignation which distinguished him through life. If in the paroxysms of his pain any wish escaped his lips, it was one to be dissolved and be with Christ. "Have not I been long enough in the world? Is it not time for me to go to God? I have no fear of death, for I know that I have a good and merciful Master to deal with." He had also from time to time, sundry forebodings that his time on earth was drawing to a close. Ruinart one day going into his room, found him occupied with that part of his annals which treated of Saint Anselm. After speaking of the knowledge and zeal for regular religious observance, which distinguished this great man, he said after a few moments' silence, "I feel I shall die at the same age as Anselm. Though unable to attend the divine office in the choir, he said it as near as he could to the canonical hours. He desired to receive the sacrament of extreme unction before the viaticum; but not wishing to be singular among his brethren, he consented to receive it after. On Christmas-day Ruinart said mass for him in the infirmary, and in a few hours after the sick man was seized with a cold shivering and a vomiting of blood. The second day after was the feast of Saint John the Evangelist. It was that also on which John Mabillon was to rest from his labours. About five o'clock in the afternoon, he pressed the crucifix to his lips and died. "Come, Lord Jesus, come," were the last words he uttered.

His remains were laid out in the church of St. Germain-des-Près. The religious of every order, the members of the academy, the literary men of every description, and vast numbers of the people, came to manifest their respect for his memory, and vied with each other in doing honour to the great and good man that was taken away from among them. Even Rome itself was not insensible to the loss, and deplored the calamity that in his death had be-

fallen the Church. The Supreme Pontiff commissioned Cardinal Colloredo to write to the community of St. Germain-des-Près, and express his desire to contribute in any manner in his power to the erection of a monument to his memory. "Strangers and men of letters will come in crowds to Paris. If his ashes are mixed with those of others, and they shall ask, Where did you put him? What answer will you be able to make?" France has her memorials of departed greatness, royal tombs at St. Denys, sculptured monuments at Père la Chaise, and mighty domes piercing the blue sky of heaven dedicated "Au grands hommes par leur patrie reconnaissante," but when the stranger visits Paris, and in the Pontiff's prophetic words demands, "Ubi posuistis eum?" he is conducted to the church of Saint Germain-des-Près. There, in one of the side aisles, is a small black marble slab, about eighteen inches in breadth, on which is inscribed in golden letters the word, "Mabillon." Yes, there within those venerable aisles which he so often trod, before that altar where for more than forty years he had been wont to offer the unbloody sacrifice, in the neighbourhood of these time-worn and mouldering walls within which his triumphs were achieved and his reputation won, it is better, perhaps, and more fitting that his remains should be deposited than in any other sepulture. Although there be no brother of his institute to point out their resting-place to the traveller, and answer their inquiry, "Ubi posuistis eum?" there will not be wanting those to whom this humble marble will prove an object of interest. If any other eulogy be required, it will be found on the honoured shelves of the noblest libraries of Europe.

The Congregation of St. Maur produced no man so great as Mabillon. Fertile as it was in men of great learning and industry, his name towers above all others, like the central pinnacle of one of those old gothic churches which he so loved, and the records of which he so ably elucidated. But the spirit that animated the society did not die with him. Ruinart, his friend and fellow-labourer, survived him. Denis De Sainte-Marthe produced his great work, "Gallia Christiana." Martene and Lamy are also honoured names. The Maurists were the first to conceive and the first to undertake that great and laborious achievement, "the literary history of France," of which they published twelve volumes. The very enume-

ration of the books they wrote and edited, would be enough to fill a good sized volume. They continued their literary labours with unremitting industry, but with varied talent, until the French Revolution involved them in one common destruction with all that was good or virtuous in their country. But the memory of their names and their services will long continue to animate the church at large, and be an example and a model for years to come of what may be achieved by zeal, and piety, and perseverance.

ART. IX.—*The History and Fate of Sacrilege.* By SIR HENRY SPELMAN. *Edited in part from two MSS., revised and corrected, with a continuation, large additions, and an Introductory Essay.* By two Priests of the Church of England. London: Masters, 1846.

WE have long been looking out for this republication of Sir H. Spelman's posthumous work, and it appears at a moment which seems to us most propitious. It is not indeed likely that the holders of old Catholic Church property will become alarmed, and restore their ill-gotten possession to us again; for as we shall see, but few descendants of the original granters of Church property now hold it; and it would be difficult to expect such a sacrifice from those who have gained it through purchase or other indirect modes.* It is not, therefore, from any idea that Sir Henry Spelman's fearful tale of judgments upon Church despoilers, will awaken slumbering consciences to restitution, that we are glad to see his work printed in a popular form, and with such valuable additions. If we calculate upon any gain from it, it is rather from the hope that sensible and religious minds will reason thus: if God by such visible judgments punishes those who destroy,

* We have, however, known several instances lately, where property has come into Catholic hands by purchase or inheritance, where a portion of it consisting of impropriation of tithes, has been settled, or spent, upon religious objects. The former is however the only true way of dealing with it with security.

plunder, or profane places, things, or persons once consecrated to Him and His poor, is it not reasonable to hope that He will bless those who repair such sacrilegious violence, and repair, restore, or newly give what is needful for religious and charitable purposes?

But independently of such considerations, we think that the republication of this work will necessarily prove useful. It will disgust people more and more with that terrible event in English history, the horrors of which have been gilded by the name of Reformation; and some will ask themselves, can that have been God's work, which was conducted by the wholesale commission of a crime, which till then had been rare in Christendom? Can that have been His work, which throughout, was a systematic plundering of whatever had been dedicated to Him? Can that have been His work, which brought down vengeance from heaven upon all who shared it? In truth, the more the public mind is informed on the true history and character of that revolution and rebellion against God and His Church, the more will it be led to abhorrence of that ungodly event, and sympathy for all that it overthrew. For our parts, we sometimes ask ourselves with no small amazement, *what* is there now left for men to cling to in that event, or to justify to them the name which they give it? The antiquarian, like Mr. Paley or Mr. Neale, loathes its profane and sacrilegious destruction of sacred edifices and holy things; the liturgist, like Mr. Maskell, deploras the abolition of ancient offices, and the presumption of abrogating the "apostolic canon of the Mass;" the ascetic sees nothing but loss in the overthrow of all mystical devotion and feeling worship; the friend of charity regrets the loss of those institutions by which the poor were succoured and instructed, and a refuge was opened to repentant or afflicted spirits; and the theologian laments over the imperfection and deficiency of the new formularies of faith then sanctioned, over the indefiniteness of belief which they have introduced, the heretical doctrines which they tolerate, and the removal of the safeguards of truth which they have affected. In fact, what *did* the Reformation change which sensible and devout men would not give much to get back? Truly, it is hard to say; but we believe that the *gains*, which any but very violent Protestants would enumerate, would be mostly negatives. We

would defy any one to state the smallest amount of positive good which it brought into the English Church.

But to pursue this subject would lead us far astray ; we will resume therefore our present matter, by repeating, that Sir. H. Spelman's *History of Sacrilege* will do good to the truth, by giving additional evidence of the frightful amount of execrable crime which formed an essential part, instrument, and development of the Reformation.

The editors have enlarged the original work by much additional matter, and they have also illustrated the text by careful collations ; but their most valuable improvement on the old editions, consists in their preliminary essay, which occupies nearly one hundred and thirty pages. The object of this is to prove in a more systematic form, what Spelman's work aims at doing at once by evidence. It is as the counsel's speech premised to the calling of witnesses. Without some such introductory dissertation, the full force of Spelman's reasoning would not have been felt by many readers ; and in this age of little faith, objections might and would probably have been raised against it, which it was prudent and wise to anticipate and solve. Yet for us, such a course must be unnecessary. Were any one to write "the *History and Fate of Murder*," there is not a single reader, we are convinced, who on taking it up, would not be prepared to find it contain a series of facts, all demonstrative of the wonderful pursuit of the murderer by divine justice, and of the strange and unexpected ways in which it has often overtaken him. The most astute lawyer, and the most obtuse peasant, would equally agree how much there is that is clearly providential in the detection and punishment of this crime ; so that the proverb that "murder will out," is almost as much a legal aphorism as a homely saying. Now they who believe *Sacrilege* to be an enormous crime, (and no one who has read Scripture or learnt his Catechism can believe otherwise,) will be equally prepared to find it punished by God in some signal way ; at least will easily yield to the evidence of facts, that the case is so. Again, whoever believes in Providence, and in its punishment of crime, will as naturally expect that the chastisement will be of a peculiar character for this offence, because experience and the common consent of men show such an allotment of peculiar judgments for peculiar transgressions. Some of these are inherent in the sin, but others present no necessary

connection with it, yet still are clearly analogous and appropriate.

Thus a sinful addiction to mere sensual enjoyment and the gratifying of animal appetites, will lead to the destruction of the power of indulging them—will consume the frame, destroy vigour, form, complexion, bring an early decrepitude and disease into the limbs and the vitals, and, in quaint phrase, soon make “a wreck of the rake,” as a warning to others not to run upon the same rock. What demonstration do we require that “pride will have a fall,” or in more sacred phrase, that “pride goeth before destruction, and the spirit is lifted up before a fall?” (Prov. xvi. 18.) Who would ever be surprised at being told that one, who had been hard-hearted to the poor, a harsh and oppressive landlord, and an extortioner, was come himself to want, and was brought down to humble himself to obtain his bread? or who thinks it other than a most probable story, that the pirate who cut away the bell from the Inchcape rock should himself be shipwrecked on it? or that a man who had amassed wealth by cheating his clients, or by plundering his wards, or by usurious contracts, should see it clean melt in his hands like snow, and flow away like water in a sieve, approving the sayings of all ages, “male parta, male dilabuntur,” and “ill-gotten, ill-spent.”

Now, if the fate of sacrilegious men be shown through history to be such as by natural analogy, as well as by religious principles, seems to present an appropriate and well-proportioned punishment of their crime, we cannot see how any one can refuse to consider it as a punishment from God, unless he either deny at once that there is such a crime, or that Providence ever interferes to inflict chastisement.

And now with regard to the appropriateness of the punishment. Let it be observed, that a punishment will be the more appropriate, in proportion as it better defeats the objects of the crime; and that not merely on the principle of retributive justice, but as a warning to others, who will be deterred from committing the sin, if they see that it hinders, instead of promoting, what they desire by it. Thus, as we have seen, unjust acquisition will have its righteous retribution in poverty and want. Sacrilege may be divided into two classes, according to the principle which suggests and directs its commission. It may be an act of sudden

violence, the momentary work of passion; sacred places may be profaned, and holy things broken, destroyed, or carried off by a licentious soldiery in war, whether through rage or through covetousness; and persons consecrated to God may be ill-treated in anger or through revenge. To this class of sacrilege, resulting from an evil passion, committed under its passing influence, belong most of the sacrileges of ancient times—such, in fact, as preceded the Reformation. But well may Spelman, on coming to this period in his history, exclaim: “I am now come out of the rivers into the ocean of iniquity and sacrilege.” (p. 131.) For then, for the first time, was witnessed systematic sacrilege, sacrilege by law, by principle, coolly calculated, unflinchingly executed, not cloaked over with excuses, but plainly avowed, justified, boasted of as a good work; sacrilege universal in its character, not allowing any one possible branch or form of the crime to be overlooked; embracing saints, cardinals, bishops, priests, clerks, monks, friars, nuns, the sick and the poor, the aged and the child; cathedrals, abbeys, monasteries, convents, chantries, hospitals, schools; taking hold of manors, glebes, farms, buildings, rights, rents, and every possible species of property; seizing, and appropriating, and turning to profane use, everything sacred—iron-work, and stone-work, and wood-work, roofs and bells, altars and church-furniture, shrines, tabernacles, holy vessels, and plate of every kind; plundering and confiscating, breaking, burning, razing, wresting, murdering by violence or by course of law. No person, no place, no thing, no mode was overlooked, through which sacrilege could be committed. But this fully-planned, and fully-executed villainy clearly was not the fruit of an outburst of passion: it had a purpose and an end. The king and his counsellors wished and intended to enrich themselves, and to leave to their children and their families for ever the broad lands and rich treasures accumulated through ages in the Church. They fully designed to “build up their own houses,” with the stones of the sanctuary; to make their descendants rich with the spoils of the temple. Now, whatever additional punishment, in body or mind, in goods or reputation, it may have pleased God to inflict on the authors of such sacrilegious rapine, this we ought not to be surprised at finding a general consequence—the total frustration of the hopes and purposes of the crime. We may expect, as a natural

chastisement of such calculating, covetous spoliation as here took place, the overthrow and ruin of such families, or the loss to them of their ill-gotten wealth, or hereditary disturbance in their succession.

A priori, such is the punishment of the Reformation sacrilege, which we might reasonably expect: and at any rate, if facts lead to the observation of such results, we shall at once see their fitness. Again, looking at the positive law, as the popular and universal conviction respecting the almost inevitable punishment of murder, (which, being a social crime, is generally effected by providential delivery of the perpetrator to human justice,) accords exactly with the divine award, "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed," (Gen. ix. 6.) so will the experience of past ages and of the present time, that sacrilege is a plague-spot on the family of the original criminal, and a canker to his inheritance, be easily pronounced in harmony with the awful declaration of God, who adds to the first of His commandments, that He is "mighty and jealous, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation." (Exod. xx. 4.) Now, it is against this commandment so guarded, that the crime of sacrilege, whether considered as an act of grievous covetousness, ("which is a serving of idols,") or as a direct offence against God's honour and worship, and a rebellious attempt to rob Him of what has once been given Him is committed.

Nor will it suffice to show that, in some particular instances, this punishment has not occurred, any more than a few, or even many, cases of unavenged murder will weaken the conviction derived from daily experience. And yet the very small number of exceptions in the case of sacrilege ought rather to confirm our argument. The active researches of the editors of Spelman's work have led them to the conclusion that only *fourteen* families yet hold abbey lands in direct succession to *six hundred and thirty* original grantees! And, even in some of those, the curse of strange misfortunes has accompanied the line to our days.

It was a consideration of this sort, which, in fact, led Spelman to write his work. He lived within eighty years of the guilty epoch, and could thus more easily trace the history of the original acquirers of Church property. Having himself experienced nothing but misfortune from

each generation presents a series of misfortunes and premature deaths; while many astonish us by the total failure of issue, where, according to human probabilities, there should have been a numerous offspring. As an awful example, we will quote the history of Charles, Duke of Suffolk:

"This despoiler of *thirty* monasteries was married four times. By his first wife he had no children. By his second, a daughter, Mary, married to Lord Monteagle, by whom she had three sons, of whom two died without issue; the third left issue only a daughter, and in him the title became extinct. By his third wife the duke had issue one son, created Earl of Lincoln, who died at an early age, and two daughters. Frances married Henry, Duke of Suffolk, who was beheaded, 1554; and by him she had, 1. Lady Jane Grey, beheaded; 2. Lady Catharine Grey, married Henry, Lord Herbert, who divorced her, and then Edward, Earl of Hertford, beheaded; 3. Lady Mary Grey, married to Martin Keys, and died without issue. After the execution of her husband, Frances Brandon married Adrian Stokes, and appears by him to have had no issue. The duke's third daughter, Eleanor, married Henry, Earl of Cumberland, and by him had two sons, Henry and Charles, who both died young; and Margaret, married to Henry, Earl of Derby. By his fourth wife the duke had two sons, who both, in turn, succeeded; and died of the sweating sickness in one day, July 14th, 5 Ed. VI. A more remarkable instance could scarcely be found, wherein, in the next generation, a man's name has been clean put out."—*Appendix ii.*

But not only the original seizers of Church lands have been thus punished, but the Divine attainder seems to attach itself to the property, and to follow it even into hands comparatively innocent. The extraordinarily broken and interrupted descent in families that hold it, is truly wonderful. Thus, in the Russell family, instanced by Tanner, as an exception to the general rule about the transmission of ecclesiastical lands, we find that in ten generations the eldest son has succeeded to his father only thrice. And in the same family there have been four violent deaths, (not in the field of battle,) two within the last six years.—p. 312.

Our readers will allow us to introduce here an illustration of "the law of succession" in sacrilegious families, because it applies to a part of England, once so rich in noble abbeys and splendid churches, and one that has not been much referred to by the editors of Spelman. We

allude to Yorkshire; and we will insert the very words of the letter, which, at our request, conveyed the information. We can only add, that we have every reliance on the integrity and the accuracy of our informant.

"I have a friend in this neighbourhood, and his name is —. He is a magistrate, and a gentleman of very extensive reading, and of great research in books which treat of times long gone by.

"One day, whilst I was telling him of the immense advantage which England, in better days, had reaped from her monastic institutions, he asked me, if I were aware that families enjoying that property, had never been able to retain it for three successive generations;—that is,—father, son, and grandson. I answered, that I had never paid attention to the subject as far as succession was concerned. 'Then,' said he, 'let me tell you, that I myself have paid very great attention to it: and I have never been able to discover one single solitary instance, of any family possessing the monasterial property for three successive generations of father, son, and grandson; and, I defy you,' added he, 'to produce an unbroken line of three generations.'

"I replied, that, 'whatever might have been the case up to the present time, there was at this moment, every appearance of a regular succession in father, son, and grandson, at Kirklees Hall, near Huddersfield. Sir George Armitage, the present possessor, has one foot in the grave. His son is ready to succeed him, and that son has healthy male issue.' 'Time will show,' said Mr. —. And time did soon show: for, the eldest son fell ill, and went to the grave a month or two before his father; and thus, the regular succession was broken.

* * * * *

"On a reperusal of your letter, I gather that you want information concerning families in this immediate neighbourhood. At Nostell Priory, possessed by Mr. Winn, there has been no regular succession from father, to son and grandson, since the monks were most cruelly and most unjustly deprived of it.

"The present Lord Fitzwilliam, who possesses monasterial property, and who resides about sixteen miles from this place, has lost his eldest son.

"Sir Edward Dodsworth, (formerly Smith,) who possessed the monasterial property of Newland, has died without lawful issue.

"Temple Newsham, about ten miles from hence, has, I believe, passed from family to family, without ever having a grandson."

The writer of this letter further corroborates these statements, by the striking fact, that in our royal succession since the sacrilegious spoliation of the Church,

no sovereign has been succeeded by a grandson on the throne.

We must refer our readers to Spelman's work itself, for further and more varied evidence of the visitation of families of their forefathers' sacrileges. But there is one example of a gigantic attempt to build up a house on sacrilege in our times, so utterly brought to nought, that we think it should not have been overlooked. We allude to Napoleon, who started indeed on his career as the restorer of the hierarchy and peace of the Church, and so prospered for a time. He set his foot upon the necks of princes, and gave their dominions to his brethren, and even to his "servants." The family of Bonaparte might at this day, according to human calculation, have occupied the thrones of France, Spain, Holland, Westphalia, and Italy, and in each royal branch a family would have existed, with nephews to spare, for a future succession. But he stretched out his hand to forbidden spoil; he thought to enrich his empire by the wealth consecrated to God; he scrupled not to incur the indignation of Him who scared Attila* from his intended sacrilege, by plundering the shrine of the Apostles; he pillaged the vast treasures of the "Holy House" of Mary; nay, he laid violent hands, like Herod, on Peter himself in the person of his saintly successor. From that hour, all went wrong with him; his imperial fortune forsook him; his eagles were struck down; his treasure melted away; he became a wonder and by-word to all the nations. But his family projects, the great aim of his life, beyond every thing else failed him. His own line soon became extinct; and of his brothers, one after the other has dropped off in banishment, almost in obscurity, has left no sons that can make the name known to another generation; and if what we hear be true, of the utter wreck of all their vast fortunes, no one can tell how, the sentence is pretty nearly carried out upon this grand scheme of sacrilegious aggrandisement. And what was Napoleon himself but the scourge of God, upon those princes, who had just before set the example of plundering the Church, and dissolving its religious establishments? And may not he beware, who now occupies

* The form in which the Holy See protects its rights, is by telling their invader, "SS. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli indignationem se noverit incursum."

his throne, and in some sort inherits the desire to secure his family upon it, through many princely alliances, so long as St. Genevieve cries out for vengeance, for altars profaned and saints turned out, to give place to the most worthless villains that ever pretended to mock at God; so long as the episcopal dwelling in his own capital is allowed to remain a waste, and the Church is bound down in fetters, and the mouth of her shepherds is gagged. One terrible calamity, the plague of the striking of the first-born,* has already pointed out the stain of sacrilege, and has avenged the plucking down of the cross and the profanation of holy temples, which marked the accession of the dynasty.

We should be glad to see an abridgement, at least, or the substance of Spelman's work translated into foreign languages, especially in those countries of Europe where the work of desecration is not yet fully perpetrated. What gain has Spain had, or Portugal, by the spoliation of the Church, and the sale of ecclesiastical property? We have elsewhere shown, how ruinous they have been to the government of Spain; it were well to show to purchasers that they are equally so to them. In fact, in both countries, men are beginning to see this; and examples are beginning to show themselves, and to be noted. We have been told by those who know the countries, that persons of large wealth who have purchased freely Church-lands, have soon come to want. One rich West-India merchant has been particularly mentioned. And we were told of one young man, who had purchased in Portugal a religious house and garden, and turned it into a place for holiday amusement, who was soon found on it slain by his own gun, whether by accident or design could not be discovered.

Before concluding this article, we cannot refrain from saying a few words upon one species of sacrilege, that committed by violence against persons consecrated to God, because the examples given by the editors all refer to Protestant clergymen, whose priestly character we of course deny; but violence to whom would be the sin of sacrilege in those who believed them to possess it, or intended, in them, to insult it.†

* The first-born of Egypt were struck, because Pharaoh sacrilegiously hindered God's people from going forth to the desert to sacrifice to Him.

† Upon this principle we explain the punishment of sacrilege in heathen times. Those who committed it were judged by their own law.

We will, therefore, supply two instances of signal vengeance upon this species of sacrilege in our own country. Every one knows how cruelly and brutally the clergy were treated, during the Irish Rebellion as it is called, by the soldiery or Protestant authorities into whose hands they fell. It is not many years since the late Sir W. B. was canvassing for his election, and went into a shop, we believe a bookseller's, to ask for votes. The tradesman was an old man, and the canvasser and a friend who was with him, asked him if he remembered the bad times, and if they were as bad as they are represented. The old man replied, that he remembered them well, and that they were much more evil than they were thought; "and Sir W.," he said, "I well remember your uncle had a priest tied up to the triangles and severely flogged, till the blood ran on the stones. And years after, I saw your uncle lying dead on the same spot, having fallen out of the window, and dashed his brains out on the same stones on which he had shed that blood." We need not say with what feelings the persons thus addressed rushed from the house. We have this narrative from an eye-witness. The following is from a gentleman of known probity and patriotism, who has taken great pains to collect and verify the facts. We believe he has drawn out a full narrative of the awful occurrence.

During the same eventful period, a yeoman in the Protestant army, shot a priest dead with a pistol. Some time after, he blew out his own brains with the same weapon. A brother of his secured the pistol, and some years later committed self-murder with it. Their mother now got possession of the fatal instrument of divine vengeance, and flung it far into a deep pond. There was still one surviving brother, and he, as if impelled by some stern fatality, never rested till he had fished it up again unknown to his mother. He scoured it clean, and made it fit for use. He kept it by him till his hour was come, when he inflicted on himself the same fate with it as his brothers had done before. Perhaps modern medical jurists will call this by some learned name, they may say it was an "epidemic monomania;" we will venture to be sufficiently old-fashioned to call it *THE CURSE OF SACRILEGE*.

Only one word more. The shop windows of London have long been full of chalices and ciboriums, and other sacred vessels, the sacrilegious spoils of Spain. A blessing

will alight on those and their houses, who have rescued them at whatever cost from further desecration, and have restored them to their proper place and use. But as to the many who have covered their side-boards with them, and like Balthassar display them to their guests on their days of sensual feastings, we will only say to them, "*ipsi viderint.*"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*A Peep into Toorkisthān.* By CAPTAIN ROLLO BURSLEM. 8vo. London: 1846.

THE wild and romantic region which was the scene of Captain Burslem's wanderings, is so entirely unknown in these countries, that we are grateful to him even for this brief and hasty record of the "Peep" which he was lucky enough to enjoy. Hurried and cursory as his visit was, it is but justice to say, that his eyes were wide open during the entire time, and that he has managed to collect into his journal a number of very curious and interesting details of the country, and of the wild tribes by which it is peopled. It is true that the volume is wanting in the order and method of a regular book of travel; and that the impression which it leaves upon the reader's mind is vague and general; but its modest title prepares us to expect no more, and the deficiency is fully admitted in the frank and soldier-like preface which introduces the publication.

To those who are unacquainted with the locality of the district visited by Captain Burslem, it is difficult to convey any precise idea of its position, as the provinces by which it is bounded are, with the exception of Affghanisthan, even less known than itself; it will be sufficient to say, therefore, that it lies to the north and north-west of Affghanisthan, from which it is entered through the pass of Akrobad. His visit was, as far as he was concerned, purely an expedition of pleasure and adventurous enterprise. The lamented Lieutenant Sturt, received orders in June, 1840, to survey the passes of the Hindoo Khoosh. The object of the survey is not explained, nor does the work contain any of the results, at least in detail. The country being perfectly undisturbed at the time, and the necessity for active service being at an end, Captain Burslem

found no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence, and resolved to accompany his friend.

The party, which consisted of above a hundred, (as they conveyed a military treasure chest as far as Bameean) set out from Cabul on the 15th of June. After passing the river Cabul, their entrance into the great chain of mountain which it was intended to survey, was through the pass of Oonai, 11,400 feet above the level of the sea. Thence they proceeded across the Elmon, (which Captain Burslem calls the Etymander of the ancients,) to the still more arduous pass of Hadjekuk, which is 12,400 feet high. And some idea of their love of this species of adventure may be formed from the fact of their leaving the direct route in order to ascend the Koh-i-baba mountain, which is no less than 15,000 feet high. Captain Burslem's description of the view from the summit of this magnificent height, is extremely striking. On their arrival at Bameean, they remained several days with Dr. Lord, the political agent of the English government; and the author thus enjoyed the opportunity of examining the gigantic images which are found there; and also the ancient city of Goolgoolla.

Having traversed the pass of Akrobad, the party was now within the province of Toorkisthan. They proceeded with greater caution, as their escort was now diminished by the withdrawal of the troops sent to convey the treasure-chest. Through the difficult and dangerous pass of Dundun-Shukkun-Kotul, (literally the *Tooth-breaking* [Jaw-breaking] pass) they proceeded northwards as far as Koollum, visiting upon their route the Ice-caverns of Neermalik, which are described with very considerable power. Their intention was to advance as far as Balkh; but the jealous opposition with which their project was received by Meer Waddi at Koollum, compelled them to abandon the idea, and they returned, leaving Koollum on the 22d of July, and varying their route so as to take in the Pass of Dushti-Suffaed, as far as Oorgundee, whence Lieutenant Sturt proceeded direct to Cabul; while the author, in company with Captain Westmacott, remained behind in order to explore the lovely valley of Charikâr, the garden of Cabul.

This, together with a military expedition under Sir Robert Sale, to quell the insurrectionary movements of some chiefs in the north of Kohistan, forms the outline of the travel described in Captain Burslem's volume.

If space permitted, we should transcribe the description of the caves at Yeermalik; but it is entirely too long. The following is more curious, as illustrating the character of military service in these remote kingdoms.

"The Affghân soldiers of our escort did not much relish the discipline I enforced. A complaint was made to me in the course of the day by a peasant, that these warriors had most uncereemoniously broken down hedges, and entering his apricot orchard, had commenced appropriating the fruit, responding to his remonstrances with threats and oaths. I thought this a fine opportunity to read my savages a lecture on the advantages of discipline and regular pay. I asked

them whether they were not now much better off than when employed by their own countrymen, and whether they expected to be treated as regular soldiers, and still be allowed to plunder the inoffensive inhabitants! One of the men, who was evidently an orator, listened to me with more attention than the rest, but with a look of evident impatience for the conclusion of my harangue, that he too might show how well he could reason. 'My Lord,' said the man, putting himself into an attitude worthy of the Conciliation-Hall, to say nothing of St. Stephen's, 'my Lord, on the whole your speech is very excellent: your pay is good—the best, no doubt, and very regular; we have not hitherto been accustomed to such treatment; though you brought the evil, the remedy has come with it; your arrival in Cabul has so raised the price of provisions that we could not live on Affghān pay; we have, therefore, entered the service of the foreigner; but had we received the same wages we now get from you, we should in our own service have been gentlemen.' Here the orator made a pause; but soon imagining from my silence that his speech was unobjectionable, he boldly continued; 'but there is one powerful argument in favour of the Ameer's service, *he* always allowed us on the line of march to plunder from every one; we have been brought up in this *principle* (!) since we were children, and we find it very difficult to refrain from what has so long been an established practice amongst us: we are soldiers, sir, and it is not much each man takes; but the British are so strict, that they will protect a villager or even a stranger;' this last sentence was evidently pronounced under a deep sense of unmerited oppression. 'But,' continued he, 'look at that apricot orchard on the right, how ripe and tempting is the fruit; if we were not under your orders, those trees would in a moment be as bare as the palm of my hand.' 'But,' I remarked, 'would not the owners turn out and have a fight; is it not better to go through a strange country peaceably and making friends?' 'They fight,' answered my hero; 'oh! they are Uzbeqs and no men—more like women; one Affghān can beat three Uzbeqs.—pp. 90–93.

We cannot pass by the following addition to our stock of Natural History.

"The Jerboa is a native of this country as well as of the Steppes of Tartary, where it is most commonly found on the shrubless plains. In form, it is a miniature of the kangaroo, to which, from what we saw of its peculiarities, it bears a close resemblance, though in size it is very little larger than a common English rat. The name of the 'Vaulting Rat,' by which it is known among naturalists, is very applicable. These little animals burrow deeply in the ground, and the method of dislodging them adopted by us, was the pouring a quantity of water into their holes, which causes them to rush out at another aperture, where they commence leaping about in a surprising manner, until they observe another burrow and instantly disappear. If chased, they spring from the hind-quarter staring about here and there, and affording great amusement to their pursuers. It is difficult to hold them, as they are rarely grasped without losing a portion of their long and beautiful tails; the fore legs are much shorter than the hind ones, the ears are very long and silky, and the eye surpassingly black and brilliant. It is a harmless animal, and no doubt when tamed would be perfectly domestic."—pp. 120, 121.

The work is illustrated by several drawings, and by a map executed after the survey made by Lieutenant Sturt; but the orthography of the names is widely different from that adopted in the book; although not so different but that by a little attention it is easy to follow the course of the author's wanderings.

A portion of the journal had been published in the "Asiatic Journal," but we are sure there are few who will not be glad to see it republished in a full and complete form.

II.—*John Bull and the Papists ; or, Passages in the Life of an Anglican Rector.* By A. H. EDGAR. 8vo. London, Dublin, and Derby.

THIS is the age of Religious Novels. We believe it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that at least one-third of the novels published since January 1845, have been either directly religious, or at all events possessed more of religious character than would have been sufficient, ten years ago, to damn any novel, no matter how spirited and how successful in every other particular.

It is hardly necessary to say, that in this, as in all other departments of literature, the activity is mainly on the anti-catholic side; and it is therefore gratifying to find the challenge met by so able and so loyal a respondent as the author of the volume before us.

"John Bull and the Papists," however, can hardly be called a novel at all. The story is extremely slight. In fact, it is little more than a pleasant medium of communicating a great variety of most solid polemical and historical information upon almost every subject connected with the Catholic religion.

The "Anglican Rector" is the Rev. Edward Feversham. He was the younger son of an ancient Catholic family, and in his youth had been educated in the Catholic religion by Father Lefevre, a French emigrant abbé. But unhappily, this exemplary clergyman returned to France, and after the death of Edward's parents, his education, and that of his elder brother, fell unto the management of his guardians, one of whom was a Protestant, and the other a careless and indifferent Catholic. In this way he grew up indifferent upon the subject of religion, and when upon his entering the army, he found how much his profession of Catholic principles stood in his way, he was easily induced to conform to the fashionable and favoured creed. This obstacle to success once removed, Mr. Feversham rose rapidly to distinction, and at last obtained the colonelcy of his regiment. Returning to England after the peace, he married Lady Harriet Malvern, and, like many a hero of real life at that period, exchanged the epaulette for the cassock, settling down comfortably for life in the enjoyment of a rich living, which was in the gift of his brother-in-law Lord Hillsdale.

His clerical career for a time was far from exemplary; field-sports and similar gaieties forming the real business of his life. But about three years before the commencement of the story, he had received a fall from his horse from which he never fully recovered, and by which his general health suffered severely. The effect of the delicacy thus created, had imparted to his mind a serious and reflective character; religious inquiry naturally followed; and a visit to the continent induced him to compare the religion of his youth, which he had abandoned, with that which his worldliness and indifference induced him to embrace, and of which he had become a minister. The result had been a conviction of his error, and of

the guilty motives which impelled him to it; and he had returned to England a Catholic in heart, and only restrained from embracing the Catholic religion openly, by the consideration of the consequences of such a step, which would reduce his wife and his only daughter (who had been betrothed to a young Anglican clergyman, Mr. Harvey) to absolute and utter destitution. Such is the principal actor in the tale.

There is another who takes a very prominent part—his humble neighbour and follower from early youth, Farmer Blount. This plain, *blunt* Englishman, attached to Mr. Feversham's fortunes by the circumstance of having saved him from drowning when a boy, had (though born a Protestant) been educated a Catholic along with his young master, but, like him, had abandoned the Catholic religion while in the army, chiefly influenced by his master's example. Feversham, as soon as he has made up his mind to return to his early faith, feels himself bound to undo the evil which he had done by persuading Blount to abandon it; and the controversial part of the volume mainly consists of Blount's conversations with the Rector upon the one side, and with a violent evangelical and anti-papist, the Rev. Mr. Sharples, on the other.

Difficulties, however, arise in the way of Mr. Feversham's return. His intended son-in-law, Mr. Harvey, is a clergyman of the new school of Anglo-Catholics, and by involving Feversham in a correspondence with his Oxford friends, induces him to suspend his intended proceedings and to remain in the Anglican Church for the purpose of spreading Catholic principles within her pale, and of bringing *her* into communion with Rome. The Rector is induced to accede to this specious, though for himself, perilous theory; he is seized with sudden illness; his son-in-law brings one of his Oxford friends, Mr. Camden, to confess and absolve him; Feversham rejects his ministry, and demands the Catholic priest, who, nevertheless, is excluded by the agency of Lady Harriet, the Rector's wife; and the unhappy man, abandoned almost to despair, is only consoled in his last moments by the providential arrival of a foreign ecclesiastic, who had been instrumental, during his visit to the continent, in recalling him to a sense of religion, and restoring him to the Church which he had left.

Such is the main outline of the story, and it will be seen that it affords the author an opportunity of introducing both the lines of controversy suited to the present day;—the discussions of Farmer Blount being all on the topics, agitated between Catholics and Protestants, *i. e.* evangelical Protestants, while the conversations with Mr. Harvey bring out all the new points which have arisen in the new Anglo-Catholic theories of the Oxford school.

There are, of course, many episodical characters upon which we have not space to dwell; and there is a good deal of that indirect controversy which we fear never does much real good—we mean that exposure of the follies and the frauds, and hypocrisy, of those

whose opinions we seek to combat. The book would have told better had the portraits of the methodistical coterie been less highly coloured.

We shall try to find space for one or two extracts illustrative of the general style of the controversial portion of the work, premising that it runs through the whole circle of popular controversy, and discusses each question with very considerable minuteness and solidity.

To understand the following extracts, it is necessary to know that Mr. Harvey is the young Anglican curate already referred to, Mrs. Egremond a zealous evangelical, and Miss Beauclerk, a merry, clever, light-hearted, but rather indifferent young lady.

“‘You use strong language, Mr. Harvey,’ said Mrs. Egremond; ‘to hear you speak with such contempt of *Protestant* historians, one would think that you were not a *Protestant* yourself.’

“‘And neither am I,’ replied Harvey; ‘I consider the term *Protestant*, as one only fit for heretics; and I grieve to hear it applied to the Anglican Catholic Church.’

“‘Bless me,’ cried Miss Beauclerk, ‘if you are no *Protestant*, what are you? You don’t mean to call yourself a nondescript.’

“‘I am a Catholic,’ replied Harvey gravely, ‘not a Roman Catholic, but an Anglican Catholic; I belong to a branch of that Church which exists throughout the whole world; were I to term myself *Protestant*, it would be restricting myself to communion with a narrow sect or party.’

“‘What a pity I am such a stupid creature,’ exclaimed Miss Beauclerk, ‘these distinctions are far above my limited comprehension. However, there is one thing I like, the originality of the idea, for a clergymen of the Church of England to declare he is no *Protestant*.’

“Miss Beauclerk laughed, and Mrs. Egremond looked very grave, while Mary hastened to change the subject, which she feared might become disagreeable. ‘Even allowing, Mr. Harvey,’ she began, ‘that the middle ages are unjustly accused of ignorance in some respects, on what plea can you extenuate their neglect of the Scriptures? the account which Milner gives of Luther discovering the Bible is very striking.’

“‘Yes,’ said Mrs. Egremond with a sigh, ‘I too have just been reading a very beautiful book, D’Aubigne’s *Reformation*, which gives the whole account of it. The great reformer had been studying hard several years, and was twenty years of age, when one day turning over volumes in the library, he happened to find a Bible; this precious book was new to him, for he had hitherto always believed, that the small portions of the epistles and gospels read occasionally in the Church, formed the whole of God’s word; imagine then his sensations!’

“‘Excuse me interrupting you, Mrs. Egremond,’ said Harvey, ‘but pray read what Maitland says on this very subject. He proves your author’s information to be most incorrect. The assertion that Luther discovered the Bible after several years’ study, bears the stamp of falsehood. No less than twenty editions of the Latin Bible had been printed in Germany before Luther was born. Nay, previous to his birth, it had been printed at Rome, Florence, and Placenza, not to speak of Venice, where it had passed through eleven editions. Now how absurd to say that a young man who had received a liberal education, and by all accounts made very great progress in his studies at Magdeburg, Eisenach, and Erfurt, actually did not know what a Bible was, because, as it is mentioned with great simplicity, “the Bible was unknown in these days.” It is really extraordinary with what monstrous lies the English public are gulled.’

“Mrs. Egremond looked exceedingly ill-pleased, and Mary hastened to start a new topic.”—pp. 316, 317.

Here is another scrap of a similar description.

“‘Oh, Mr. Harvey,’ exclaimed Miss Beauclerk, ‘I beg of you to stop Mr. FEVERSHAM. Come forward like a true knight, and defend the reformers.’

"I beg your pardon, Miss Beauclerk," replied Harvey; "I wish to have nothing to do with the reformers. The longer I live the worse I think of them. As Froude said, "The Reformation is a limb badly set; it must be broken again in order to be righted."

"As to the foreign reformers," said Mary, "thank heaven, we may let them stand or fall, having our own glorious English Reformation of which to feel proud."

"On the contrary," said Harvey, "to use the words of Mr. Ward, in his "Ideal of a Christian Church," "I know no single movement in the Church, except Arianism in the fourth century, which seems to so wholly destitute of all claims on our sympathy and regard as the English Reformation."

"If you think so," said Miss Beauclerk, bluntly, "I ask you again, as I once did before, why do you stay in the English Church?"

"Your question," replied Harvey, "has nothing to do with what we are discussing, for the Church of England has retained her excellencies derived from antiquity, in spite of the desolating havoc wrought by the reformers."

"I very much dislike," said Mrs. Egremont, "to hear the reformers, to whom we owe so much, abused. However, I am glad to find that Mr. Harvey allows the excellency of the Church of England, though I would rather he had not ascribed it to antiquity, since it is the duty of Christians to hold by the Bible, and nothing but the Bible."

"I beg your pardon," said Harvey, "Paul did not recommend that to Timothy. (2 Tim. i. 14.) Besides, we all know that tradition preceded Scripture, and attested its canon.*"

"I myself have heard English clergymen say," interrupted Miss Beauclerk, "that the Bible was the only rule of faith."

"It is certainly an opinion in the Church," replied Harvey; "but by no means universally received, much less a principle."†

"I am sorry to find," said Mrs. Egremont, "that there are Protestants willing to give up the good old motto, "the Bible and nothing but the Bible."

"Doubtless Protestants keep the old watch-cry still," said Harvey. "I, however, am no Protestant, but an Anglican Catholic, and a member of that Church, which, in her twentieth article, claims "authority in controversies of faith."

"Yes," interposed the rector, "and the same article forbids the Church to enforce anything besides what is contained in Scripture. Now, as we are all at liberty to judge whether the Church in her decrees coincides with Scripture or not, it follows that the Church may decree what we cannot reconcile with the Bible, and therefore be in the ridiculous position of decreeing what she has not power to enforce."

"At any rate," said Miss Beauclerk, "if the English Church, as Mr. Harvey and the 20th article say, really has "authority in controversies of faith," why does she not decide between Evangelicals like Mrs. Egremont and Anglican Catholics such as Mr. Harvey? Who can respect an authority that the possessors are too timid or too indolent to use?"

"She will one day pronounce decision, I trust in God," replied Harvey sadly.

"And now," said Mrs. Egremont, "excuse me for changing the subject so abruptly, but I should like much to ask Mr. Harvey how he can call himself a Catholic, when the word means universal, and our Church only exists in a very small portion of the world?"

"Because the Anglican is a part of the Catholic Church," replied Harvey, "a national independent branch of it. Though individually she may err, yet through her we belong to that whole Church all over the world, which will never agree in teaching and enforcing what is not true."‡

"I never liked the term Catholic even in the creed," said Mrs. Egremont; "it is so apt to mislead ignorant people, and make them think of the Church of Rome. And I do not think it any advantage to fraternize with foreign churches, some of which we know to be idolatrous, by way of making up that whole which you fondly assert cannot err."

"God forbid," said Harvey, "that we should be separated and cut off, as you

* Sermon by Rev. John Keble, M.A., entitled "Primitive Tradition recognized in Holy Scripture."

† See No. 40. British Critic, p. 384.

‡ See No. 40. British Critic, p. 380.

seem to wish, from the great body of Christians throughout the world! Then, indeed, we should be schismatics in the full sense of the word.

"Do you know," said Miss Beauclerk, "it strikes me there is a want of proper spirit in the Oxford party. They claim kindred with the Catholic Church, although the Catholic Church (I mean the Church which all the world calls Catholic) will have nothing to do with them."

"Foreign Catholics," said Harvey, "I have reason to hope, feel and act very differently on this subject from English ones. Besides, what need we care for the opinions of English Roman Catholics, knowing, as we do, that they 'are very justly charged with schism;' since the Church of England claims the spiritual allegiance of the people, to the exclusion of all rival claims."

"Then do you mean that foreign Catholics are not schismatics?" asked Mary.

"Certainly I do," replied Harvey; "but the French Protestants may be termed so, because they do not join with the branch of the Catholic Church established in their country."

"Then, if you were settling on the continent, Mr. Harvey," said Miss Beauclerk, "do you think you ought to join the Roman Catholics abroad, though you repudiate them at home?"

"Your question is just, Miss Beauclerk," replied Harvey, "and would at least furnish matter for grave consideration."

"You are charmingly original, Mr. Harvey," said the young lady. "I delight in questioning you. What do you think of celibacy? Does it not throw a mysterious grandeur round the Catholic clergy? And would you become a monk if you lived at Munich, for example?"

"Harvey made no reply, and Miss Beauclerk rattled on. 'I saw the Beguines at Ghent, (talking of celibacy,) they did look so comfortable. I half thought of joining them. Indeed, perhaps I may when I come to their age—that is to say, if I don't make a good match beforehand. They were most of them so fat and fair, it was a pleasure to look at them. Between ourselves, I hate a skinny old maid; that is my great objection to celibacy.'

"And pray, Miss Beauclerk," said the rector, entering into her humour, though he could scarcely keep from laughing, "if that is your only objection, perhaps you would kindly point out its advantages."

"Why, I would make all the 'detrimentals'—the younger sons, I mean—take priest's orders; and then the mothers of England would be delivered from them, and have their minds kept easy; and all unmarried women past the age of five and twenty should take the veil. A nun's dress, too, is so becoming! The band across the forehead hides all wrinkles. I saw one at a fancy ball. She looked so pensive—wrapped in adoration! Fancy free! Pale Luna's meekest votary!"

"You do not quote very correctly, Miss Beauclerk," said Harvey, laughing.

"Well, at any rate," replied the young lady, "I am glad to have made you laugh, which was what I wished to do."

There is an episode in the story—Powell, the blind Welsh harper—which we would gladly introduce if space permitted; but we can only refer to the work, with a general assurance, that though there are some few drawbacks on the satisfaction with which we have examined it, yet it will repay a careful and attentive perusal.

III.—1. *The Life of Jesus critically Examined.* By DR. DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Translated from the German. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1846.

2.—*The Mission of the German Catholics.* By G. G. GERVINUS. Translated from the German. London: 1846.

WE have coupled these works together, though it is hardly possi-

* See No. 40. British Critic, p. 435.

ble to conceive two books more dissimilar in their character, because they have come to the public from the same quarter, and with many others of a like tendency appear to form part of a general plan. As we shall have occasion, before long, to refer to this subject at some length, we content ourselves for the present with a simple acknowledgment of the receipt of the volumes.

IV.—*D'Aubigné's History of the Great Reformation in Germany and Switzerland, Reviewed and Refuted; or the Reformation in Germany examined in its Instruments, Causes, Manner, and its Influences on Religion, Government, Literature, and General Civilization.* By REV. M. J. SPALDING, D.D. Second edition, considerably enlarged and revised. Dublin: 1846.

THIS enlarged reprint of a transatlantic publication, will be welcomed cordially by all who are aware of the immense circulation which D'Aubigné's work has had in this country. The number of editions, and the variety of forms in which it has appeared, will hardly enable us to form an idea of the number of copies actually put into circulation; for some of the impressions, being printed by Protestant Societies for cheap or gratuitous distribution, have far exceeded the ordinary amount of copies. If we could hope, therefore, that the refutation would follow in the wake of the original work, we should anticipate much benefit from the republication of Dr. Spalding's able volume. Unfortunately, the class among whom D'Aubigné has obtained the highest popularity, are those who are most deaf to the invitation *audi alteram partem*.

We have already dwelt at some length upon this popular History of the Great Reformation, but only under one point of view, namely, its bearing upon general history; and we have shown how carelessly and superficially this champion of Protestantism has executed his work as a mere historian. The volume before us undertakes to examine the religious bearings of D'Aubigné's work; and follows out the history of the Reformation through all its phases. It is executed with great care; and the author and editor have turned to good account the previous labours of Audin and Menzel, and the more questionable services of Michelet in his life of Luther, particularly in the first part, on the character of the Reformers. The title of the work will sufficiently explain its plan; and while we feel bound to express our warm approval of the entire volume, we especially recommend the second part, "On the Influence of the Reformation on Religion."

V.—*The Church of England cleared of the charge of Schism upon the testimonies of Councils and Fathers of the first Six Centuries.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, Rector of Launton, Oxon. London: Burns, 1846.

THIS work appears to be intended as an answer to Mr. Newman's

Essay on Development. It is characterized by a fairness very uncommon in the controversy to which it relates, we might even say, in controversy generally. Mr. Allies admits, or rather maintains, that the primatial and patriarchal dignity was freely and universally conceded in early times to the Roman See; but he denies, what Mr. Newman had undertaken to establish, that the actual claims of that See, so far as they are more extensive or more definite than such a description implies, are to be accounted a legitimate "development" of those pretensions. Something more than this, however, would seem to have been necessary for Mr. Allies' purpose, and for the fulfilment of the somewhat large promise of his title-page. One does not see how the Anglican Church is "cleared of schism" by proving the Roman Pontiff a primate and a patriarch; or how, even though it were true that the present Roman system is no natural result of the primitive, the present Anglican system is any more such. A patriarchate may no doubt stop short of a monarchy; but it is not evident how it could "develope" into a rebellion. If the papal power be not the actual and proper representative of that which St. Leo asserted, and all Christendom acknowledged, still less, surely, is the royal supremacy that representative. Again; Mr. Allies blinks the very important fact, that the separated Greek Church disowns his communion as resolutely as the Catholic. We need scarcely remind him of the answer which a distinguished member of his own university, well known for his sympathy with the Greek (schismatical) body, received from some principal members of that body to whom he made overtures of amity. "Go," they said to him, "and get reconciled to *your own patriarch*, and then we will talk to you." We find nothing in Mr. Allies' book which is to the point of this very obvious suggestion.

The work labours, too, under another serious deficiency. The author, as we consider, was bound to show from sources authorized by the Catholic Church, what precisely *are* those rights and privileges which she claims in behalf of her chief bishop. He assumes, where he should prove. Whence, for example, but from popular opinion, does he derive that notion of "delegacy" (passim) which he supposes to represent the character of episcopal power in the churches of the Roman obedience? We suspect that he confounds bishops with vicars apostolic. Again, what does Mr. Allies intend by loose expressions such as the following?

"The real point is, that during the 900 years between 596 and 1534, the power of the Pope and his relation to the bishops in his communion had essentially altered. That from being first bishop of the Church, and patriarch originally of the ten provinces under the *Præfectus Prætorii* of Italy, then of France, Spain, Africa, and the west generally," (a material development this) "he had claimed to be the *source and channel of grace* to all bishops, the fountain-head of jurisdiction to the whole world, east as well as west; in fact, the '*Solus Sacerdos*,' the '*Universus Episcopus*' contemplated by St. Gregory."—p. 172.

What does Mr. Allies mean by "the source and channel of grace?" He must refer, of course, all along to *jurisdiction*; for he well knows that communion with Rome is not, in fact, indispen-

sable to the validity of *Orders*; otherwise would the Church re-ordain schismatical Greek priests who submit to her, as she does not. Such popular and oratorical modes of expression do not suit the strictness of a theological treatise. Mr. Allies should also have noticed that the dependance even of episcopal *jurisdiction* upon the Holy See, though a *certain theological opinion*, is not a formal *article of faith*; otherwise the Gallican Church had been cut off from apostolic communion.

As to the question between St. Gregory the Great and the patriarch of Constantinople upon the claim which the latter had set up to the title of Universal Bishop, we are sorry to notice in Mr. Allies, an instance of that very unfairness which he so justly charges upon other writers. St. Gregory, it will be remembered, distinctly asserts the *right* of the Holy See to that very title against which he contends as an usurpation in the case of one of the other patriarchs, and especially one of a later date. Mr. Allies, we are obliged to say it, was bound very directly to confront the following passages of undoubted authenticity in the Epistles of St. Gregory.

"Numquid non, sicut Vestra Fraternitas novit, per venerandum Chalcedonense concilium hujus Apostolicę Sedis Antistites (cui Deo disponente deservio) *Universales, oblato honore, vocati sunt?* Sed tamen nullus unquam tali vocabulo appellari voluit, nullus sibi hoc temerarium nomen arripuit, ne si sibi in Pontificatus gradu gloriam singularitatis arriperet, hanc omnibus fratribus denegasse videretur." (Lib. v. Ep. xviii. Tom. ii. col. 743. Ed. Bened.)

Again :

"*Certe pro beati Petri Apostolorum principis honore, per venerandam Chalcedonensem Synodum Romano Pontifici oblatum est.* Sed nullus eorum unquam hoc singularitatis nomine uti consensit, ne, dum privatum aliquid daretur uni, honore debito sacerdotes privarentur universi. Quid est ergo quod nos hujus vocabuli gloriam *et oblatam* non querimus, et alter sibi hanc arripere *et non oblatam* pręsumit?" (Ib. Ep. xx. col. 749. Ed. Ben.)

Surely, after all this, it is somewhat unfair to cite St. Gregory the Great as a witness against the claims of the Holy See.

Neither does Mr. Allies produce any evidence whatever to the point that these obnoxious titles (one of which, by the way, is applied to the Bishop of Rome by so early a writer as Tertullian,*) have ever been actually used by the successors of St. Peter. He may reply, that it is the fact with which he is engaged, and not the name. But we must remind him that it is especially the name, and not the fact, against which St. Gregory is contending. As to the fact, Mr. Allies has left the main part of his task unfinished; which is to reconcile with the strain in which St. Gregory the Great addresses bishops *both of the east and west*, the estimate of the Papal power upon which the Anglican Church was remodelled by its Reformers in the 16th century, and is actually at this day maintained by its authorities and the great body of its members. He has in short to prove that the Roman Patriarchate may be disowned by a branch of the Western Church, (as he regards it,) without formal schism; that St. Gregory the Great, for instance,

* Vide De Pudicitia, sub initio.

would have borne out the subjects even of the Patriarch of Constantinople, (to say nothing of the Roman Patriarch) in breaking unity, or in not returning to it, on the score of an alleged usurpation. The only remaining alternative, viz. that the Anglican Church, as a Church, is actually a living member of the great family of the west, we hardly suppose that any one will maintain—*εἰ μὴ θέσω διαφυλάττων*; considering that there is not a Catholic country in Europe in which it is acknowledged.

Under these restrictions, we think Mr. Allies book will do good service to the Catholic Church. We have heard of more than one member of the Anglican body who has been struck by the amount of testimony which it collects from remote antiquity to the claims of the Holy See; while its utter insufficiency, at least as a *defensive* argument, (which it claims to be,) must be apparent to all but very superficial, or very prejudiced minds. It is, at any rate, a great and surprising advance upon such theology as that of Bramhall, Barrow, or Beveridge. We sincerely hope that Mr. Allies, who seems an earnest and able man, will find the reward of his candour in an accession of light on the great question to which he is addressing himself. As to his readers, we really think that, taken one with another, they are likely in the end to derive more benefit from the facts which he, as an antagonist of Rome, brings before them, than mischief from the inferences which, for the time being, he is disposed to build upon those facts.

VI.—1. *The Ancient Liturgy of the Church of England, according to the uses of Sarum, Bangor, York, and Hereford, and the Modern Roman Liturgy, arranged in parallel columns.* By the Rev. WILLIAM MASKELL, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. 2nd edition. Pickering, 1846.

2.—*Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ; or Occasional Offices of the Church of England, according to the ancient use of Salisbury, &c.* By the Rev. W. MASKELL, M.A. In two volumes, 8vo. Pickering, 1846.

WE regret that these two most interesting works have reached us too late for anything but a short notice. We must reserve them for a more extended article, in which alone we can do full justice to their important contents. At present we must content ourselves with saying, that great care has been taken both in editing and publishing very valuable materials: so that substance and form should be in perfect accordance. No liturgical scholar will be able to dispense with Mr. Maskell's publications.

VII.—*The Faith of Catholics on certain points of Controversy, confirmed by Scripture, and attested by the Fathers of the first five centuries.* Compiled by the Rev. JOS. BERINGTON and the Rev. JOHN KIRK. Third edition, revised and greatly enlarged by the Rev. JAMES WATERWORTH, vol. iii. Dolman, 1846.

It is not easy to review a work of this character, even though

ample space were given for it; because it embraces so many topics, and is so entirely made up of quotations, that it is difficult to make its merits known through either of the modes usually pursued by reviewers—either by analysis or by extracts. Still it will be unjust, both to the learned editor, who has enlarged this valuable work from the compass of one to three goodly volumes—to the zealous publisher, who has undertaken and completed so extensive a work—and to the Catholic Church, of which it presents so powerful a defence, to pass it over without due notice. We have waited till the entire work was in our hands; but the third volume only reached us after the materials for our present number were ready. We must, therefore, content ourselves with making known to our readers its appearance, and reserve to a future opportunity a more ample and satisfactory notice. In the meantime it deserves, and has, our hearty commendation.

VIII.—*Lives of the Queens of England.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol ix. Colburn, 1846.

THIS volume contains the life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, the faithful consort of James II. We believe that most readers will find this volume in no way inferior to those that have preceded it. It contains the life of one who occupies but a small part in general history, as commonly written; but whose character will in future be more highly prized, as it will be better known through this her first biography. It is the life of one who in early life would have given herself to God, but was instead wedded to royalty; who, upon the throne and in banishment, preserved the purity of her feminine mind unsoiled; who, in prosperity, took the woman's place of quiet and domestic virtue; but in adversity developed those noble and powerful qualities for action, which often lie delicately enfolded in the female breast, till her own proper claims, as a wife and a parent, bring them into play. We venture to predict that this life will be a favourite with Miss Strickland's readers.

IX.—1. *A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.* By AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL. Translated by JOHN BLACK, Esq. (Bohn's Standard Library.) London: 1846.

2.—*Memoirs of the Court of Charles II.* By COUNT GRAMMONT. Also the *Personal History of Charles, including the King's own account of his Escape and Preservation after the Battle of Worcester, as dictated to Pepys, and the Boscobel Tracts, or contemporary Narratives of his Majesty's adventures, from the Murder of his Father till the Restoration.* (Bohn's Extra Volume.) London: 1846.

THE selection of such works as Schlegel's *Lectures on the Drama*, (No. 1,) is the best security that Mr. Bohn's projected Library will prove a profitable speculation. The original edition of this admirable (though somewhat too *German*) work had long been exhausted,

and a cheaper edition published a few years back also met so ready a sale, that we hardly hoped to find the work introduced, at least for some years, into this wonderfully cheap collection. We take its publication, therefore, as an evidence that the proprietor has entered into his project with a determination that it *shall* succeed.

Of a work so well known and so long in the hands of every educated reader, as Schlegel's, it would be impertinence to offer any thing in the way of criticism. But we are sorry we cannot pass over the second upon our list—the disgusting and disgraceful “Memoirs of Count Grammont.” We are glad to see that Mr. Bohn has not included it in his regular series; but it is a book of a class which we are sorry to see published upon any terms. Like the infamous memoirs of the reign of Lewis XV., it is essentially corrupt and debasing in its tendency, and though a very equivocal defence is set up for the publication of such books on the score that they form an integral part of the history of their time, and therefore should be accessible to the student of general history, yet this, even if its validity be admitted, cannot be offered as a justification of a cheap and popular edition like the present, which is intended for the indiscriminate perusal of the motley thousands into whose hands it must fall.

These observations do not apply to the really historical portions of the volume;—for we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Count Grammont's Memoirs have even the poor excuse of history to palliate their grossness;—and if it had been confined to the Boscobel Tracts, and the Personal Narrative, it would have been like all the other works which preceded it, a real boon to the public.

X.—*The Lives of the Saints.* By the REV. ALBAN BUTLER. 12 vols. London, Dublin, and Derby: 1845—6.

AMONG the numberless benefits which the Derby Catholic Book Society has conferred on the public, none can be compared with the weighty and arduous publication which, we perceive from the volumes now upon our table, has at length been brought to a close. We are old enough to recollect when Butler's invaluable work could not be procured except at an enormous expense; and when the Catholic family which was fortunate enough to possess a copy, was an object of pious envy to the entire circle in which it moved. We recollect when the possession of a mere abridgment was a blessing to which the poor man dared not so much as raise his pious aspirations, and when the purchase of a complete copy for the use of a parochial circulating library was considered an expenditure not rashly to be incurred, but demanding long and serious consideration.

But now, thanks to the enlightened enterprise of this meritorious body, the work is within the reach of the very poorest and most unambitious class. It may be procured complete and uncut for about what would have been the price of a single volume; and it

will henceforth be the fault of their over-negligence or indifference, if it do not prove, what it is so well calculated to be, the solace of the very humblest homesteads in the land under the poverty and privations to which they are doomed, and which its lessons are so well fitted to enable them to bear with resignation.

We have always advocated the principle of cheap editions, even on the ground of commercial advantage to the publisher; but we must confess we hardly expected that the principle could be carried out to the extent which we see realized here, and which undertakes to supply the *Lives of the Saints* in twelve neat and substantially bound volumes, for as many shillings.

Among the advantages which we anticipate from the facility thus afforded for the circulation of this invaluable book, not the least important, in our eyes, is the prospect which it seems to afford of the work making its way among those of our separated brethren who are not so impressed with horror of every thing bearing the name of Catholic, as to reject even works not professedly controversial, upon the sole ground of their being from a Catholic hand. For the student even of profane history, we know no book so indispensable as that of Alban Butler; and it is no equivocal evidence of its merits, that it drew forth the reluctant praise of him who was by principle as well as by pursuits the author's inveterate antagonist—the historian of the Roman Empire. Indeed, strange as it may appear, we seldom open either work without being struck by the evidence of a certain similarity of mind which appears to pervade both—the same profound and almost universal erudition, the same varied reading, the same familiarity with almost every subject, and the same facility of turning all to the purposes of illustration; but, alas! if the intellect of both writers was distinguished by the same characteristics, how different were the uses to which those common gifts were turned by both! We feel certain, therefore, that the facility presented by the publication of so cheap an edition, will bring the *Lives of the Saints* much more into the hands of general readers than it has hitherto been; and we need hardly say that we believe the most powerful means of bringing sincere enquirers into the bosom of our Holy Mother, is to place before their eyes those pictures of holiness and of faith with which the *Lives of the Saints* abound.

We perceive with some degree of regret that the twelfth volume does not contain the valuable indexes and summaries which are published in the 8vo. edition, and which are almost indispensable for the purposes of study. It is true that for the vast majority of readers the omission is of little importance, but if the publishers wish to make their edition at all suited to the requirements of a library, they should not hesitate even still to supply the deficiency.